

GENERAL LIBRARY  
MAY 31 1913  
UNIV. OF MICH.

# Summer for 1913 Reading

Being the  
Summer Reading Number  
of the Publishers' Weekly

*Along the  
Amalfi-Sorrento Road*

Old BROTHER Noah may be held accountable for IT all. He was the CHAP who put BIRDS in the ARK.

Then Daniel Defoe came along and conceived the IDEA of putting these feathered CREATURES to WORK and when the TIME came to assign the ROLES in his Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, He gave a speaking PART to one Paul Parrot, Esq., whose SQUAWK has been heard by GENERATION after GENERATION with renewed DELIGHT.

Followed the REVOLUTIONARY WAR—and when the American EAGLE finished with the British LION, Uncle Sam was so well satisfied with the PERFORMANCE that HE put an EAGLE on EVERYTHING of VALUE in the COUNTRY.

Edgar Allan Poe wrote a POEM about a big black RAVEN HE found perched up on his STUDY DOOR one NIGHT which caused such a STIR that IT found its WAY into every fifth READER in the LAND.

Edmond Rostand next acquired the HABIT and like Woodrow Wilson stepped into the LIMELIGHT to the clarion ACCOMPANIMENT of the CHANTECLER.

Maurice Maeterlinck introduced the BLUE BIRD to the play-going PUBLIC, making IT the HARBINGER of PEACE and HAPPINESS in his successful PLAY.

Not to be outdone, C. M. S. McLellan created a CRACKER-EATER cannier even than Defoe's particular PET and has used IT successfully as a MIRTH-MAKER in "Oh! Oh! Delphine!"

But greater than ALL the OTHER audubonic PROTEGES known to CIVILIZATION is Rajah, Harold MacGrath's new PARROT PERSONALITY, the DEUS ex MACHINA in MacGrath's new NOVEL—PARROT & CO.

Rajah is the wisest BIT of PLUMAGE on RECORD.

PARROT & CO. is the last WORD in ornithological ROMANCE.

IT'S the happiest, most exciting story Harold MacGrath has ever written.

IT'S the greatest summer NOVEL on the MARKET.

IT'S a BIRD!

PARROT & CO., a new novel by HAROLD MACGRATH.

Author of *The Man on the Box*, *The Lure of the Mask*, *The Goose Girl*, etc.

Price \$1.30 net. 22 Pictures by André Castaigne and Arthur William Brown.

At All Booksellers.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, Publishers.

# PRICE COLLIER'S Germany and the Germans

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

*Published May 24th*

Will be a Greater Success than his Famous "England and the English" or "West in the East"

## UNLESS ALL SIGNS FAIL

PRICE COLLIER'S reputation now extends throughout the world. It grows bigger yearly. His wit and vigor in expression, his clear sight and his fearlessness combine to make his works irresistible with a quality that is almost unique:—just as the biographer or novelist presents the character of a person, so he presents the character of a people. He makes that people live to the reader.

But this book will stir more interest than either of the others:—every page in it is made eventful by some pointed comment or bold criticism.

## The Self-Interested Bookseller Will Push This Book

### BECAUSE

1. There is more profit in it than in the novel, and it will outsell 95% of the current novels.
2. Its lifetime will be years, instead of months.
3. It will stimulate the sale of "England and the English" and "The West in the East"; and they offer the same advantages in the way of profit.
4. It is a book of a class which will bring to the book store people of serious interests, who will be valuable additions to the clientele of the store.
5. It will tend to stimulate the sales of non-fiction books in general.

**\$1.50 net; by mail \$1.65**

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



# BEST NEW FICTION

## THE AMBITION OF MARK TRUITT

By HENRY  
RUSSELL  
MILLER

*Author of*

**THE MAN HIGHER UP  
HIS RISE TO POWER, etc.**

*The Ambition of Mark Truitt* epitomizes, in the life of one big man his big foes and big friends, the strife, the hopes and the aspirations of modern America. Involved with his ambition is the ambition of the laborer, of the capitalist, of the progressive, of the

humanitarian, of the socialist, of the society woman, and of woman who gives all for love.

This is a man's book in its account of a battle royal of steel kings. It is a woman's book in its story of young romance, marriage, divorce, the passions of maturity and the triumph of love. It is life as we know it, handled in a large way, treated in a notable example. And it is led to a big conclusion when the big man emerges into the glory of Vision.

**12mo, cloth, \$1.35 net**

### *Tales of Indiana by a Native Hoosier*

By ANNA NICHOLAS, author of *An Idyl of the Wabash*

## *The* MAKING of THOMAS BARTON

Just as James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, has pictured in his verses, with such delightful realism, the quaint and picturesque village life of Indiana, so has Anna Nicholas visualized, in the fourteen stories included under this title, the Hoosier hamlet life which she knows and loves so well.

**12mo, cloth, \$1.25 net**

## IN ANOTHER MOMENT

By CHARLES  
BELMONT DAVIS

*By the author of*

**THE LODGER OVERHEAD  
THE STAGE DOOR, etc.**

IN ANOTHER MOMENT is a striking novel of New York as a touchstone of character. With fidelity lightened by humor, and realism brightened by romance, Mr. Davis paints the Gotham of the Great White Way. Deftly he holds the interest in suspense, the reader breathless for what may happen—IN ANOTHER MOMENT.

**Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN. \$1.25 net**

NEW YORK

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS



# BEST NEW FICTION

By CHARLES SHERMAN

*Author of*

**HE COMES UP SMILING**

## *The* **UPPER CRUST**

This is a tale of prevarications, complications and explanations—the rollicking romance of a masquerading young millionaire and his mother's winsome housekeeper. His unfortunate incognito and her efforts to keep up appearances get them both into hot water.

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN  
Jacket in color by COLES PHILLIPS. \$1.25 net



By CHARLES MARRIOTT

## **The CATFISH**

*The Catfish* is the production of a writer whose poetic insight into life and living, nature and character, give him a place among the great realistic-idealistic novelists of the new century.

Price \$1.35 net

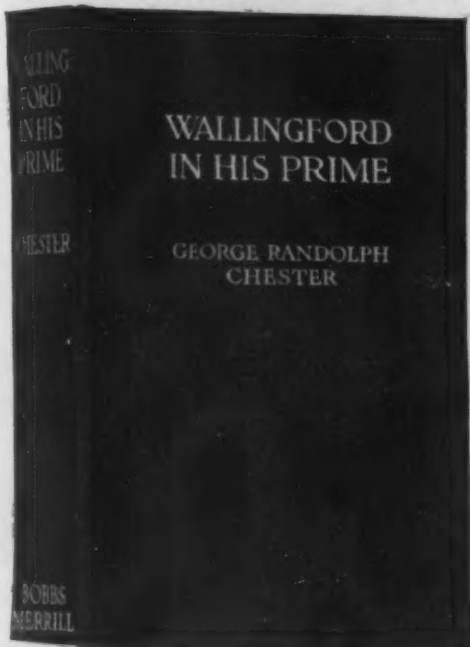
By MARIE VAN VORST

*Author of THE GIRL FROM HIS TOWN, etc.*

## **HIS LOVE STORY**

Mingling the tender feeling and rare coloring of a French idyl with the stirring action of a frontier drama, Marie Van Vorst has made this an enchanting tale of young love.

Pictures by CHRISTY. \$1.20 net



By GEORGE  
RANDOLPH  
CHESTER

*Author of THE MAKING OF BOBBY BURNIT  
GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD, etc.*

## **WALLINGFORD IN HIS PRIME**

*Wallingford in His Prime* is the same J. Rufus again, now invested with all the arts of left-handed promotion—the only original four-flush in the business game, working through a series of episodes as fresh and new and light as the wisps of hay that his victims leave in their wake.

Price \$1.00 net

NEW YORK

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS

*"Indispensable to every student of Shakespeare."*—N. Y. Nation

## A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A NEW VOLUME (THE SEVENTEENTH) JUST ISSUED

### JULIUS CÆSAR

*Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Jr. Royal 8vo. Cloth. Gilt top. Uncut edges. \$4.00 net. Half-morocco. Gilt top. Uncut edges. \$5.00 net. Carriage extra.*

The preparation of the New Variorum Edition of the works of William Shakespeare was the life work of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, who is acknowledged to have been the world's greatest authority upon Shakespeare. For many years he was assisted by his son, Horace Howard Furness, Jr., who has contributed two volumes to the work, and to him now falls the task of editing the remaining plays. The work will, therefore, be continued along the same lines laid down by Dr. Horace Howard Furness.

*Descriptive booklet sent on request*

*A Timely Book of Great Value and Interest*

### PICKETT AND HIS MEN

*By Mrs. LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT. Author of "Literary Hearthstones of Dixie." Illustrated with portraits and battle scenes. 8vo. Cloth. \$2.50 net. Postpaid \$2.70.*

The year 1913 marks the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, which makes this remarkable work of timely interest. It is an intimate recital of the events preceding, during and following the giant battle, and as a piece of literary work it contains the most noble description of a charge ever penned. The soldiers of both North and South will long turn to this epic of Gettysburg, not only as the standard work upon this subject, but also as a remarkably thrilling piece of writing.

*New Novels of Power and Distinction*

### THE UNFORGIVING OFFENDER SECOND PRINTING

*By JOHN REED SCOTT. Author of "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars," "The Last Try," etc. Illustrated in color by Clarence F. Underwood. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.37.*

"John Reed Scott has shaken off the ghastly cloth of tradition and comes forth into the open to hazzard a novel in which a woman who errs recovers her lost place among women who are good women, merely not anointed saints. That a woman should be given her chance to moral rehabilitation only thin-lipped, skirted puritans will deny. Such books as this do more good for the cause of woman than the most sulphurous preachments."—Minna Thomas Antrim, in the Philadelphia Record.

### THE ROAD OF LIVING MEN SECOND PRINTING

*By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," etc. Frontispiece in color by M. Leone Bracker. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.37.*

"Mr. Comfort writes stories that are unlike any others."—S. F. Argonaut. "A fascinating love story."—Boston Globe. "A very vivid story which one reads with no halting interest."—N. Y. World. "The book fairly breathes optimism and joy."—Knoxville Journal-Tribune. "One has no hesitation in classing this with the best romantic fiction of the day on either side of the Atlantic."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### THE MAXWELL MYSTERY

*By CAROLYN WELLS. Author of "A Chain of Evidence," etc. Illustrated in color by Gayle Hoskins. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.37.*

"Holds one firmly and powerfully to the end."—Philadelphia Press. "The best novel by far that Miss Wells has written. It is full of surprises and is a most exciting story."—Newark Evening Star. "Curiosity is kept alive by rapid action and the solution is completely hidden until every possible theory is tested out."—Springfield Republican.

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY PUBLISHERS  
PHILADELPHIA**

A New  
Novel by**ELIZABETH DEJEANS**Just  
Published*"A writer to be reckoned with."*—CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.*"She has advanced into the foremost rank of novelists."*—HARTFORD COURANT.

# The House of Thane

*A vital portrayal of the modern pirate, a subtle study of the emotions, an even more absorbing story than "The Far Triumph."*By **ELIZABETH DEJEANS**Author of "The Winning Chance," "The Heart of Desire,"  
"The Far Triumph," etc.Illustrated in color by F. C. Yohn. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.  
Postpaid, \$1.37.

Freshness of viewpoint and a power of revealing the true inner emotional life of men and women have won for Elizabeth Dejeans an important place in American Letters. Her last novel, "The Far Triumph," published in 1911, definitely placed her in the forefront of American writers whose works show a deep study of human character.

In the new story the character of John Thane is remarkably well drawn and readers will be impressed by the truthfulness with which his passions and emotions are described and their effect upon his life brought out. From the moment when Thane realizes the shallowness of his wife until the climax, the story is a succession of dramatic and thought-stirring scenes. The gradual awakening of this strong, dominating man to the true values in life through the devotion of Mary Kelly, a lovely young girl, child of the streets, is exquisitely done.



## A Strong Sociological Love Story

# "Lo Michael!"

By **GRACE L. H. LUTZ**

Author of "The Mystery of Mary," "Marcia Schuyler," "Dawn of the Morning," etc.

Illustrated in color by Gayle Hoskins. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.  
Postpaid, \$1.37.

Novels dealing with the clash of social classes and the problem of the poor are very often unpleasant reading, but this strong sociological love story is one of exquisite charm and sentiment.

"Mikky," the little newsboy, saves the life of Starr, the baby daughter of a rich banker, from an angry mob. Through the banker's help and his own indomitable energy, "Mikky" rises to power, and not the least of that which makes him so appealing is his remembrance of the poorer class from which he arose. The story of how he and Starr eventually struggle through class prejudice to happiness is developed through a series of absorbing incidents.

Mrs. Lutz handles all her characters sympathetically and as the story grows in intensity, the social differences which separate Michael and Starr are brilliantly contrasted. The story is free from any suggestion of socialistic motives, and is a most absorbing human chronicle.

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY** PUBLISHERS  
PHILADELPHIA



*The Great Novel of the year, by the author of "The Broad Highway"*



## THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

By **JEFFERY FARNOL**

Modelled on the same lines as "The Broad Highway," this volume "marks an advance in the writer's art," says the *New York Times*.

"The story is diverting, full of invention and dash and honest sentiment. It can be recommended as belonging to the best reading of the day."—*Nation*, New York.

"His best novel. . . Mr. Farnol's style is, if aught, breezier than ever, and the book will please lovers of the swinging style of fiction on that account."—*Literary Digest*, New York.

Nine illustrations by Herman Pfeifer  
625 pages. \$1.40 net; by mail, \$1.52

### THE UPHILL CLIMB

By **B. M. BOWER**

"It's a cowboy who has an uphill climb in that worst of all fights, a fight with oneself. . . A deep-toned human note is struck in this narrative."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Illustrated by Charles Russell. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36

### THE CREEPING TIDES

By **KATE JORDAN**

An appealing romance of quaint Greenwich village, in lower New York, woven around John Cross, an English soldier, and Fanny Barrett, hiding from obsessing terror.

With frontispiece. \$1.30 net; by mail, \$1.41

## WIDECOMBE FAIR

By **EDEN PHILLPOTTS**

Mr. Phillpotts' final Dartmoor novel is a story of the varied life and interests of a whole village. It is pure comedy and sure to delight. "This 'comédie humaine' is one of the biggest achievements in contemporary literature."—*Continent*, Chicago.

500 pages. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.35 net; by mail, \$1.42

### THE MAIDEN MANIFEST

By **DELLA CAMPBELL MacLEOD**

This love story of a young man's quest of an ideal girl is "one of the sprightliest Southern romances of the season."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Fully illustrated. \$1.30 net; by mail, \$1.41

### ON BOARD THE BEATIC

By **ANNA CHAPIN RAY**

"A love story pure and simple wherein many incidents of interest, and the details of life on board a liner are graphically described."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

With frontispiece. \$1.30 net; by mail, \$1.41



## THE QUARRY

By **JOHN A. MOROSO**

"A remarkably thrilling tale of a young country lad's conviction and sentence for murder of which he is innocent, his subsequent escape from prison, and his life in the little South Carolina town where he hides from the hounds of justice."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"A gripping story."—*New York Tribune*.

"No praise can be too high for this book."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36

### THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

By **FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN**

The most up-to-date, accurate and impartial account of the American occupation and development of the Philippines.

With 16 pages of illustrations. 12mo. \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.62

**LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS**

"A best seller that is a piece of literature"

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

"The Happy Warrior' is a remarkable publication. It is without further prelude that strangest of anomalies a 'best seller' that is a piece of literature."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"A novel of exceptional merit and distinction. Few novels exist in which the characters are as visible as Mr. Hutchinson's."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Shows the touch of a master hand."—*New York Times*.

**Eighth Printing.**

Frontispiece. 477 pages. \$1.35 net; by mail, \$1.46



### JOYFUL HEATHERBY

By PAYNE ERSKINE

This love romance by the author of "The Mountain Girl" is "refreshing from beginning to end."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Fully illustrated. \$1.35 net; by mail, \$1.46

### THE LITTLE GRAY SHOE

By PERCY BREBNER

"If you like a tale of dazzling love and daring adventure, here is just the story you have been waiting for."—*Boston Herald*.

Fully illustrated. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36

## THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

One of Oppenheim's best and most typical novels of love, romance and diplomatic intrigue stories. "He has outdone himself."—*Boston Transcript*. "One of the most absorbing that have come from his pen."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Illustrated. 372 pages. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36

### MISS MYSTERY

By ETTA ANTHONY BAKER

"A very readable mystery story which contains an unusual amount of good sense, good feeling and good humor."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

With frontispiece. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36

### THE LONG WAY

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

A moving drama of love and sisterly devotion and of self-sacrifice, involving two sisters, one of whom has imperiled her reputation.

292 pages. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36

## THE DAY OF DAYS

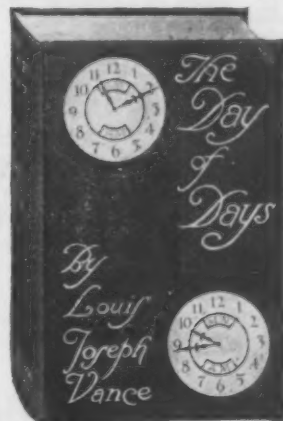
By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

"Few novels can compare with it for sheer rapidity of events."—*New York Evening Post*.

"One of the best and liveliest stories he has written."—*Boston Transcript*.

"A rousing story, told with unflagging spirit; a humorous lightness."—*Brooklyn Times*.

Illustrated by Arthur W. Brown. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36



### THE ROMANCE of the MEN of DEVON By FRANCIS GRIBBLE

"A chatty and entertaining book abounding in curious information and anecdote. . . . A readable volume. Good illustrations abound."—*Dial*, Chicago.

With frontispiece and 16 pages of illustration. 12mo. \$1.75 net; by mail, \$1.86

**34 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.**

# FAVORITE NOVELISTS

## **THE OLD ADAM: An Adventure**

*By Arnold Bennett*

Here is the essential Arnold Bennett who has been praised for the uncanny discernment of his women-characters. He tells the story of a man whose wife endangered his audacity—a Samson shorn of his locks by the doubting hand of domestic affection. But the old Adam revives in him. At forty-three he sets out from The Five Towns to prove that he still has it in him to be a comet and not a provincial skyrocket. His exploits lead him to New York, which he takes by assault, summing up his impressions in a breath. Having tired out the O'd Adam, amused the world and astounded his wife, he returns to domesticity a weary conqueror—no longer a captive.

Net \$1.35

## **EL DORADO**

*By Baroness Orczy*

This is the long promised and eagerly expected novel of the further adventures of THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL—the immortal character creation of the Baroness Orczy. It is a fresh recital of the exciting days of the commune and of the adventurous part played by this fascinating and bewildering figure during the Reign of Terror.

Net \$1.35

## **THE ADVENTURES OF DR. WHITTY**

*By G. A. Birmingham*

Through his earlier books, SPANISH GOLD, THE SEARCH PARTY, etc., Mr. Birmingham has contributed to human literature a permanent figure in the inimitable curate, "J. J." In DR. WHITTY he introduces a character equally droll, whose good intentions toward his native place involve the inhabitants in a round of adventure so absurd and whimsical that we are convinced of their happening—in Ireland.

Net \$1.20

## **CALLING THE TUNE**

*By Justin Huntly McCarthy*

This newest novel by the author of IF I WERE KING, A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY, etc., departs in scene from the gallant days of cloak and sword and paints a picture of life's gaiety and zest no less gallant or dashing because of its modern environment.

Net \$1.25

## **COURTIN' CHRISTINA**

*By J. J. Bell*

Every admirer of J. J. Bell's quaint depiction of Scottish character and every lover of clean, sweet humor will welcome this book with open heart. The classic little figure of "Wee Macgregor" and odd little Christina and the incidents of their old-fashioned courting furnish the theme of this new novel.

Net \$1.00

## **THE BROWNS**

*By J. E. Buckrose*

A domestic comedy of real life in a little town, where affections are intensely local—the more intense because they are so narrow. This quaint and happy story by the author of A BACHELOR'S COMEDY and DOWN OUR STREET, is so refreshing and straightforward that one can only lay it down with the hope that the next work from this author may not be long coming.

Net \$1.25

## **A MAKE-SHIFT MARRIAGE**

*By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds*

By the author of THE NOTORIOUS MISS LISLE, THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE, etc. Mrs. Reynolds' remarkable ability for placing her characters in complicating entanglements and then happily extricating them shows to great advantage in this most extraordinary and vivid novel of the marriage problem.

Net \$1.25

## **'TWIXT LAND AND SEA**

*By Joseph Conrad*

This book touches the highest point of imaginative and literary excellence and takes rank with the most mature and romantic of Joseph Conrad's work.

Net \$1.25

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

**GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, New York**  
**PUBLISHERS IN AMERICA FOR HODDER & STOUGHTON**



# EARLY SUMMER NOVELS

## GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

*By Frank L. Packard*

To lay down one's life for one's friend is an easy heroism compared with the sacrifice that inspires this story. Varge takes the guilt of a man he does not love on his shoulders. Why does he do it?  
Net \$1.25

## FORTITUDE

*By Hugh Walpole*

"It is not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it"—a book full of fighting quality, romance and that kind of life-knowledge that equips to meet failure with the smile that compels success. A novel magnificent in theme and big in execution.  
Net \$1.40

## IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE

*By Oliver Onions*

A man plays God to a fellow-mortal in the matter of life and death; appointing himself both judge and jury, he passes silent sentence. Under what circumstances, if any, could such an act be justifiable? In this powerful novel of our modern world, such a man renders his evidence and acquits himself.  
Net \$1.25

## THE DEBIT ACCOUNT

*By Oliver Onions*

Was it a debt and ought it to have been settled? Jeffries, who tells the story, incurred a debt to society—a debt of which society was ignorant; yet years later it came in for settlement. A remarkable book, remarkably contrived, which asks an extraordinary question.  
Net \$1.25

## THE HIPPODROME

*By Rachel Hayward*

Fatalité—a present-day Carmen—a bare-back rider in the Circus at Barcelona, becomes entangled in the net of a band of Spanish Terrorists. Her adventures transform a novel into the dazzling panorama of Grand Opera.  
Net \$1.25

## THE HAPPY FAMILY

*By Frank Swinnerton*

A contrast in feminine types; the selfish and spineless woman—a destroyer of happiness; the sweet, courageous woman who builds her character into her menfolk's lives. The genius of the book is its careful realism.  
Net \$1.25

## THE KING'S BLUE RIBAND

*By Beth Ellis*

For a wager, Anthony Claverton agrees to steal the "Cordon Bleu" from the French king. What happens to him makes up a novel full of adventures, stolen kisses and the clash of swords.  
Net \$1.25

## THE LEE SHORE

*By Rose Macaulay*

This novel, which won the Hodder & Stoughton \$5,000 novel competition, is acclaimed by the critics to be an exquisite, sensitive and distinguished story. It tells the story of a man who is determined to be happy. Its atmosphere is one of holiday carelessness amid the sunlit lands of Italy.  
Net \$1.25

## A DREAM OF BLUE ROSES

*By Mrs. Hubert Barclay*

A story so fragrant and tender as this is almost as rare as the blue roses for which Barbara so innocently and earnestly sought. It is a singularly natural romance, told with a simplicity that wins the heart with the first chapter.  
Net \$1.25

## THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE

*By Ethel Shackelford*

A bored society beauty is set down by fate in a Montana mining-camp, where life renews its interest for her with startling suddenness.  
Net \$1.25

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, New York  
PUBLISHERS IN AMERICA FOR HODDER & STOUGHTON

# Books the Reviewers Like

## The MATING of LYDIA

By Mrs. Humphry Ward

Author of "Lady Rose's Daughter," etc.

"He is a figure which would make the fortune of any book. It is evident that Mrs. Ward drew from life her principal character, Edmund Melrose. This story is remarkably well told."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.  
Net, \$1.35

## THE FLIRT

By Booth Tarkington

Author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

"It is a delightful true picture of mid-Western family life. The life of the family is sketched with a surety such as only an accomplished artist can command."—*Philadelphia Evening Telegram*.

"The characters live, and the story, seasoned by Mr. Tarkington's brilliant semi-philosophical observations, moves rapidly."—*Boston Times*.  
Net, \$1.25

## AN AFFAIR OF STATE

By J. C. Snaith

Author of "Broke of Covenden," etc.

"There is a drama in the book—there is action direct and progressive. I cannot recall a case where a writer has developed such a wonderful reticence in so short a time and with such clearness, power, atmosphere, and color playing within it. It will seize upon you, I am sure, as a genuine human document telling its tale by and through its people as the like tale could only be told in real life."—*Cleveland Leader*.  
Net, \$1.25

## PRECIOUS WATERS

By A. M. Chisholm

Author of "The Boss of Wind River"

"Here's a Western story that is something like the real West. The story moves along at twentieth century speed, stopping only here and there for fuel. It's so good that it will keep you indoors until it's finished."—*Portland Telegram*.  
Net, \$1.25

## BUNKER BEAN

By Harry Leon Wilson

Author of "The Spenders," etc.

"'Bunker Bean' is beyond all whooping. It is more than a story, it is a topic of conversation. The story is an orgy of 'live wire' Americanism filled with the atmosphere as well as the substance of humor."—*San Francisco Call*.  
Net, \$1.25

## THE PORT OF ADVENTURE

By

C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Authors of

"The Golden Silence,"

"The Guests of Hercules," etc.



The Williamsons have found in one of the most picturesque portions of the United States the inspiration for a new story of American life. "The Port of Adventure" is a tale of California with the romance of the old Mission lands for a picturesque setting. It is full of the beauties of the land of the Golden Gate and of that romantic spirit which is ever associated with Spanish life and customs of California.

Carmen Gaylor is in love with Nick Hilliard, a splendid type of Westerner, who has won his way from the lowest rung by sheer force of character. Nick goes East upon a visit and meets in a rather thrilling way a Mrs. May, a young widow, who is returning to her old home in California, which she has not seen since her childhood. Quite a romantic story centres about her and her life abroad, and in the weaving of this plot of love and mystery Carmen Gaylor has by no means relinquished her part. Illustrated. Decorated lining and title pages.

Net, \$1.35

## EVER AFTER

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Author of "Pleasures and Palaces," etc.

"And they lived happily ever after"—that is how the saying runs, but Lucy Cuyler and Dana Malone didn't find it worked that way at all. But the way it did work is highly interesting.

Net, \$1.20

## THE JOY BRINGER

By Grace MacGowan Cooke

Author of "The Power and the Glory"

The story of a beautiful Kentucky girl who elopes and, through a series of dramatic events, faces a strange new life among the Hopi Indians of the Arizona desert. How she finds herself and literally remakes her life is very wonderfully told. Mrs. Cooke will be remembered for her splendid novel "The Power and the Glory."

Illustrated. Net, \$1.25

## THE DREAM GIRL

By Ethel Gertrude Hart

"Many a smile lurks upon its pages. The reader will feel some wonderment as to how it may turn out, and he will probably not be prepared for the surprise that awaits him at the end. They are very charming letters that the 'dream girl' writes, full of sly gibing and pungent comparison, in which there is sometimes just a hint of tenderness, the beauty of the hills and of her garden, and her own kindly knowledge of life."—*N. Y. Times*.

Net, \$1.00

## The CRYSTAL STOPPER

By Maurice Leblanc

Author of "813," etc.

"The story, in addition to its incidents and thrills, has the charm of its predecessors in being dashing told in a style to maintain the attention constantly."—*Boston Times*.

Net, \$1.25

## The DEVIL'S ADMIRAL

By

Frederick Ferdinand Moore

"It is a thrilling story holding the reader's interest to the end."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"It is a pirate tale and a modern pirate tale at last. No recent novel of adventure has exceeded it in continuous demand upon the interest."—*Washington Star*.

Net, \$1.25

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, NEW YORK

**Do you know that:—**

"The value of a piece of land is the number of footsteps passing by it in 24 hours. The value of a railroad is the number of people near it who cannot keep still."

From "CROWDS"

By Gerald Stanley Lee  
Net, \$1.35

**Unquestionably:—**

"If two great shops could stand side by side on the main street of the world and all the vices could be put in the show window of one of them and all the virtues in the show window of the other and all the people could go by all day, all night, and see the windowful of virtues as they were and the windowful of vices as they were, all the world would be good in the morning."

From "CROWDS"

By Gerald Stanley Lee  
Net, \$1.35

**Do you know that:—**

"The way to lift one's employer off one's back is to make one's back so efficient that he cannot afford to be on it."

From "CROWDS"

By Gerald Stanley Lee  
Net, \$1.35

**You probably realize that:—**

"It is superficial for a comfortable man with a bun in his pocket to talk to a starving man about having some higher motive than getting something to eat."

**But do you know that:—**

"The problem of modern industry is to be not the distribution of the money supply but the distribution of the man supply, money follows men. Free money, free men."

From "CROWDS"

By Gerald Stanley Lee •  
Net, \$1.35

**Do you know that:—**

"A man's success in business to-day turns upon his power of getting people to believe he has something that they want."

From "CROWDS," by Gerald Stanley Lee  
Net, \$1.35

**Do you know that:—**

"It is because when people do right, they do it in a kind of general, pleasant, abstract way, and when they do wrong, they always do something in particular, that they are so wicked."

From "CROWDS," by Gerald Stanley Lee  
Net, \$1.35

# CROWDS

## A Book for Individuals

By

**GERALD STANLEY LEE**

Author of

"Inspired Millionaires," etc.



In "Crowds" Mr. Lee starts off with the idea that the basis of success in the modern business man turns on his power of touching the imaginations of "Crowds." He then proceeds to tell how business men are doing it. No man who is interested in salesmanship can afford to be without "Crowds"—and no man who is interested in the way big business is going in this country.

There is nothing bookish about Mr. Lee. His volume is full of shops and people, and is written largely in scenes. One almost forgets it's a book. It is so like a play. It is like going down a kind of Street of Thought. So many things happen to one while one is reading, and one meets so many people—Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Morgan and many unnamed powers in business.

### Some of the Chapter Headings

Crowds and Machines	The Prospects of the Liar
Where Are We Going?	The Prospects of the Bully
The Crowd Scare	Goodness or Honesty as a Crowd Process
The Machine Scare	Thoughts on Being Improved by Other People
The Strike—an Invention for Making Crowds Think	Touching the Imaginations of Crowds
The Crowdman—an Invention for Making Crowds See	The Stupendous the Unusual, the Monotonous
The Imagination of Crowds	The Successful
The Crowd's Imagination About the Future	The Necks of the Wicked
The Crowd's Imagination About People	Is It Wrong for Good People to be Successful?
Doing As One Would Wish One Had Done in 20 Years	

**Net, \$1.35**

**Garden City DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. New York**





## BOOKS FOR

2nd Large Edition

**ELINOR GLYN'S**

*New Novel*

**GUINEVERE'S LOVER**

Passion dominates this gripping story of a beautiful English girl, who at the age of seventeen is forced into a loveless marriage with a brutal middle-aged man. Her love for a younger man leads to many intrigues which keep the interest keen throughout the book. \$1.30 net. Postpaid \$1.42.

### Love Letters of an Actress

By **Elsie Janis**

Here are just the sort of letters received by a popular actress. With her replies they constitute a dainty love story. *Illustrated.* \$1.00 net. Postpaid \$1.10.

### The Mind-Reader

By

**Max Rittenberg**

A stirring and fascinating novel of mystery and adventure centering upon an ingenious master of psychology. *Illustrated.* \$1.30 net. Postpaid \$1.42.

3rd Large Edition

**Robert W. Chambers'**

*funniest novel*

**The Gay Rebellion**



Cupid proves himself the trusty ally of the male sex in this droll story of the adventures of a band of pretty suffragettes, imbued with the modern eugenic theory. *Illustrated.* \$1.30 net. Postpaid \$1.42.

## The Southerner



By

**Thomas Dixon**

Abraham Lincoln, the simple, humble and lionhearted, is pictured here for the first time in fiction. Through a powerful drama of blood and tears runs a fascinating love story, and a plot of breathless intensity. *Illustrated.* \$1.35 net. Postpaid \$1.47.

Ready June 13

**D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, NEW YORK**

# THE HAMMOCK SEASON

## A Mere Woman

By

**Vera Nikto**

"Vera Nikto" but thinly conceals the identity of a Russian Princess, who in this volume, tells the passionate and eventful story of her life. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.37.

## The Silent Battle

By

**George Gibbs**

How a cultured young society man fought a terrific battle with himself to overcome an inherited weakness and win the hand of a girl. Illustrated. \$1.30 net. Postpaid \$1.42.

2nd Edition



## Mr. Pratt's Patients

By

**Joseph C. Lincoln**

You will laugh loud and long reading of Mr. Pratt's experiences at a private sanitarium. This is the new Cape Cod story, brimful of good, clean fun. Illustrated. \$1.30 net. Postpaid \$1.42.



## Peggy-in-the-Rain

By

**Ralph Henry Barbour**

A good book for summer reading. A real love story from real life. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. Postpaid \$1.37.

## Josephine Daskam Bacon's

remarkable revelation  
of life's secret dramas

## The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon

"Admirably descriptive of the American temperament in its high-strung excess." Only Dr. Stanchon's keen insight into the workings of the human mind enable him to fathom the inexplicable phenomena which he encounters. \$1.30 net. Postpaid \$1.42.

## The Open Window



By **E. Temple Thurston**

A love fantasy abounding in happy philosophy and delicate touches of sentiment. A novel different from the run of ordinary fiction. Beautifully bound and illustrated, with over 100 sketches by Charles Robinson. \$1.35 net. Postpaid \$1.47.

Ready June 13

**D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, NEW YORK**

"The Whip is a big smashing success—full of pictures, thrills and laughs."

—*New York Times.*

# THE WHIP

NOVELIZED FROM THE PLAY

\$1.25 Net

**The Macaulay Company**

PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

## Novelized from Cecil Raleigh's Great English Melodrama of the Same Name

The story that has thrilled London for two solid years now appears in America for the first time, giving a true picture of the entanglements in which the British sporting nobility are often involved. But in spite of the intrigue and fraud practiced by Capt. Sartoris and his adventuress friend the story ends the way you wish it to.

Beautifully illustrated with pictures of real people as they appear in the play.

# SUMMER NOVELS

**Written by Acton Davies  
from the Drama by  
Edward Sheldon**

Filled to Overflowing with the Emotional Glamor of Love, "Romance" is the Romance of a Famous Grand Opera Singer and a Young Clergyman. Despite their different callings they are drawn together by a profound and sincere love. But the woman has drained the cup of life so deeply that her marriage to the Minister is impossible. In the hour of trial she rises to sublime heights of self-denial, proving herself stronger than the man.

"One of the prettiest and most touching love stories unfolded in a long, long time!"

—*New York Evening Sun.*

# ROMANCE

NOVELIZED FROM THE PLAY

\$1.25 Net

**The Macaulay Company**

PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK



## Putnam's Interesting New Fiction

The Great New Story by the Author of "The Way of an Eagle"

### The Knave of Diamonds

By ETHEL M. DELL

Frontispiece in Color and Decorated Wrapper. \$1.35 net

"One of the most satisfactory love stories we have read in a long while. Everybody will like it from the dyspeptic and elderly reader to the young person who swallows 'em whole. The characters are alive and interesting. \* \* \* The author seems to be a natural story-teller. Her book will undoubtedly have a great success."—*N. Y. Globe*.

"I should not be surprised if it became a second Rosary in popularity."

### The Burning Question

By GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

Author of "In the Crucible," "The Moving Finger Writes," etc.

"The story of a man who unknowingly becomes a bigamist, believing his first wife—a cold and unloving person—dead. Miss Litchfield presents an arresting series of circumstances in a telling and convincing way, and at the same time points out an important moral truth. . . . An intense and dramatic story."—*Baltimore Evening News*. \$1.25 net

### The Port of Dreams

By MIRIAM ALEXANDER

Author of "Beyond the Law."

"Miss Alexander tells her story with much skill and beauty. . . . She has created an ineffaceable, absolutely unartificial 'atmosphere'—the atmosphere of Ireland's weird, sombre romance and of France's dark, hopeless intrigues of a hundred and fifty years ago. . . . Sincere, conscientious and interesting."—*Boston Evening Transcript*. \$1.35 net

## Little Thank You

By MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR. Author of "My Beloved South."

With frontispiece, \$1.25 net

From the Author of "The Rosary" Florence L. Barclay

"It is a gem; full of fascinating charm, which seems to me unique. There have been charming love stories and charming child stories, but in your book we have the two combined into a perfect whole. Do accept my warmest congratulations and good wishes for its success."

"One of the most human and lovable of story-book characters."

### Patchwork Comedy

By HUMFREY JORDAN

Author of "The Joyous Wayfarer."

A story of enthralling interest. The stakes are the winning of a woman's love and the safeguarding of an honored name, threatened by the exposure of an unpublished scandal. There is plenty of swift action, sharp character drawing, and lifelike depiction of scenes. \$1.30 net

### The Adventures of Miss Gregory

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

"A rousing tale of daredevil enterprise, full of freshness and surprise. Miss Gregory knocks about the world, and wherever she goes she is in the thick of things. The book describes these adventures and carries the reader along swiftly from one thrilling scene to another." *Illustrations.* \$1.35 net

"And the Wise Man said: 'Those who love with passion stand on the Fringe of the Desert'; and they who heard laughed and passed on their way."

## The Fringe of the Desert

By R. S. MACNAMARA

A story aglow with the atmosphere of Egypt. Not only literally but figuratively, in the great crisis of their lives, hero and heroine stand on the Fringe of the Desert. \$1.35 net

If sent by mail add 8 per cent. for carriage charges

NEW YORK

45th St., 2-6 W.

23d St., 27-29 W.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons*

LONDON

24 Bedford St.

Strand



## VACATION BOOKS

**DANA ESTES & COMPANY**  
PUBLISHERS BOSTON

NEW FICTION WORTH WHILE

### MISS JIMMY

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

Author of "Mrs. Tree," "Geoffrey Strong," "Captain January," etc.

"A delightful story beautifully told."—*Boston Journal*.  
 "Wonderfully soothing, entertaining and helpful."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.  
 "Very readable and full of good quaint humor."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.  
 "Quaint and human, full of sunny optimism and rife with twinkling humor."—*Milwaukee Free Press*.  
 "Will assuredly add to the renown of the author of 'Captain January.'"—*Lewiston Journal*.  
 "A delightful and delicious little story."—*High School Life*.  
 "Mrs. Laura E. Richards' ability to portray the shrewd and kindly intelligence, the homelike characteristics and the quaint speech of the Down East Yankee and other fast vanishing New England types, is excelled by none and equalled by very few."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

12mo, cloth. Color frontispiece, color wrapper, \$1.00 net; by mail \$1.10

### THE FINE AIR OF MORNING

By J. S. FLETCHER

Author of

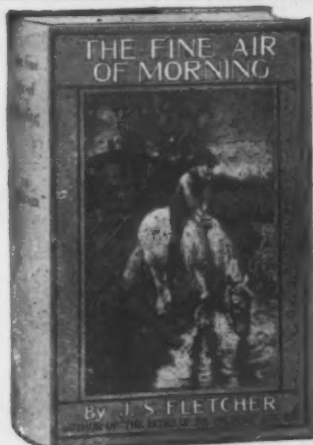
"The Town of Crooked Ways"

"An enjoyable book, with good character drawing."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"There is a freshness and vigor . . . just enough description to give full idea of the country, and charm, humor, character drawing of the best . . . the book is one to be remembered after it is laid down as a thoroughly enjoyable story."

—*Boston Globe*.

12mo, cloth, \$1.25 net; by mail \$1.35



### THE NIGHT DANCER

By

W. TRAFFORD TAUNTON

Author of "The Romance of a State Secret," etc.

The fascinating personality of the night dancer grips the reader like a spell: while the strange secret of the old tin mine draws him on from the first page until the last with interesting and irresistible interest.

12mo, cloth, \$1.25 net; by mail \$1.35

### GENERAL

### THE FLOWERS AND THEIR STORY

By H. M. FRIEND. A third volume in the series of Beautiful Nature Books. This book has been planned with a view to the fostering of love of nature among young people. Illustrations have been freely used, because it is felt that the young people will be able by their aid more easily to recognize the plants when they see them growing.

4to, cloth, gilt, \$2.00 net

### FAIRS AND FETES

By CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON, author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

"Fairs and Fetes" is a new venture. In 20 chapters, it contains all sorts of information regarding Fairs, Picnics and Fetes of all kinds, which should be of interest to everybody, and particularly to women who are searching for new ideas along this line. Fully illustrated, cloth, \$1.35 net

### CAMP COOKERY

How to Live in a Camp. By MISS PARLOA, author of "Young Housekeeper," "Kitchen Companion," etc.

18mo, cloth, 50 cents

### EASY ENTERTAINING

By CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON, author of "Living on a Little," "Saturday Mornings," "A Little Cook Book."

A timely and interesting book which should appeal to every hostess. How to set the table—prepare breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, buffet luncheons, hot luncheons, cold luncheons, veranda luncheons, picnic luncheons, etc. In addition to all the above the book includes menus for nearly every day in the year.

Cloth, 12mo, illustrated, \$1.25 net

## The Most Widely Discussed New Novel

# SYLVIA

By UPTON  
SINCLAIR

### Read these Extracts from early reviews:

"'Sylvia' is a genuine appreciation of a certain phase of society, and a real study of a woman's life."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"The unnumbered admirers of Upton Sinclair's writings who have come to expect something out of the ordinary whenever there is published a new book by him will find no disappointment in 'Sylvia.'"—*Boston Globe*.

"'Sylvia' is a novel decidedly to be read between the lines."—*New York American*.

"This book is certain to create a good deal of talk and doubtless will lead to a good deal of angry discussion for which the author is not only prepared, but which he probably deliberately invites. He is not making war on society, but upon moral lepers in society."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"It is an absorbing romance into which is woven a revelation of sociological conditions that thwart the most powerful influence for good in the world, the love of man for woman. The characters of the human drama are graphically depicted, and their relations are detailed with more brilliancy than the average reader has heretofore set to the credit of the author of 'The Jungle.'"—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*.

413 Pages. Cloth, \$1.20 Net. Postage, 14 cents

### Other Notable New Novels

#### Written in the Sand

Second Edition By G. R. Duval

"Original in its daring, persistent in its fascination, searching in its analysis of life. A remarkable piece of fiction."—*Boston Globe*.

"Desert-born impulses and strange, perilous situations conspire in the narrative to arouse and enchain interest."—*Philadelphia North American*.

325 Pages. Jacket and Frontispiece in Colors by George Gibbs. Cloth, \$1.20 Net. Postage, 14 cents.

#### The Mystery of 31, New Inn

SECOND EDITION

By R. Austin Freeman

"Rarely does one find a book of this type more interesting. It compels the interest of the reader from the first and chains him to the pages of the book until the mystery is solved."—*Boston Globe*.

"The best tale of its kind this season."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

332 Pages. Illustrated by Edwin J. Prittle. Cloth, \$1.20 Net. Postage, 14 cents

### Two Distinctive Books of Biography

#### Monarchs and Men

By Maximilian Harden

A book that is causing more discussion abroad than any other book of the year because of its freedom in criticism and breadth of interest. This translation of Harden's sketches of the ruling heads of our time comes as a refreshing novelty among present-day biographical works.

312 pages. Handsomely bound in cloth with photogravure frontispiece and eight halftones. \$3.00 Net.

#### Notable Women in History

By Willis S. Abbot

One of the most entertaining, incisive and original volumes of biography ever published, containing the lives of women who in all ages, all countries, and in all lines of human achievement, have won fame and put their imprint on the world's history. A book that will measurably advance the cause of woman and attract a tremendous clientele of readers.

450 pages. 32 illustrations. Cloth, gilt top, \$2.40

Publishers THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY Philadelphia



**50,000 Copies of an American Book, by an American Writer, on an American Subject, have Already Been Sold in England. What Will People Think of it in the United States? The book is**

## **BARBARA GWYNNE**

(Published in England Under the Title of "Life")

By W. B. Trites

"A bold title! What manner of writer is this who has the hardihood to label two hundred and eighty-three pages of print with one of the three greatest words in the world? . . . Having read *Life*, I am ready to believe the critics who acclaim Mr. Trites as a genius."—*Throne and Country, London.*

## **JOHN CAVE**

By W. B. Trites

"This author knows something of this country, even if his book was published in England, and he can write, and does write, very well indeed. His story is quite caustic about this admirable country of ours; it roasts the United States with avidity and cheer."—*Hon. Brand Whitlock.*

## **VEILED WOMEN**

By Marmaduke Pickthall

"An exposition of a view of women so different from our occidental and modern view as to be, in its sheer staggering difference, fascinating and perturbing. It is a picture, more full of movement and color than we have ever had from Loti or any other writer, of the Mohammedan world of women."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

*Each, \$1.25 net*

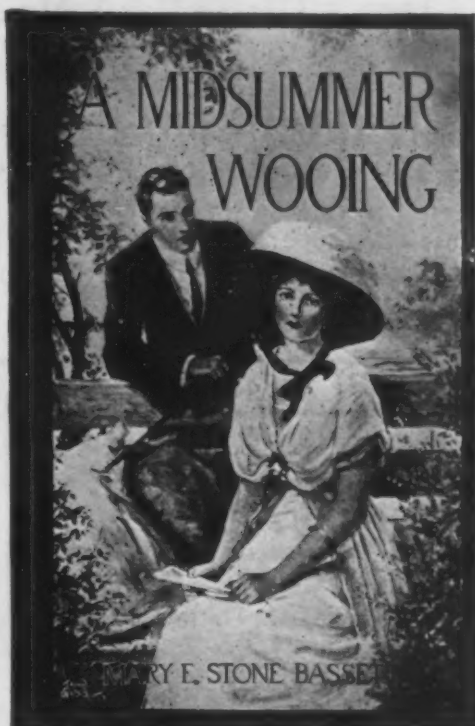
---

**DUFFIELD**  **COMPANY**  
**36 WEST 37<sup>TH</sup> ST.** **NEW YORK**

# A MIDSUMMER WOOLING

By **MARY E. STONE BASSETT**

Author of "Judith's Garden" and "The Little Green Door"



"The cool breath of summer breezes from the garden of the 'Earthly Paradise' floats from the green bordered pages of a 'Midsummer Wooing.' In the mass of problem stories and society novels, detective stories, and all the rest of types which make up modern fiction, it is truly refreshing to read this simple garden love story."—*Boston Herald*.

"It is one of those 'near-to-nature' tales, which leave a pleasant memory, and is suitable for reading by every member of the family, a feature, unfortunately, which many of the late novels lack."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

"It is just the kind of book to read while swinging in a hammock listening to the drone of bees of a dreamy afternoon."—*Boston Globe*

**ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS**

*Decorated Cover. Net, \$1.25. Postpaid, \$1.40*

---

**LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.**

Publishers

BOSTON

NEW  
NOVELSBY LEADING  
AUTHORSTHE BEST  
SUMMER READINGWINSTON CHURCHILL'S *New Novel***THE INSIDE OF THE CUP**

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, Author of "Coniston," "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "Mr. Crewe's Career," "A Modern Chronicle," etc.

"The Inside of the Cup" is undoubtedly the most significant novel Mr. Churchill has written.

The romance of "Richard Carvel," the realism of "Coniston," and the deep social import of "A Modern Chronicle," are repeated in this powerful story of the present day.

In conception, consistent character drawing and style "The Inside of the Cup" reveals Mr. Churchill again as America's foremost novelist.

*Illustrated. Cloth covers. \$1.50 net*ROBERT HERRICK'S  
*New Novel***ONE WOMAN'S  
LIFE**By ROBERT HERRICK,  
Author of "The Healer,"  
"Together," etc.

"A remarkable book. The best and boldest Robert Herrick has done yet."—*N. Y. Sun*.

"A novel of unusual merit."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

*Cloth covers, \$1.35 net*FRANK DANBY'S  
*New Novel***CONCERT  
PITCH**By FRANK DANBY, Au-  
thor of "The Heart of a  
Child," "Joseph in Jeop-  
ardy," etc.

"An absorbingly interesting story."—*N. Y. Globe*.

"Far and away the best novel Frank Danby has written."

—*N. Y. Herald*.*Decorated cover, \$1.35 net*ALBERT EDWARDS'S  
*New Novel***COMRADE  
YETTA**By ALBERT EDWARDS,  
Author of "A Man's  
World," etc.

"One of the greatest books published this year. A story vividly and convincingly told."

—*Boston Herald*.

"A great book full of real things."—*The Bellman*.

*Cloth covers, \$1.35 net*S. R. CROCKETT'S  
*New Novel***PATSY**By S. R. CROCKETT,  
Author of "The Stickit  
Minister," "Love's Young  
Dream," etc.

"Mr. Crockett has never created a more charming heroine."—*N. Y. Times*.

"Patsy is the most winning creature in modern fiction."

—*St. Louis Republic*.*Decorated cover, \$1.25 net*S. C. NETHERSOLE'S  
*New Novel***WILSAM**

By S. C. NETHERSOLE

"An English novelist of power and distinction, 'Wil-sam' is one of the most human stories we have ever read."—*N. Y. Globe*.

"A real book. A story full of the things that make world-wide appeal."—*N. Y. World*.

*Cloth covers, \$1.35 net*JAMES STEPHENS'S  
*New Novel***THE CROCK  
OF GOLD**By JAMES STEPHENS,  
Author of "Insurrections,"  
"The Hill of Vision," etc.

"Not another novel like this in English literature."

—*London Times*.

"A thoroughly delightful book."—*N. Y. Sun*.

*Decorated cover, \$1.25 net*Published at  
64-66 5th Ave., N. Y.**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**On sale at  
all bookstores



# SUMMER READING NUMBER OF THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

SOME CHAT OF BOOKS FOR VACATION READING.....	1865
SAMPLE BITS FROM THE SEASON'S BEST BOOKS.....	1869
BOOKS FOR VACATION READING.....	1909

## INDEX TO ADVERTISERS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Appleton (D.) & Co.....	1854, 1855	Lipincott (J. B.) Co.....	1846, 1847
Bobbs-Merrill Co.....	1842, 1844, 1845	Little, Brown & Co.....	1848, 1849
Century Co., The.....	1927	Longmans, Green & Co.....	1934
Dillingham (G. W.) Co.....	1933	Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.....	1861
Doran (George H.) Co.....	1850, 1851	Macaulay Co.....	1856
Doubleday, Page & Co.....	1852, 1853	Macmillan Co.....	1862
Duffield & Co.....	1860	Nelson (Thomas) & Sons.....	1931
Estes (Dana) & Co.....	1858	Putnam's (G. P.) Sons.....	1857
Funk & Wagnalls Co.....	1930	Scribner's (Charles) Sons.....	1843
Griffith & Rowland Press.....	1932	Stewart & Kidd Co.....	1928
Harper & Bros.....	1864	Sully & Kleinteich.....	1863
Holt (Henry) & Co.....	1929	Warne (Frederick) & Co.....	1932
Houghton Mifflin Co.....	1936	Winston (John C.) Co.....	1859
Lane (John) Co.....	1935		

**SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NEW  
IN HUMOR**

## The Knockers' Club

*By*  
**NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, Jr.**

A book full of laughs and common sense, so cleverly combined that you read it as much for the one as the other. While it is Mr. Fowler's first work of fiction or humor, he is internationally known as a writer of vocational and success works, and personally as a man of distinctive wit.

You can't afford to miss this book. It is sugar-coated philosophy, absorbingly interesting, deeply amusing, and educational.

**Net \$1.00. Postpaid, \$1.10**

**A Book for Those Who Enjoy Pure,  
Thrilling Romance**

## The Stoenberg Affair

*By* **RALPH A. GOODWIN**

This is a story of that rare sort which grips you in the opening paragraph, leads you with almost breathless interest through a whirl of thrills and incident, and lets you go only when there is no more to tell; leaving you sorry that it's finished.

Written by a man who has style, force and a profound knowledge of the art of story-telling.

**Illustrated by H. Richard Boehm**

**Net \$1.25**

**Postpaid, \$1.37**

**SULLY AND KLEINTEICH**  
**373 Fourth Avenue New York**

# Leading Fiction for Summer Reading

## DESERT GOLD

By Zane Grey

"S s-h—steady—keep quiet, and follow me"—so, treading softly with a new guide, we vanish into the night—into adventure along the Arizona-Mexico border in search of desert gold—and we find life free and unafraid. The American filibusters, the guerillas, the Apaches and the loyal Yaqui are alive in this alluring purple sage country, and so is Mercedes, a beautiful Mexican girl. Critics tell us that romance is coming back again. It has come back—in this new tale of Zane Grey's.

Illustrated  
\$1.30 net

## THE OPENING DOOR

By Justus Miles  
Forman

It looked like a new heaven and a new earth as the door opened for this girl, for beyond the threshold was a new life of reality. She passed into it—and so did the man. The newness became instantly electric for both of them—modern life lived at its fullest. Mr. Forman tells in these quick pages a brilliant story of New York today, with a sparkle and dash which makes this by far his most interesting novel.

Frontispiece. \$1.30 net

## THE TURNING OF GRIGGSBY

By Irving Bacheller

Full of the same genial satire and humor as "Keeping Up with Lizzie" and "Charge It," and the most delightful love story Mr. Bacheller has written. The Vermont village has much in common with the Pointview of those stories. For Griggsby, twenty years after Daniel Webster's death, was still living up to the Websterian tradition. "The scarlet blossom an' the silver tongue went hand in hand." Then a young girl became editor of the town newspaper. In its columns she held up to publicity and ridicule the vices of certain prominent citizens and their imitators. The laugh was against them, and the town had to reform.

Illustrated. 12mo.  
\$1.00 net

## ISOBEL

A Romance of the  
Northern Trail

By James  
Oliver Curwood

Full of the same mystery that characterized the author's "Flower of the North." The hero, a sergeant of the famous Royal Northwest Mounted Police, whose boast is that a criminal never escapes them, captures the fugitive husband of the only white woman he has seen for months. Urged by his chivalry, he lets him escape—to reap later an unexpected reward. Pestilence, famine, and hostile Esquimaux threaten the happiness of the man and woman.

Frontispiece. \$1.25 net

## THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Here is room only for a few voices in the chorus of praise: "An intense story in which the characters seem living persons rather than creatures of the author's imagination."—*Pittsburg Post*. "A novel of international excellence and importance. The story is painted on big canvas, and it thrills from the sure hand of a master storyteller."—*Portland Oregonian*. "Stands out like a lighthouse amid a flood of mediocre novels."—*Detroit Free Press*. "A masterful and majestic tale which holds a reader gripped with the course of the story from the first page to the last."—*Columbus Journal*. "The Judgment House" easily ranks as one of the best of his brilliant novels, and as one of the greatest that has appeared in many months."—*San Jose Mercury*.

Illustrated. \$1.35 net

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York



THE ZONE POLICEMAN MOUNTED SQUAD ON "AVIATION DAY"  
FROM "ZONE POLICEMAN 88" BY HARRY A. FRANCK  
*The Century Co.*

## Some Chat of Books for Vacation Reading

A SUMMER home so efficient that it almost takes care of itself is to be found on Long Island, where Mrs. Christine Frederick is experimenting with an efficiency kitchen. Every arrangement in that kitchen is a marvel of scientific management. For instance, it is not every housekeeper who considers that the relative position of sink and stove has anything very much to do with the success of an omelet. Mrs. Frederick shows that these things are very closely related to the time, energy, number of steps and general success of the dish, and proves it. But think how many conscientious housewives have sadly assumed the responsibility for unsatisfactory dinners, when they might have justified themselves by protesting, "But, John, what can you expect, with the kitchen range three inches too far to the left!" However, the new era is here, and all who would know the latest and best methods of bringing up a house may find that information in Mrs. Frederick's "The New Housekeeping," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"THE royal and ancient game" is the subject of a new Outing publication, "The Art of Golf," by Joshua Taylor. Herein are explained "The Mysteries of the Mashie" and other things worth knowing. The author's brother, J. H. Taylor, ex-champion, has contributed a chapter on the "Evolution of the Bunker"—explaining how in the early days of golf bunkers "just happened."

If there is anything at all pleasanter than going a-visiting it must be acting hostess—especially if you have the inner consciousness

that all your arrangements and all your dinners are properly planned. "The New Hostess of To-day," by Linda Hull Larned (Scribner) gives menus suitable for every kind of meal, shows how each should be prepared and served, and adds many suggestions regarding the best manners and methods of the present day.

No vacation being complete unless you quote poetry in the moonlight, it is always advisable to take along a volume of poetry, on the chance of finding the moon—and the girl. Collections of poetry, covering a wide range of the best the poets have given us, are probably the wisest choice for summer reading. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is the compiler of "The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1900," and "The Oxford Book of Ballads," both excellently selected. Similar volumes also published by the Oxford University Press are "The Oxford Book of French Verse, XIII Century-XIX Century," and "The Oxford Book of Italian Verse, XIII Century-XIX Century," edited by St. John Lucas; "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse, 1728-1909," edited by John Cooke; "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," compiled by Quiller-Couch; and W. Macneile Dixon's "Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse, A.D. 1300-1900."

BUT the man who puts a standard author into his pocket—he is a wise man. His country tramp is not going to be spoiled, nor will his fishing expedition be a failure. Wherever there is a beach or a hammock or a grassy mound—wherever there is a plain but steady wooden chair even—he will find happiness.





HARRY, THE WORKMAN, ROSE

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY FROM  
"THE PENALTY" BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Charles Scribner's Sons

For out of his pocket comes the standard author—and one of the beauties of standard authors is that they come in the compactest editions—and there he is! His intellectual food will not turn into frothy nothingness at the first bite—no, these are tried and tested dishes, guaranteed to be wholesome and satisfying. This wise man can find all the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Scott, the Brontës and many other standbys in the Nelson India Paper Edition, bound in soft, smooth limp leather, printed from large type and only  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$  inches in size. The latest addition to the set is Stevenson's works in six volumes.

Now this wise man's brother is also possessed of wisdom and a desire for more wisdom. He is of a scholarly habit of mind, and loves to read of the latest developments and discoveries in science, history or literature. But being sensible as well as wise he does not take a weighty tome under his arm when he saunters off among the trees. Instead he takes a little  $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  volume, such as come nowadays, a volume giving all the latest, up-to-

date information about the subject he is interested in. In the "Home University Library" there are now 67 volumes—inexpensive compact books written by the best authorities, and covering almost every branch of study. The latest additions are "Writing English Prose," by Prof. W. T. Brewster; "The Literature of the Old Testament," by Prof. G. F. Moore, and "From Jefferson to Lincoln," by Prof. William MacDonald. Other volumes deal with Ethics, Electricity, Paintings, the Newspaper, the Origin and Nature of Life, and other subjects equally diverse.

❧

JESSIE PEABODY FROTHINGHAM, in "Success in Gardening" (Duffield), takes you by the hand and leads you along the gardening way week by week, explaining just how and when to plant, what to do beforehand and what to do next—with the result indicated in the title of her manual. Other garden books of the season are "Making a Water Garden" (McBride, Nast); "Vegetable Gardening" (Outing); "The Gardener and the Cook" (McBride, Nast); a new edition of "Yard and Garden" (Bobbs-Merrill); "Flower Gardening" (McBride, Nast); "The New Gardening," by W. P. Wright (Doubleday, Page), and "Suburban Gardens" (Outing).

❧

PARTICULARLY well-chosen in the "Shown to the Children Series" is the latest volume, "Bees Shown to the Children," since a too independent investigation on the part of the young cannot be recommended. Instructed by this handbook, however, the young inquirer may safely start acquaintance with the actual insects themselves. This is the tenth volume in the series, all being concerned with nature-study. Platt & Peck are the publishers.

❧

ARMED with that modern weapon of the bird-hunter, the camera, Hamilton M. Laing set out last year across the Manitoba landscape in search of feathered game. His experiences are set forth in "Out with the Birds," just published by the Outing Publishing Co.

❧

"FLOWERS are injected into the garden in the form of little pills known as seeds. These grow in little paper packages with pictures on them. Some naturers believe that these pictures show into what the seeds will sprout." Information along these lines is given in J. W. Muller's nonsense nature book, "First Aid to Naturers," published by Platt & Peck. A few of the chapter headings are "How to Operate the Garden," "How to Know the Trees Per-

sonally," "How to Stalk the Wild Flowers," "How to Undergo a Vacation," and "How to Tell Dogs from Other Dogs."



ONE thing there is that may spoil practically every summer joy—that has spoiled picnics, sports and excursions without end—everybody's enemy, the weather. We have yet to invent the scientific instrument that will regulate the sun and clouds, but Edwin C. Martin offers a certain amount of help toward solving the problem in his new volume, "Our Own Weather" (Harper), which tells you what to expect under certain atmospheric conditions. Aside from its use in picnic planning the book offers fascinating opportunities for the study of a subject which Mr. Martin has found a most interesting hobby. And of course the summer time is the best season for such a study.



ONE of the latest additions to "Harper's Library of Living Thought," a series covering many branches of science and especially suited, by reason of its compactness, to the summer handbag, is E. Walter Maunder's "Life on the Planets," a review of the conditions on each planet, with the pros and cons in regard to the habitability of each. The handbook gives added interest to summer evenings spent with the telescope. For juvenile astronomers Alice Mary M. Griffith has prepared "The Stars and Their Stories; a Book for Young People," published by Holt.



AND those Big League stars visible on summer afternoons may be studied in a handbook that any boy will accept with becoming gratitude—"How to Play Baseball," published by the T. Y. Crowell Co. All the greatest baseball players have contributed to the volume, explaining the science of the national game as it is played by experts. Oscar Stanage tells how to become a skilled catcher, Jack Coombs writes of the art of successful pitching, "Ty" Cobb shows how to run bases in the most approved fashion, and so on. Emphasis is laid on the three essential baseball qualities—practice, persistency and pluck.



THE modern boy can build his own canoe as well as paddle it. V. J. Slocum's "Practical Boat Building and Canoe Building" (Outing) explains how it is done. Other books for those who go down to the sea are "Motor Boating for Boys," by Charles O. Davis (Harper), and "Practical Sailing and Motor Boating," by E. Kendrick (McBride, Nast).

It is well to prepare for your Bridge before you come to it—for come to it you will some summer afternoon—by studying a few of the latest handbooks on the subject. This whole crop of new ones, all by authorities, is ready: "Scientific Auction Bridge," by E. V. Shepard (Harper); "Development of Auction Bridge Under the New Count," by F. L. Irwin (Putnam); "Auction of To-day," by M. C. Work (Houghton Mifflin). One might note also "Auction Pinochle," by A. P. George (Sturgis & Walton).



"SEEING NATURE FIRST" is the stimulating title of a new book by Clarence M. Weed (Lippincott). As a summer trip, such an excursion offers wonders equal to the sights of Europe or the Yellowstone, and can, moreover, be undertaken on the most limited income. Mr. Weed is the author of "Wild Flower Families" and other nature volumes—apparently being more at home in the wilds than in formal gardens, where his kind are not welcomed. The volume is in gift style, with a colored frontispiece and about a hundred illustrations.



WOULD YAQUI NEVER—NEVER END IT?  
FROM "DESERT GOLD" BY ZANE GREY  
Harper & Bros.



FROM the silver gull of a summer sea to the Polar bear of the Arctic, every type of wild life is portrayed in its native surroundings by Wilhelm Kuhnert in "Animal Portraiture," just published by Warne. The fifty full-page color plates are reproduced from Mr. Kuhnert's paintings. R. Lydekker's descriptions, which accompany the illustrations, are neither technical nor above the average admirer of out-door life and big-game sport.

¶

MANY of the travel books this year deal with the Balkan War, or distant parts of Asia and Africa. But among those written for the peaceful traveler who prefers the highways of civilization are "An English Cathedral Journey," by Kate F. Kimball (Crowell); "Little Cities of Italy," by André Maurel (Putnam); "The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday," by Nevin O. Winter (L. C. Page); "Finding the Worth-While in Europe," by Albert B. Osborne (McBride, Nast); "France from Within," by C. De Pratz (Doran); "France from Sea to Sea" by Arthur Stanley Riggs (McBride, Nast); "Germany and the Germans," by Price Collier (Scribner); "Romantic Ireland," by M. F. Mansfield (Page); McCracken's "Spell of Italian Lakes" (Page); "Stained Glass Tours in Italy," by C. H. Sherrill (Lane); "The Romance of the Men of Devon," by Francis

Gribble (Little, Brown); "Old Gardens of Italy," by Mrs. A. Le Blond (Lane); "Umbrian Cities of Italy," by J. W. Cruickshank (Page); "England's Riviera," by J. H. Stone (Dutton); "My Russian Year," by R. Reynolds (Pott); "Austria," by J. Baker (Lane); and two little companion volumes, of convenient gift book size, "A Little Book of Brittany" and "A Little Book of Killarney and Southern Ireland" (McBride, Nast), by "B. M. Trebor," friendly little books that send you off to visit those lands before you know it. Guide books are not wanting—practical manuals which tell you just how much you must put in your wallet when you sail, and what will be left when you next see the Statue of Liberty. Carl Wilson's "The Economical European Guide" (McKay) gives directions for seeing all Europe in fifty days for \$100; or 100 days at \$170. Rolfe's annually revised "Satchel Guide to Europe" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is also ready. "A tour de luxe" that will carry you over 3500 miles of perfect road, across six countries, is described in detail by G. D. Webber in "The Best Motor Routes Through Europe" (McBride, Nast).

¶

ANOTHER volume which appeals to the tourist, as well as the architectural student, is Sidney Heath's "Our Homeland Churches and How to Study Them," published by Frederick

Warne & Co. This little work, in handy pocket size, is a comprehensive description of English churches and contains many illustrations from drawings by J. R. Leathart and from photographs.

¶

THE ready made house never fits quite as well as the house made to order, but sometimes alterations will make an old house as good as new, and give untold satisfaction to the designer whose ingenuity has fashioned what he wanted out of what he had. "Reclaiming the Old House," by C. E. Hooper (McBride, Nast) tells how to preserve the charm of the past and incorporate present day conveniences. Another recent book of interest to the house builder is "Staircases and Garden Steps," by G. C. Rothery (Stokes).



BUILDING THE BREAKWATER TO PROTECT THE ATLANTIC ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL,  
JULY 21, 1911

FROM "PANAMA AND WHAT IT MEANS" BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Cassell & Co.



## Sample Bits From the Season's Best Books

### Fiction

#### HOW THE DAUGHTER OF THE HETHS MEETS THE GREAT YOUNG MAN.

From Henry Sydnor Harrison's "*V. V.'s Eyes*." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Carlisle Heth, daughter of a small Southern capitalist, goes with her mother—a manager of skill—to a summer hotel after the season is over. A relative of the Heths, Willie Kerr, is to be there with the (socially) great Hugo Canning; and this bit of information bestowed upon Mrs. Heth has occasioned her own visit to the resort. Carlisle's adventure in a sailing boat—an adventure concerned with the importunity of an undesirable suitor—makes an unpleasant interlude in the afternoon, but in the evening she is herself again and ready to meet the much-sought celebrity.

NOR were the figments of sweet sleep too fanciful or far-flown. About eight-thirty o'clock, when Mrs. and Miss Heth stepped from a descending lift into the glaring publicity of the main floor, the first object that their eyes fell upon was Mr. Hugo Canning in the flesh. The second was Cousin Willie Kerr, even more in the flesh, trotting loyally at his side. At this precise instant, in short, the celebrated transient quitted the dining-room for the relaxations of his evening.

The coincidence of the moment was pure: one hundred per cent, as they say commercially. One takes it to mean that Destiny, having handled a favorite child somewhat roughly for a time, now turned back its smiling mother-face. The ladies Heth, having dined refinedly in their sitting-room, descended in search of cooling breezes, or for any other reason why. Over the spaces of the great court, half lobby, half parlor, Miss Heth had seen the masculine apparitions an instant before they saw her; or just in time, that is to say, to be showing them now her flawless profile. . . .

It is easily surmised that Miss Heth's manner in action was contained, her habit the very reverse of forward. One seeing her now would be cheaply cynical, indeed, to say or dream that, with reference to some such conjuncture as the present, this girl had left a happy home many hours before. Her presence shamed every unworthy surmise. With a lovely unconsciousness she was spied walking her innocent ways toward the piazza with mamma, even now girlishly unaware that an opposite and uproarious sex was in headlong pursuit. . . .

If this pursuit—to be doggedly literal—appeared to lag for a moment, if it did not seem



WHEN SHE SAW FIELDING SITTING AT A  
TABLE A FEW FEET AWAY

CM "IN ANOTHER MOMENT" BY CHARLES  
BELMONT DAVIS

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

to start with that instant *élan* which one had a right to expect, be sure that there was a complication of sound reasons for that. Kerr, in the circumstances, was the appointed leader of the chase; and Kerr hesitated. Canning's desire to avoid the local society and be left free to outdoor exercise and sleep was, in truth, only too well known to him. And tonight, worse luck, the distinguished visitor appeared even less socially inclined than usual: annoyed when the select little party he had expected from northerly haunts had been found represented at the Beach by a telegram instead; increasingly bored by the desolate air of the all but empty hostelry. "When's the next train out of this hell-hole?"—such was Mr. Canning's last recorded remark up to this not uninteresting moment.

Kerr, when he saw Mrs. and Miss Heth over the distance, merely made a genial exclamation, and then gazed. He was nearing forty, was Willie, short and slightly bald, with an increasing appreciation of the world's good things and as much good nature as his round figure called for. Canning's acquaintance he had by the chance of a lifelong friendship with Mrs. Allison Payne. By reason of a native clannishness and certain small obligations of a more material nature, he was more

than ready to share his privileges with his brilliant cousins. But . . .

"So that's the drowned lady," said Canning's voice, rather moodily, at his elbow. . . . "Well, then, I know her."

"Dandy girl, Carlisle," exclaimed Willie, instantly. "Great little piece of work . . ."

One hundred feet away, opportunity unconsciously receded toward the piazza. Willie, having hesitated through no unfaithfulness, plunged with no want of tact.

"Got to speak to 'em a minute—make inquiries—cousins, y' know. D' ye mind?"

"My dear chap, why should I?"

"Awright—just stop and say howdedo," said the plump diplomatist. "Won't take a minute . . ."

And Canning, perceiving then that Kerr expected to make this stop in his company, said with an assurance not unbecoming to his lordly bearing: "If you please. And don't start anything, for pity's sake. I'm for bed in fifteen minutes."

So it all fell out, according to the book. So it was that the pursuing feet were free to thunder. So Mrs. Heth heard the voice of the leal one, subdued from a distance: "*Howdedo, Cousin Isabel! How're you an' Carlisle this evening? . . .*"

And so the maid turned, startled from her other-worldly dreams . . .

He was the greatest parti that had ever crossed her path, that was ever likely to cross her path. But Miss Heth faced him with no want of confidence; received his greeting with a charming bright negligence. One saw readily that such a matter as "making an impression" was far indeed from this maid's mind. If doubts, a vague uneasiness relative to the afternoon, still fretted the hinterlands of her mind (and they did), she was much too well trained, too resolute withal, to let them appear troublously upon the surface. Moreover, the nap of forty minutes, not winks, had been like the turning of a new leaf; and she was fortified, woman-wise, with the knowledge that she looked her best. Over her shoulders there clung a shimmering scarf, a pretty trifle all made of the scales of a silver mermaid. It was observed, however, that the gray crêpe-de-chine quite justified its choice. . . .



#### THE "GREAT HIGH BELOVEDEST" INTERVIEWS "STAR OF THE SEA."

From William J. Locke's "*Stella Maris*." (Lane.)

"*Stella Maris*," all her days an invalid, looks out over the sea and creates a fanciful world of her own. Her aunt and uncle, and her two great friends, John Risca and Walter Herold, keep her from all knowledge of the evil and unhappiness in the world. She has not the slightest idea that John is married and that his wife has been imprisoned for unspeakable cruelty toward a child. Risca, determined to go to Australia, goes down to the house on the Channel to break the news to Stella Maris.

So John Risca sat down at Sir Oliver's study-table in order to indite his letter to Stellamaris. But for a long time he stared at the white paper. He, the practised journalist, who could dash off his thousand words on any

subject as fast as pen could travel, no matter what torture burned his brain, could not find a foolish message for a sick child. At last he wrote like a school-boy:

*Darling: The flowers were beautiful, and so is the new picture, and I want to see you early in the morning. I hope you are well.*

JOHN RISCA.

And he had to tear the letter out of its envelope and put it into a fresh one because he had omitted to add the magic initials "G. H. B." to his name. Compared with his usual imaginative feats of correspondence, this was a poverty-stricken epistle. She would wonder at the change. Perhaps his demand for an immediate interview would startle her, and shocks were dangerous. He tore up the letter and envelope, and went to his own room. It was past two o'clock when he crept downstairs again to lay his letter on the hall table.

At the sight of him the next morning the color deepened in the delicate cheeks of Stellamaris, and her dark eyes grew bright. She held out a welcoming hand.

"Ah, Belovedest, I've been longing to see you ever since dawn. I woke up then and couldn't go to sleep again because I was so excited."

He took the chair by her bedside, and her fingers tapped affectionately on the back of the great hand that lay on the coverlid.

"I suppose I was excited, too," said he, "for I was awake at dawn."

"Did you look out of window?"

"Yes," said John.

"Then we both saw the light creeping over the sea like a monstrous ghost. And it all lay so pallid and still,—didn't it?—as if it were a sea in a land of death. And then a cheeky little thrush began to twitter."

"I heard the thrush," replied John. "He said, 'Any old thing! Any old thing!'"

He mimicked the bird's note. Stella laughed.

"That's just what he said—as though a sea in a land of death or the English Channel was all the same to him. I suppose it was."

"It must be good to be a thrush," said Risca. "There's a *je m'en fich'isme* about his philosophy which must be very consoling."

"I know what that is in English," cried Stellamaris. "It is 'don't-care-a-damative-ness.'" Her lips rounded roguishly over the naughty syllable.

"Where did you learn that?"

"Walter told me."

"Walter must be clapped into irons, and fed on bread and water, and seriously spoken to."

Unconsciously he had drifted into his usual manner of speech with her. She laughed with a child's easy gaiety.

"It's delightful to be wicked, isn't it?"

"Why?" he asked.

"It must be such an adventure. It must make you hold your breath and your heart beat."

John wondered grimly whether a certain doer of wickedness had felt this ecstatic rap-



ture. She, too, must have seen the gray dawn, but creeping through prison-bars into her cell. God of Inscrutability! Was it possible that these two co-watchers of the dawn, both so dominant in his life, were of the same race of beings? If the one was a woman born of woman, what in the name of mystery was Stellamaris?

✠

### THE SJAMBOK.

From Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House." (Harper.)

Jasmine Grenfel, lovely, rich and spoiled, throws over a rising diplomatist for a man who has made his money in Kimberly. Her only interests in life are love of pleasure, admiration and herself, so she allows two men to make love to her and a third to pay her marked attention. When the war breaks out, Byng's native servant, Krool, is unexpectedly discovered to have turned traitor to the English.

SUDDENLY Byng said with a voice of almost guttural anger: "You dropped that letter on my bedroom floor—that letter, you understand?... Speak."

"I did it, Baas."

Byng was transformed. Slowly he laid down the sjambok, and as slowly took off his coat, his eyes meanwhile fastening those of the wretched man before him. Then he took up the sjambok again.

"You know what I am going to do with you?"

"Yes, Baas."

It never occurred to Byng that Krool would resist; it did not occur to Krool that he could resist. Byng was the Baas, who at that moment was the Power Immeasurable. There was only one thing to do—to obey.

"You were told to leave my house by Mrs. Byng, and you did not go."

"She was not my Baas."

"You would have done her harm, if you could?"

"So, Baas."

With a low cry Byng ran forward, the sjambok swung through the air, and the terrible whip descended on the crouching half-caste.

Krool gave one cry and fell back a little, but he made no attempt to resist.

Suddenly Byng went to a window and threw it open.

"You can jump from there or take the sjambok. Which?" he said with a passion not that of a man wholly sane. "Which?"

Krool's wild, sullen, trembling look sought the window, but he had no heart for that enterprise—thirty feet to the pavement below.

"The sjambok, Baas," he said.

Once again Byng moved forward on him, and once again Krool's cry rang out, but not so loud. It was like that of an animal in torture.



"IS THIS MISS HETH?"

FROM "V. V.'S EYES" BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

Houghton, Mifflin Company

In the next room, Wallstein and Stafford and the others heard it, and understood. Whispering together they listened, and Stafford shrank away to the far side of the room; but more than one face showed pleasure in the sound of the whip and the moaning.

It went on and on.

Barry Whalen, however, was possessed of a kind of fear, and presently his face became troubled. This punishment was terrible. Byng might kill the man, and all would be as bad as could be. Stafford came to him.

"You had better go in," he said. "We ought to intervene. If you don't, I will. Listen. . . ."

It was a strange sound to hear in this heart of civilization. It belonged to the barbaric places of the earth, where there was no law, where every pioneer was his own cadi.

With set face Barry Whalen entered the room. Byng paused for an instant and looked at him with burning, glazed eyes that scarcely realized him.

"Open that door," he said, presently, and Barry Whalen opened the door which led into the big hall.

"Open all down to the street," Byng said, and Barry Whalen went forward quickly.

Like some wild beast Krool crouched and





COVER DESIGN BY COLES PHILLIPS  
FROM "THE UPPER CRUST" BY CHARLES SHERMAN  
Bobbs-Merrill Co.

stumbled and moaned as he ran down the staircase, through the outer hall, while a servant with scared face saw Byng rain savage blows upon the hated figure.

On the pavement outside the house, Krool staggered, stumbled, and fell down; but he slowly gathered himself up, and turned to the doorway, where Byng stood panting with the sjambok in his hand.

"Baas!—Baas!" Krool said with livid face, and then he crept painfully away along the street wall.

A policeman crossed the road with a questioning frown and the apparent purpose of causing trouble, but Barry Whalen whispered in his ear, and told him to call that evening and he would hear all about it. Meanwhile a five-pound note in a quick palm was a guarantee of good faith.

Presently a half-dozen people began to gather near the door, but the benevolent policeman moved them on.

At the top of the staircase Jasmine met her husband. She shivered as he came up towards her.

"Will you come to me when you have fin-

ished your business?" she said, and she took the sjambok gently from his hand.

He scarcely realized her. He was in a dream; but he smiled at her, and nodded, and passed on to where the others awaited him.



#### "LORD BRANCASTER'S WIFE."

From Richard Parker's "The Whip."  
(Macaulay Co.)

Mrs. D'Aquila, adventuress of the first order, has charmed trustful Lord Brancaster into getting a special license for their marriage when certain rumors concerning her interesting past bring matters to a standstill. An automobile smash-up nearly kills the young peer, and he wakes to recall nothing of what happened immediately before the accident. His recovery is hastened by a growing friendship with Di, beautiful daughter of Lord Beverley, to whose home he has been carried. Mrs. D'Aquila, having secured a forged marriage certificate, appears at a hunt breakfast at Lord Beverley's.

For a moment there was a general silence after half the company had got to its feet. Haslam moved toward Sartoris as if he required the assisting strength of his personality. Beverley turned toward the woman standing there coolly self-possessed.

"Madam!" he exclaimed.

In a most decided drawing-room manner Mrs. D'Aquila faced him.

"Lord Beverley, pray forgive this—er—intrusion," she said sweetly. "Certain rumors having reached my ears, I had come to ask for a private talk, with a view to obviating a public scandal. But, happily—or unhappily—I have just

heard the words that have fallen from your lips. Therefore, though I regret the pain that I may cause, it is due to myself that I should speak here as publicly as you have spoken, and say—that I am Lord Brancaster's wife."

Brancaster started forward, his hand at his forehead as he struggled to regain memory of the last days before his accident.

"Wife?" he almost shouted. "It's a lie!"

Lady Diana had gone straight to her grandfather and, ready to fly to the refuge of his arms, stood close to him.

"Madam," said Beverley in deep pain, "if this is some ill-timed piece of bravado—some attempt—"

But Mrs. D'Aquila took the words from his mouth.

"It was an attempt to save your granddaughter humiliation," she said, "Lord Beverley; perhaps something worse. It is now an endeavor to assist you in explaining to her exactly my position in this house."

While Lady Diana's eyes followed Brancaster wistfully, despairingly, the young Earl turned to the company of his friends and neighbors.

"Gentlemen, on my honor—" he exploded, "Beverley, this is an outrage! Turn this woman out."



### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD.

From Beatrice Grimshaw's "Guinea Gold." (Moffat, Yard.)

A present day story of love and adventure in New Guinea. It opens on the beach of Samarai.

THREE men sat upon the coral shore of Samarai, and talked about a fourth.

Their six boots—four heavy and nailed, two light brown leather the worse for wear—projected over the glaring, flour-white sand, and tinkled among the broken branches and fans of coral and the derelict shells from the reef. Pink and pearl and cream, thick as carved white marble, and as thin as Eastern porcelain, were these shells: strangers admired them, and went a-hunting for them on steamer days. But, when they had their hands full, they generally threw the fruit of their toil back into the sea. The shells looked well, nevertheless, they were dead, and you could see it when you handled them. Dead shells are those that have had the life and value burned out of them by tropic suns on far-off savage shores. They are of no use to anyone; you can only leave them on the beach, to rot in the devouring sun, and end their lives where they were cast away. There are many kinds of dead shells to be found on the coral beaches, south of Cancer and north of Capricorn, and not all of them own the sea as their home.

The man Joe Anderson let himself slide down the warm sand until his head rested against the root of the casuarina tree. Then he put his hands under his neck and yawned deliberately.

"Cut it; you've been reading too many penny stories," he said. "This isn't a pirate's island in the Caribbean Sea, in the eighteenth century: it's Papua in the twentieth. Besides, what would a raw new chum know about the Kikiramu, anyhow?"

"Shut up!" growled Dence. "That's the fellow, isn't it?"

A man was coming towards the three on the beach. He had evidently been walking round the island. Samarai, the island town of New Guinea, is said by a good many far-travelled people to be the most beautiful place in the world. The stranger looked as if he thought so: he was tramping along the white coral path slowly, between the high hedges of carmine- and daffodil-leaved croton trees, staring with all his eyes. Celadon green was the shoal water of the strait in front; peacock-breast blue the wider stretch beyond. Islands like bouquets of palm set in holders of pearl sprang out of the glass-still water. A long way off, on the other side, dark mountains draped in forest rose straight from the sea, forbidding, secret, grim.

"That's . . . Papua," said the unromantic-

looking Anderson, following the stranger's eyes. "Something beautiful—and something black behind it."



### HOW HARRY MANAGED HIS MOTHER.

From Ellen Glasgow's "Virginia." (Doubleday, Page.)

A significant picture of the intellectual change which has taken place since the early eighties. Virginia Pendleton, a lovely southern girl, marries when very young, Oliver Treadwell, a playwright. Virginia is the old-fashioned type of woman who lives solely for her husband and children.

SHE spoke gravely, gazing with her exhaustless patience over the impish yellow head of Harry, who knelt, in his little nightgown, on the rug at her feet. His roving blue eyes met Susan's as she came over to him, while his chubby face broke into a delicious smile.

"Don't notice him, Susan," said Virginia, in her lovely voice which was as full of tenderness and as lacking in humour as her mother's. "Harry, you shan't speak to Aunt Susan until you've been good and finished your prayers."

"Don't want to speak to Aunt Susan," retorted the monster of infant depravity, slipping his bare toes through a rent in the rug, and doubling up with delight at his insubordination.

"I never knew him to behave like this before," said Virginia, almost in tears from shame and weariness. "It must be the excitement of getting here. He is usually so good. Now, Harry, begin all over again. 'God bless dear papa, God bless dear mamuna, God bless dear grandmamma, God bless dear grandpapa, God bless dear Lucy, God bless dear Jenny, God bless all our dear friends.'"

"God bless dear Harry," recited the monster.

"He has gone on like that ever since I started," said poor Virginia. "I don't know what to do about it. It seems dreadful to let him go to bed without saying his prayers properly. Now, Harry, please, please be good; poor mother is so tired, and she wants to go and kiss little Jenny good-night. 'God bless dear papa,' and I'll let you get in bed."

"God bless Harry," was the imperturbable rejoinder to this pleading.

"Don't you want your poor mother to have some supper, Harry?" inquired Susan severely.

"Harry wants supper," answered the innocent.

"I suppose I'll have to let him go," said Virginia, distractedly, "but Oliver will be horrified. He says I don't reason with them enough. Harry," she continued sternly, "don't you understand that it is naughty of you to behave this way and keep mamma away from poor little Jenny?"

"Bad Jenny," said Harry.

"If you don't say your prayers this minute, you shan't have any preserves on your bread to-morrow."

"Bad preserves," retorted Harry.

"Well, if he won't, I don't see how I can make him," said Virginia. "Come, then, get into bed, Harry, and go to sleep. You have been a bad boy and hurt poor mamma's feelings so that she is going to cry. She won't



be able to eat her supper for thinking of the way you have disobeyed her."

Jumping into bed with a bound, Harry dug his head into the pillows, gurgled, and then sat up very straight.

"God bless dear papa, God bless dear mamma, God bless dear grandmamma, God bless dear grandpapa, God bless dear Lucy, God bless dear Jenny, God bless our dear friends everywhere," he repeated in a resounding voice.

"Oh, you precious lamb!" exclaimed Virginia. "He couldn't bear to hurt poor mamma, could he?" and she kissed him ecstatically before hastening to the slumbering Jenny in the adjoining room.

"I like the little scamp," said Susan, when she reported the scene to John Henry on the way home, "but he manages his mother perfectly. Already his sense of humour is better developed than hers."



### THE LEAP.

From Stephen French Whitman's "The Isle of Life."  
(Scribner.)

Sebastian Maure of uncertain past is in love with Ghirlaine Bellamy, who hates him and is engaged to an Englishman. Maure, determined to win her, forces his way upon the steamer on which she has embarked from Naples.

HE stopped short, dazed by the enormity of a thought. He looked down, blankly, at the whirling phosphorus. And it seemed to him that for a moment all those luminous intricacies stayed motionless, to make him read their message aright. Then they parted. And in their midst yawned blackness—as if something had plunged through them, into the depths.

In an instant, he had calculated the distance of the fishing-boat, the speed of the ship, the peril of the propellers, his probable endurance. Then he recoiled, while asking himself, "Am I insane, indeed?" But the fatality of all the day's coincidences sprang forth in his mind like a completed fabric. The secrecy of his presence on the ship! The loneliness of the boat-deck! The late hour, when the lower decks were bound to be deserted! The darkness, that enshrouded everything!

And this girl beside him, who, to-morrow, would pass out of his life forever, into another's arms!

Still, his body grew tense, bracing itself against this impulse, against a host of suggestions, subtle and yet tremendous, which had come to him through those feverish weeks up there in Rome, against something that loomed larger, that became more imperious every moment—the invisible, vast force of Necessity.

"Death! Sure death, in the sea or in the screws!"

But a voice within him whispered in reply:

"All the same, there's a chance. And if we go, we go together."

"But afterward?"

"He who overcomes the present conquers the future."

And it no longer seemed strange to him. It seemed the natural thing to do.

Nevertheless, to the most reckless and ruthless spirits comes a final hesitation, when all the inhibitions of the ages combine in one last effort to restrain the irrevocable deed.

The little yellow light drew nearer. It hovered opposite his eyes. It began to fall astern.

He realized that he had buttoned his dinner-jacket automatically, and slipped his feet out of his pumps.

He turned toward her. She was standing in the gap between the end of the railing and the life-boat. Gazing out at that distant spark, she seemed oblivious to the menace of those thoughts. How beautiful she was—even when her eyes met his, and read in them, at last the revelation of his true self!

With a convulsive movement, she tried to spring aside. But the life-boat penned her in. Behind her lay the naked edge. Her hands flew to her breast.

"What are you thinking of!"

"Will you give up that man?"

"Let me by!"

"Will you belong to me?"

"Shall I have to call for help?"

For a fleeting second he marvelled at her clear voice, her level gaze, her splendid bravery. But her courage made her the more precious. And her defiance sent the last of his compunction flying.

He reached forward. A moment's struggle, tense and silent. He put out his strength, caught her in his arms, and poised on the brink. At once she ceased to move.

"Death!" she gasped.

"Death or life—who knows!"

With his burden he leaped forth into space.



### "HE WOKE AND WONDERED MORE."

From R. Gorell Barnes' "Out of the Blue."  
(Longmans, Green.)

Story of a man and a girl wrecked on a tropic island. The girl is his wife's secretary, to whom he has been unconsciously drawn for months. When they are all wrecked, the wife is taken off in a boat, while the other two drift to an island.

In that hour, so touched with wonder in the tropics, when the dawn with soft yet imperious hand draws back the sombre veil which has hung over the land and sea and yields to the sweeping flight of day, Graham awoke. For a moment his memory lingered in his dream, and all the sounds of new-born life, with which the air was filled, were as a song without meaning for his ear. His couch, which to his unaccustomed limbs had grown extremely hard, seemed to him again the bottom of the boat, and the gentle plaint of the ripples on the beach strengthened him in his belief. Then with an exquisite hesitation all the past returned to him; the upturned boat took form, and the quiet breathing of the girl beside him became a strange reality. He half rose upon his elbow and for a few brief seconds watched her, but she seemed in her sleep so like a little child with all expression save peace laid aside that he caught himself up with a sharp feeling of intrusion, and sent his gaze firmly out over





IN THAT GAY PARTY WAS A THIEF—BUT WHICH ONE?  
 . . . A MATCH SPUTTERED. THERE WAS A CRY OF  
 AMAZEMENT AND HORROR. THE TABLE  
 WAS ABSOLUTELY BARE  
 FROM "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND" BY OWEN JOHNSON  
 Frederick A. Stokes Co.

the lagoon. The beauty of it called to him with so strong an allurements in the sweet, early light that he had slipped silently out of the little shelter and past the ashes of their fire almost before he had made up his mind to move.

He stood awhile, looking upon their kingdom and drawing deep breaths of pure contentment; never had he felt so open and so keen, and he stretched his cramped muscles with the luxurious freedom of the savage. All around him lay Nature wild and triumphant, owning no servitude to man, and yet he felt no alien, but rather one attuned and ready to claim her for a playmate. The water drew him by its cool invitation, and he felt a great desire to throw off his clothes and stride into it; he cast a swift glance at the shelter and wondered if he dared. She had not moved yet, but if he went beyond the bend of the cove he would risk letting her awake to find herself alone, and that thought oppressed him. He hesitated a moment longer, but he could not resist the chance which her sleeping on had given him, and resolved on a compromise which brought a smile to his lips. Slipping round just out of sight, he flung off the flannels and shoes which irked him and splashed gloriously into the warm lagoon. The sharp edges of the coral lying clear and in a hundred shapes beneath him cut his feet, however; he stumbled further in and swam out far enough to see that all was still quiet, and then made for his clothes. To soak his handkerchief in

a vain attempt to dry himself was not a lengthy process, but as, damp and vigorous, he hastily dressed, he felt that the sun would soon rectify his omissions and make the work of towels a thing of that past which was even now losing its vividness.



#### MRS. KILDAIR COUNTS ONE HUNDRED.

From Owen Johnson's "The Sixty-First Second."  
 (Stokes.)

A ruby ring worth \$30,000 is stolen by one of the guests of a Bohemian supper-party. The hostess discovers the theft, locks the door, turns out the light, and demands that the ring be placed on the table before she counts 100.

MRS. KILDAIR, having assured herself that all was arranged as she desired, blew out two of the three candles, which suddenly caused the eyes on the dim faces to stand out in startled relief.

"I shall count one hundred—no more, no less," she said quietly. "Either the ring is returned or every one in this room is to be searched. Remember."

She motioned to Slade, who, leaning over, blew out the remaining candle, while a little hysterical cry was heard from Mrs. Cheever.

The wick shone a moment with a hot, glowing spire, and then everything was black. Mrs. Kildair began to count.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten —"

She gave each number with the inexorable regularity of a clock's reiterated note.

"Eleven — twelve — thirteen — fourteen — fifteen — sixteen — seventeen —"

In the room every sound was distinct—the rustle of a shifting dress, the grinding of a



"I ADORE YOU," HE MURMURED AS HE KISSED HER AGAIN  
FROM "THE MASK" BY ARTHUR HORNBLow  
G. W. Dillingham Co.

shoe, the deep, slightly asthmatic breathing of a man.

"Twenty-one — twenty-two — twenty-three — twenty-four — twenty-five — twenty-six —"

The counting went on, without the slightest variation, with a methodic, rasping reiteration that began to produce almost an hypnotic effect on the imaginations held in suspense.

"Thirty — thirty-one — thirty-two — thirty-three —"

A slight rasping breath was heard, and then a man nervously clearing his throat.

"Thirty-nine — forty — forty-one — forty-two —"

Still nothing had happened. No other sound had broken in on the strained attention of every ear. Yet the voice that counted did not vary in the slightest measure; only the sound become less human, more metallic.

"Forty-seven — forty-eight — forty-nine — fifty — fifty-one — fifty-two —"

A woman had sighed — Mrs. Bloodgood

next to him — the sigh of a woman yielding up consciousness to pain.

"Fifty-four — fifty-five — fifty-six — fifty-seven — fifty-eight — fifty-nine — sixty — sixty-one —"

All at once, clear, ringing, unmistakable, on the sounding plane of the table was heard a quick metallic note that echoed and reechoed in the empty blackness.

"The ring!"

It was Maud Lille's deep voice that had cried out. Beecher suddenly against his shoulder felt the weight of Mrs. Bloodgood's swaying body. The voice that counted hesitated a moment, but only a moment.

"Sixty-two — sixty-three —"

Several voices began to protest:

"No, no!"

"Light the candles!"

"It's too much!"

"Don't go on!"

"Seventy-five — seventy-six — seventy-seven — seventy-eight — seventy-nine —"

The sound dominated the protest. Some one began to laugh, an hysterical, feverish laughter that chilled Beecher to the bones. He put out his hand and steadied the body of the woman next to him.

"Eighty-five — eighty-six —"

"Hurry, oh, hurry — please hurry!" cried the voice of Nan Charters, and some one else cried:

"Enough — this is terrible!"

"Ninety-five — ninety-six — ninety-seven — ninety-eight — ninety-nine, and one hundred."

At once a match sputtered in the hands of Slade. There was a cry from everyone, and the table shivered with the weight of those who craned forward. Then a second cry of amazement and horror. The table was absolutely bare. The ring a second time had been taken.



### THE NEWS IS OUT.

From Arthur Hornblow's "The Mask." (Dillingham.)  
Story opens in the Traynor home, Gramercy Park, New York.

"THERE! What did I tell you? The news is out!"

With a muttered exclamation of annoyance, Kenneth Traynor put down his coffee cup with a crash and, leaning over the table, pointed out to his wife a despatch from London, given prominence in the morning paper, which ran as follows:

Advices from Cape Town report the finding on a farm near Fontein, a hundred miles north of here, of a diamond which in size is only second to the famous Koh-i-noor. The stone, which is in the shape of an egg with the top cut off, weighs 1,649 carats, and was discovered after blasting at the foot of some

rocks on land adjacent to the tract owned by the Americo-African Mining Company of New York. It is understood that the American Company is negotiating for the property; some say the transfer has already been made. If this is true, the finding of this colossal stone means a wind-fall for the Yankee stockholders.

The Traynor home No. — Gramercy Park was one of those dignified, old-fashioned residences that still remain in New York to remind our vulgar, ostentatious *nouveaux riches* of the days when culture and refinement counted for something more than mere wealth. Overlooking the railed-in square with its green lawns, pretty winding paths and well-dressed children romping at play, it had a high stoop which opened into a wide hall, decorated with obsolete weapons and trophies of the hunt. In a clinging, white silk negligée gown, the gossamer folds of which only partially veiled the outlines of a slender, graceful figure, Helen sat at the breakfast table opposite her husband, toying languidly with her knife and fork. It was nearly noon, long past the usual breakfast time, and by every known gastronomical law her appetite should have been on keen edge. But this morning she left everything untasted.

Certainly the appearance of the dining-room was enough to upset the nerves of anyone, especially a sensitive young woman who prided herself on her housekeeping. All around was chaos and confusion. The usually sedate, orderly dining-room was littered with trunks, grips, umbrellas and canes enveloped in rugs—all the confusion incidental to a hurried departure.

She took the newspaper, read the despatch and handed it back in silence.

"Isn't that the very deuce!" he went on peevishly. "We've been trying our utmost to keep it secret. Unless we're quick, there'll be a rush of adventurers from all parts of the world before we can secure the options. Happily the despatch is vague. They don't know all the facts. If they did—" Lowering his voice and looking around cautiously to make sure that the butler had left the room and no one was listening, he continued: "Besides you know what I am to bring back. It couldn't be entrusted to anyone else. Just think—a stone worth nearly a million dollars! I hope no one will guess I have it in my possession. It must be brought safe to New York. That's why it's so important that I go at once. Even by catching the *Mauretania* to-morrow, I can't reach Cape Town for a month, and every moment counts now."

As Helen was still silent he glanced across the table at her for the first time. Her pallor and the drooping lines about her mouth told him something was wrong. Instantly concerned, he asked:

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I'm horribly nervous."

"What about?"

"This trip of yours, of course."

"You ought to be used to them by this time. This isn't the first time I've had to leave you since our marriage."

"I didn't mind the other trips so much. When you went to Mexico and Alaska, it didn't seem so far away. But this journey to South Africa is different. You are running a terrible risk carrying that diamond. I can't shake off a horrible feeling that something dreadful will happen."

¶

### ONE OF THE MIGHTY.

From Nathaniel C. Fowler, jr.'s "The Knockers' Club." (Sully & Kleinteich.)

Records the outings of a club which has the unwritten rule that any member who treats his fellows with any apparent consideration or speaks of another with even the suspicion of respect or admiration must be punished. Six "knockers" go off together at various times. On one occasion they stop at a large and expensive hotel.

NEXT to us sat two of those self-inflated specimens of that growing clan of men who are full of cash to-day and empty to-morrow. We couldn't help hearing all that they said, because, while apparently talking to each other, they were casting their words out into the wide, wide world. Money fairly rolled from their mouths. They talked high finance, and each in his turn went his neighbor one better in presenting his claim for financial immensity.

Don was plainly irritated.

"You are Mr. Walton?"

"Yes," he replied, with a voice full of pride, while the same passion illuminated his red and mottled face. "I am Charles B. Walton, the president and majority stock-holder in the great Walton Cotton Company, which, of course, you have heard of."

"Yes," drawled Don, with unmistakable indifference. "I know your house pretty well."

"What's your business?"

"Well," replied Don slowly, "it's pretty hard to say just what it is. I've sold goods, and was a book-keeper for a spell. Lately I've worked in one of the banks, but don't like my job, and maybe I'll make a change, if I get a chance."

"Then, of course, you know my bank, the Metropolitan?" said the gentleman pompously.

"Your bank?" interrogated Don simply.

"Well," replied the gentleman with a flourish, "not exactly my bank, but I suppose I could call it that, if I had a mind to. Our house is its biggest depositor, and the bank knuckles down to us. I could be president of it, if I said the word."

"The Metropolitan Bank?" inquired Don gently.

"The same."

"I dislike to contradict a gentleman," said Don politely, "but I fear that you are laboring under a slight delusion. Your house is not the heaviest depositor by a thundering big majority."

The gentleman rose to his feet, casting an angry eye upon Don, which didn't seem to damage him, and shouted, "I don't know who



you are, sir, and I care less, but you're a liar, sir, a liar, and I demand an apology."

"What! For telling the truth?" questioned Don, without any indication that he felt the fear the speaker believed he had generated in him.

"How dare you dispute me, sir?" retorted Mr. Walton. "Do you, a mere employee of some insignificant banking house, assume to take exception to my statements? Who are you, pray?"

"Nobody in particular," drawled Don. "Not much of anybody. Only a mere employee, as you put it. Just the unfortunate president of the Metropolitan Bank, and one of the starving owners of the building you are in. But," and Don raised his voice, "you won't be there long, unless you pony up with your rent."

If ever a man was astonished, amazed, frustrated, and flabbergasted, it was President Walton of the great Walton Cotton Company. He sank into his chair, remained there for a while, then tried to speak.

"Don't say it," said Don gently, "let it go by default. But hark you, my friend, to a little advice, which I'll lend you without discount. When you want to brag, and to draw the long bow to its breaking point, tackle fellows who know don't know how you're fixed. Good-morning."



#### THE GAME OF GAMES.

*From Upton Sinclair's "Sylvia." (Winston.)*

Sylvia, a beautiful and popular Southern girl, goes to Cambridge, ostensibly to help her student cousin socially, really to see Frank Shirley, a man of strong personality, socially ostracized because of his father's imprisonment. At a dance at Harvard she undertakes to captivate a gilded youth—for the good of his soul.

LOVE-MAKING, more or less disguised, being the principal occupation of men and women in the South, Sylvia counted herself an expert at this game. She had learned to assume a different personality, disguising her voice, and doing it quite naturally—not by the crude method of putting a button under her tongue. She took her seat after the first dance, perfectly mistress of herself and pleasantly thrilled with curiosity. All of the "younger set" at home had made love to her in earnest, and their methods were an oft-told tale. But how would these strange men of Harvard play the game?

The tall domino at her side was in no hurry to begin. He sat very stiff and straight upon the velvet cushions; and finally it came to Sylvia that he was suffering from embarrassment. She leaned towards him, so as to display "a more coming-on disposition." "Sir," she whispered, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

"What shall we do—wait?" she asked; to which the man replied, "I don't mind."

"Thank you," she said graciously. "We'll have to make the best of it. Don't you think you can manage to do a little better than the last time?"

"I'll try," he replied. "It's beastly stupid, I think."

Sylvia considered. "No," she declared, "I believe it's the game of all games for you."

"How so?"

"Go down into the deeps of you. Haven't you something there that is real—something primitive and untamed, that chafes against propriety, and wishes it had not been born in Boston?"

"I was not born in Boston," said he.

"Perhaps not in your body," said Sylvia, "but your soul is a Boston soul. And now think of this opportunity to fling loose, to be just as bad as you want to be—and quite without danger of detection, of having your reputation damaged! Surely, sir, there could be no game more adapted to the New England conscience!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the man; and actually there was warmth in his tone. Sylvia's heart leaped, and she caught him by the hand. "Quick! Quick!" she cried. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may—old time is still a-flying!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the man again; and Sylvia, kindling with mischief, pressed his hand more tightly and brought him upon his knees before her. "Make haste! You have but one life—one chance to be yourself—to vent your emotions! I've no idea who you are, I can't possibly tell on you—and so you may utter those things which you keep hidden even from yourself!"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed for the third time. "Really, if I had you to make love to—"

"But you have me! You have me! For several precious minutes—alone and undisturbed! You are not a Boston Brahmin in a domino—you are a faun in the forests of Arcady. Come, Mr. Faun!" And Sylvia began to sing in a low, caressing manner:

"Oh, come, my love, to Arcady!  
A dream path leads us, dear.  
One hour of love in Arcady  
Is worth a lifetime here!"

There was a pause. She could feel the man's hand trembling. "I am waiting!" she whispered; to which he answered, "I wish you would talk! You make love so much better than I!"



#### THE ROSEWOOD BOX.

*From Emma C. Dowd's "Polly of Lady Gay Cottage." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)*

"Polly of the Hospital Staff," adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Dudley, is summoned to the hospital to receive a small rosewood box from her dying uncle, who tells her she will find inside a photograph of her mother and a letter explaining something about her relatives. With a locksmith's help the box is opened.

SHE eagerly placed the key in the lock, and carefully raised the cover.

A folded tissue paper lay on top, which she caught up, and the photograph was disclosed.

"Mamma!" she half sobbed, pressing the picture to her lips.

But Dr. Dudley scarcely noticed her emotion, for the displacement of the card had revealed only an empty box—the letter was gone! He looked across at his wife, and their eyes met in perfect understanding. The mo-

ment they had both dreaded was postponed, and they felt a sudden relief. Still, there had been a letter, the Doctor silently reasoned, and sooner or later its contents must be faced.

"See!" Polly was holding before him the portrait of a lovely, girlish woman, with dark, thoughtful eyes and beautiful, curving mouth.

"It looks just like her!" came in tremulous tones. "Isn't she sweet?" She leaned lightly against her father, drawing a long breath of joy and sorrow.

As he threw his arm about her, the Doctor could feel her efforts to be calm.

"But where's the letter?" she asked, with sudden recollection, turning from their satisfying praise of the one she loved, to gaze into the empty box. She regarded it disappointedly when she heard the truth.

"Now I shan't ever know," she lamented, "whether I have any grandfather or grandmother, or uncles or aunts,—or anybody! And I thought, may be, there'd be some cousins too! But, then," she went on cheerfully, "it isn't as if the letter was from somebody I'd ever known. I'm glad it is that that's lost, instead of this," clasping the photograph to her heart.

Mrs. Dudley glanced over to her husband. "Better not tell her!" his eyes said, and her own agreed. It seemed that Polly did not dream of what was undoubtedly the case,—that the letter was from her mother, written as a birthday accompaniment to the picture, and giving hitherto withheld information concerning her kindred.

It was far better for Polly's peace of heart that the probable truth was not even surmised, and presently she carried the photograph up to her own little room, there to feast her eyes upon the well-remembered face until time was forgotten.



#### A CHANGE IN THE PEERAGE.

From A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Happy Warrior."  
(Little, Brown & Co.)

Egbert, morose, a pallid and stoutish boy of fourteen years, constituted the male staff at Hillside at the time when a miraculous change comes into the lives of his employers, Mr. and Mrs. Letham.

THIS hazard foundation of life! As a stone tossed down a hillside dislodges others and sets them rolling, themselves dislodging more till the first light pitch will gather to a rumble where was peace, the first stone cause to jump and shout many score that might have held their place long after the thrower's idle hand was equal dust with the dust of their descent—so it is with the lightest action that the least of us may idly toss upon our small affairs. We cannot move alone. Life has us in a web, within whose meshes none may stir a hand but he pulls here, loosens there, and sets a wave of movement through a hundred tangles of the coil.

This hazard foundation of life! Egbert Hunt was made to lean wearily over the gate

that evening and the toads and "tyrangs" whose oppression had cost him a bitter day were set in his path by a movement in the web, leagues upon leagues of land and sea from Miller's Field. Life has us in a web. In one remote corner an Afridi tribesman shot a British officer: that was his movement in the meshes, and swift, swift, the chain of tugs set up thereby acted upon a morose page-boy in another remote corner, rendering him bone-tired through ushering the visitors come to congratulate those who had stepped into the dead man's shoes.

This hazard touch even in the billet that the Afridi tribesman selected for his bullet! In sheeting rain, behind a rock above a pass on the northwestern frontier of India, Multan Khan—Afridi, one-time sepoy, deserter from his regiment, scoundrel, first-class shot—snuggled his cheek against his stolen rifle, hesitated for a moment between the heads of three British officers, drew a line on one, pressed the trigger; and, while he chuckled over his success, himself pitched dead with a bullet through the incautious skull he had craned over the rock the better to enjoy the fruits of his skill.

Brief his pleasure but lusty the tug he had given the web. The news of it reached London just in time to catch the final edition of the evening papers as they went to press, just in time to supply a good contents-bill for an uncommonly dull night.

#### PEER KILLED IN FRONTIER FIGHTING

went flaming down the streets, substantiated in the news columns by a brief message announcing Lord Burdon's name among the casualties of a brisk little engagement in the Frontier Campaign.

The morning papers did better with it, particularly that which Egbert Hunt took in from the doorstep of Hillside. This paper's "Own Correspondent" with the British force, eluding vigilance, had enjoyed the fortune of getting among the party detailed for clearing the rocks whence Multan Khan and his friends had made themselves surprisingly unpleasant; and his long despatch, well handled in Fleet Street, bravely headlined above:

#### Gallant Young Peer

Lord Burdon Killed in Sharp Frontier Engagement Leads Dashing Charge

and nicely rounded off below with a paragraph written up from "cuttings about Lord Burdon" in the newspaper's library, was distributed far and wide on the morrow. The journalists dished it up, the presses hammered it out, the carts, the trains, and the boys galloped it broadcast over the country. To some it fetched tragedy (as we shall see); to others idle interest; to Egbert Hunt a bone-aching day and cruel indignities (as have been shown); to Mrs. Letham bewildering excitement.



**"ROJAS!"***From Zane Grey's "Desert Gold." (Harper.)*

Dick Gale quarrels with his father and goes West, just drifting and spending money for a while until he finds himself in Casita, a town on the Mexican side and full of rebels. Here he meets an old friend, Thorne, in love with Mercedes Castañeda, a beautiful Spanish girl who has escaped from the bandit Rojas and lives in hiding. Thorne speaks of his constant fear that she may again fall into the hands of the notorious bandit.

"A BANDIT is a man of honor in Mexico. He is feared, envied, loved. In the hearts of the people he stands next to the national idol—the bull-fighter, the matador. The race has a wild, barbarian, bloody strain. Take Quinteros, for instance. He was a peon, a slave. He became a famous bandit. At the outbreak of the revolution he proclaimed himself a leader, and with a band of followers he devastated whole counties. The opposition to federal forces was only a blind to rob and riot and carry off women. The motto of this man and his followers was: 'Let us enjoy ourselves while we may!'"

"There are other bandits besides Quinteros, not so famous or such great leaders, but just as bloodthirsty. I've seen Rojas. He's a handsome, bold, sneering devil, vainer than any peacock. He decks himself in gold lace and silver trappings, in all the finery he can steal. He was one of the rebels who helped sack Sinaloa and carry off half a million in money and valuables. Rojas spends gold like he spills blood. But he is chiefly famous for abducting women. The peon girls consider it

an honor to be ridden off with. Rojas has shown a penchant for girls of the better class." Thorne wiped the perspiration from his pale face and bent a dark gaze out of the window before he resumed his talk.

"Consider what the position of Mercedes really is. I can't get any help from our side of the line. If so, I don't know where. The population on that side is mostly Mexican, absolutely in sympathy with whatever actuates those on this side. The whole caboodle of Greasers on both sides belong to the class in sympathy with the rebels, the class that secretly respects men like Rojas, and hates an aristocrat like Mercedes. They would conspire to throw her into his power. Rojas can turn all the hidden underground influences to his ends. Unless I thwart him he'll get Mercedes as easily as he can light a cigarette. But I'll kill him or some of his gang or her before I let him get her. . . . This is the situation, old friend. I've little time to spare. I face arrest for desertion. Rojas is in town. I think I was followed to this hotel. The priest has betrayed me or has been stopped. Mercedes is here alone, waiting, absolutely dependent upon me to save her from—from. . . . She's the sweetest, loveliest girl! . . . In a few moments—sooner or later there'll be hell here! Dick, are you with me?"

Dick Gale drew a long, deep breath. A coldness, a lethargy, an indifference that had weighed upon him for months had passed out of his being. On the instant he could not speak, but his hand closed powerfully upon his friend's. Thorne's face changed wonderfully, the distress, the fear, the appeal all vanishing in a smile of passionate gratefulness.

Then Dick's gaze, attracted by some slight sound, shot over his friend's shoulder to see a face at the window—a handsome, bold, sneering face, with glittering dark eyes that flashed in sinister intentness.

Dick stiffened in his seat. Thorne, with sudden clenching of hands, wheeled toward the window.

"Rojas!" he whispered.

**POLLYANNA MOVES DOWN-STAIRS.***From Eleanor H. Porter's "Pollyanna." (L. C. Page & Co.)*

A little orphan who always plays what she calls the "glad game" finds even the cold, unkind attitude of the aunt she comes to live with something to rejoice over.

Now Miss Polly had not been intending to call on her niece. She had been planning to look for a certain white wool shawl in the cedar chest near the east window. But to her unbounded surprise now, she found herself, not in the main attic before the cedar chest, but in Pollyanna's little room sitting in one of the straight-backed chairs—so many, many times since Pollyanna came, Miss Polly had found herself like this, doing some utterly unexpected, surprising thing, quite unlike the thing she had set out to do!

"I love company," said Pollyanna, again, flitting about as if she were dispensing the



"THERE IS NO MORE NOW TO COME BETWEEN US THAN THERE WAS A YEAR AGO WHEN—WE BOTH KNEW THAT WE BELONGED TO EACH OTHER"

FROM "MRS. RED PEPPER" BY GRACE S. RICHMOND  
Doubleday, Page & Co.



hospitality of a palace; "specially since I've had this room, all mine, you know. Oh, of course, I had a room, always, but 'twas a hired room, and hired rooms aren't half as nice as owned ones, are they? And of course I do own this one, don't I?"

"Why, y-yes, Pollyanna," murmured Miss Polly vaguely wondering why she did not get up at once and go to look for that shawl.

"And of course *now* I just love this room, even if it hasn't got the carpets and curtains and pictures that I'd been want—" With a painful blush Pollyanna stopped short. She was plunging into an entirely different sentence when her aunt interrupted her sharply.

"What's that, Pollyanna?"

"N-nothing, Aunt Polly, truly. I didn't mean to say it."

"Probably not," returned Miss Polly, coldly; "but you did say it, so suppose we have the rest of it."

"But it wasn't anything only that I'd been kind of planning on pretty carpets and lace curtains and things, you know. But, of course—"

"Planning on them!" interrupted Miss Polly, sharply.

Pollyanna blushed still more painfully.

"I ought not to have, of course, Aunt Polly," she apologized. "It was only because I'd always wanted them and hadn't them, I suppose. Oh, we'd had two rugs in the barrels, but they were little, you know, and one had ink spots, and the other holes; and there never were only those two pictures; the one fath—I mean the good one we sold, and the bad one that broke. Of course if it hadn't been for all that I shouldn't have wanted them, so—pretty things, I mean; and I shouldn't have got to planning all through the hall that first day how pretty mine would be here, and—and— But, truly, Aunt Polly, it wasn't but just a minute—I mean, a few minutes—before I was being glad that the bureau *didn't* have a looking-glass, because it didn't show my freckles; and there couldn't be a nicer picture than the one out my window there; and you've been so good to me, that—"

Miss Polly rose suddenly to her feet. Her face was very red.

"That will do, Pollyanna," she said stiffly. "You have said quite enough, I'm sure." The next minute she had swept down the stairs—



SHE FOUND HERSELF IN THE GREAT DIM LIBRARY WITH JOHN PENDLETON HIMSELF SITTING NEAR HER

FROM "POLLYANNA" "THE GLAD BOOK" BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

L. C. Page & Co.

and not until she reached the first floor did it suddenly occur to her that she had gone up into the attic to find a white wool shawl in the cedar chest near the east window.

Less than twenty-four hours later, Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply:

"Nancy, you may move Miss Pollyanna's things down-stairs this morning to the room directly beneath. I have decided to have my niece sleep there for the present."

"Yes, ma'am," said Nancy aloud.

"O glory!" said Nancy to herself.

¶

#### NICK.

From C. N. & A. M. Williamson's "The Port of Adventure." (Doubleday, Page.)

On Nick Hilliard's last night in California, Carmen Gaylor, a beautiful Spanish girl, sends for him to talk over "a great, great many things."

NICK HILLIARD snatched off his sombrero as he came swinging along the oleander path. He was tall, fully six feet in height, and



THERE SEEMED SOMETHING AKIN TO STORM TOSSED SEA  
FROM "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN" BY FRANK L. PACKARD  
George H. Doran Company

looked taller than he was, being lean and lard, with long straight legs which could carry him very fast over great stretches of country. Also he had a way of holding his head high, a way which a man gets if he is in the habit of gazing toward far horizons. He had a well-cut nose, a good chin, and a mouth that meant strength of purpose, though some of his friends laughed at him for a "womanish" curve of the upper lip. Luckily Nick did not mind being laughed at by his friends. His face was almost as brown as his hair, for the sun had darkened the one and bleached the other; but the hair was nice hair, with a glow of auburn in it, which contrasted not uninterestingly with his black, straight brows. It was, however, the brilliance of the brook-brown eyes which made Nick a handsome man, and not merely a "good-looking fellow." It was because of his eyes that women turned in the street for another glance when he went

into Bakersfield or Fresno; but Nick never knew that they turned. He liked pretty girls, and enjoyed their society, but was too busy to seek it, and had had little of it in his life. It did not occur to him that he had qualities to attract women. Indeed, he wasted few thoughts upon himself as an individual; not enough, perhaps; for he gave his whole attention to his work. Work was what he liked best, even without the ultimate success it brought, but lately he had begun to long for a change. He had a strong wish to go East, and a reason for the wish.

Carmen held out both hands, and enjoyed seeing how white they looked in Nick's sun-burned, slightly freckled ones. He shook hers, frankly, warmly, and apologized for his "rig," which was certainly far from conventional. "I'm ashamed of myself for blowin' in on you this way," he said, "especially as you're so mighty fine. I hope you'll excuse me for you know I pull out to-night, and Jim Beach is bringin' the buggy along here for me, with my grip in it. If I'd piked back home afterward, my visit with you'd have been a cut game."

"Ah, I'm so glad you arranged not to go back," said Carmen. "I want you to stay with me as long as you can. I like you in those clothes." She smiled at him

as if she would like him in anything; but Nick was thinking about Jim Beach, wondering if the boy would have trouble with the flea-bitten gray, which he himself had newly broken to harness.

"All the same," Carmen went on, "though I like them, you haven't got much vanity if you mean to wear those things to travel East, and land in New York."

"Why, what's the matter with 'em, Mrs. Gaylor?" Nick asked. He spoke carelessly, in the matter of accent as well as of his feeling about the clothes. He cut off his words in a slipshod way, as if he had never had time to think much about the value or beauty of the English language. Still, though his speech was not that of a cultivated man, it did not grate on the ear. His voice was singularly pleasant, even sweet, with something of boyish gaiety in it.

"The things are all right, Nick, and you're

all right in them. You needn't worry," said Carmen. "Only—well, I don't believe there'll be anything else like them—or like you either—in New York."

Nick looked himself over indifferently. He wore a "soft" white shirt, with a low collar turned over a black scarf tied anyhow. There was a leather belt round his waist, which obviated the need of a waist coat or suspenders. His short coat and trousers were of navy blue serge. Everything he had on was neat and of good material, but Carmen smiled when she thought of this tall, belted figure, hatted with a gray sombrero on the back of its head, arriving at one of the best hotels in New York. Nick was pretty sure to go to one of the best hotels. He wanted to see life, no doubt, and get his money's worth. Her smile was as tender as Carmen's smile could be, however, and she was pleased that he was not "dressing up" to make an impression on pretty women in the East.

#### VARGE GIVES A PROMISE.

From Frank L. Packard's "Greater Love Hath No Man." (Doran.)

In the darkness of the night Harold Merton comes to Varge. Incoherently he speaks of awful danger, imploring the help of the man who, as a foundling, was given a home by Dr. Merton, Harold's father.

"It is true," he said slowly. "You had no need to tell me so. It is true. I owe everything to your father, to your mother, and through them to you. I will do anything for your sakes." "Yes, yes; I told myself you would," Merton babbled wildly; "I knew you would. You promise, Varge? Give me your promise. You've never broken one."

"I will do anything for your sakes," Varge repeated quietly. "I could not do anything else."

"Then, get up," urged Merton feverishly. "Get up quickly and dress. I have brought money enough to take you anywhere—you can get away where they will never find you. Hurry, Varge, hurry! Why don't you hurry? You have promised, Varge."

Varge's hands went out and rested in reassuring pressure on Merton's two shoulders.

"I have promised, Harold," he said gravely; "and I will do this thing whatever it may be, I will go anywhere if it is necessary—but you are talking wildly, you are not calm. You imagine something that is worse than the thing is. What is this danger that my going away will save you from?"

"I have been seen," Merton muttered hoarsely. "I have been seen," he repeated, with a shudder. "They will know that I did it unless suspicion is directed somewhere else.

Don't you see? Are you blind? If you fly in the night, if you disappear, they will think it was you. But they'll never catch you, you are too clever, and you've nothing to lose, no family, no name even—you see, I thought of that. I'll give you plenty of money. Hurry, Varge. Get up and get your clothes on! Don't make a noise, not a sound!"

"What is this thing that you have done that I must take upon myself?" Varge's hands tightened imperatively on the other's shoulders. "What is this thing that you are afraid of?"

"Father," Merton mumbled. "Father. Father—and he is dead."

"Your father—dead!" Varge pulled the shaking form toward him, as though to search and read the other's features even in the darkness. "When did he die?"

"A—a few minutes—great God, a year ago"—the words were a chattering, fearsome whisper. "In the library. We had a quarrel. I—I struck him with the fender bar. I have killed my father."



"COLONEL," SAYS I, "HOW'D YOU LIKE ANOTHER HAM SANDWICH?"

FROM "MR. PRATT'S PATIENTS" BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

D. Appleton & Co.





I ASSURED HIM THAT I WAS DEEPLY INTERESTED, AND HE TOLD ME  
A CURIOUS STORY

FROM "THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT" BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE  
Charles Scribner's Sons

### HAM SANDWICHES TO THE STARVING.

From Joseph C. Lincoln's "Mr. Pratt's Patients."  
(Appleton.)

Mr. Pratt (the jolly old Cape Cod fisherman whose experiences have been set forth from time to time) unexpectedly finds himself in the grounds of a private sanitarium where millionaires on a rigorous diet pay the penalty for dining too well. Mr. Pratt, quite unaware of the nature of the institution, is confronted by a plump and hungry patient.

He jumped again and came around to my side of the well.

"Sandwiches!" he whispers, excited. "Sandwiches! What kind of sandwiches?"

"Well, they was labeled 'ham,' but there wa'n't scarcely enough substance to 'em to make the christening worth while. My landlady, she——"

"Say! you haven't any of 'em left, have you?"

As a matter of fact, I did have a couple of 'em in my pocket.

"Why, yes," says I. "there's one or two——"

"I'll give you a dollar apiece for the lot."

I stepped back. I'd begun to suspicion that

I'd run afoul of a private crazy asylum; and this was the proof that I needed. Anybody that would give five honest cents for a barrel of Sophrony Gott's sandwiches was too much of a loon for me to keep company with.

"Come!" he snaps, impatient. "Are you deaf? I say I'll give a dollar apiece for whatever sandwiches you have left."

I'd read somewhere that the way to get on with lunatics was to pacify 'em. I dove into my starboard pocket and resurrected the sandwiches.

"Here you be," says I. "I don't want your dollars either."

He grabbed the sandwiches the way a shark would grab a herring. Inside of a half second his teeth was rattling amongst the dry bread.

"By George!" says he, through the crumbs, "that's good. I never tasted anything so good in my life!"

I couldn't help laughing. I was a little worried, too—I didn't know where he might break out next—but I laughed just the same. He struck me funny.

"You ain't lived very long, have you?" I says.

He didn't answer; or, when he did, it wa'n't rightly an answer. 'Twas another question.

"What's that other thing in your hand?" he sung out.

"Well," says I, "it's a . . . humph! it's a sort of heirloom. In the beginning 'twas a doughnut, I presume likely; but now it's what a summer woman would call a genuine antique."

He held out one of his hands; the other was full of sandwiches.

"Give it to me," says he.

"You don't want it."

"Give it to me."

I passed it over. When a strange Bedlamite talks to me in that tone of voice he generally gets what he asks for; but I did think I'd ought to warn him.

"You listen to me now, whoever you are," says I. "That doughnut ain't fit to eat. It's as old as——"

"Shut up!" he snaps. "You don't know what you're talking about. Anything's fit to eat when you're starving—anything but nuts and raw oatmeal and——"

He didn't get any further. There was a click and out of the dark about twenty foot to one side of us—the side we hadn't either of us been watching—blazed a stream of light that hit that fat loon right plumb in the face and eyes. Then a voice, a female voice, said:

"Um! I thought 'twas you. What do you s'pose the Doctor'll say to this kind of doings?"

I was too surprised and set back to more or say a word. The fat man didn't say a word neither, but he moved. The next second I was left alone on the well platform.

## WHERE DOES IT LEAD?

From Ridgwell Cullum's "The Night Riders."  
(Jacobs.)

Finding at Mosquito Bend ranch a beautiful girl, a bullying foreman, a mystery centering about robber night-riders, and a mare unbroken after all the efforts of practiced cowboys, John Tresler, from the East, undertakes to marry the girl, subdue the foreman, solve the mystery and tame the mare. In carrying out the last undertaking he is given a sensational ride when the intractable "Lady Jezebel" undertakes to "bo't" on a narrow and dangerous trail.

HE could see the full extent of the chasm now. And he thrilled as he realized that it was broader than he had supposed. Worse, the far bank was lower, and a fringe of bush hung at its very edge. His jaws tightened as he came up. He could hear the roar of the torrent below, and, to his strained fancy, it seemed to come up from the very bowels of the earth.

A few more strides. He timed his effort with a judgment inspired by the knowledge that his life depended on it—it, and the mare.

The chasm now came at him with a rush. Suddenly he leaned over and let out a wild "halloo!" in the creature's ears.

At the same time he lifted her and plunged his spurs hard into her flanks. The effect was instantaneous, electrical. Just for an instant it seemed to him that some unseen power had suddenly shot her from under him. He had a sensation of being left behind, while yet he was rushing through the air with the saddle flying from under him. Then all seemed still, and he was gliding, the lower part of his body struggling to outstrip the rest of him. He had an impression of some great depth below him, though he knew he saw nothing, heard nothing. There came a great jolt. He lurched onto the animal's neck, recovered himself, and, the next instant, the old desperate gallop was going on as before.

He looked back and shivered as he saw the gaping rift behind him. The jump had been terrific, and, as he realized the marvel of the feat, he leaned over and patted the mare's reeking shoulder. She had performed an act after her own wild heart.

And Tresler laughed aloud at the thought. He could afford to laugh now, for he saw the end of his journey coming. He had landed on the trail he had lost, in all probability the continuation across the river of the branch road he had missed on the other side, and this was heading directly for the hill before him. More, he could see it winding its way up the hill. Even the Lady Jezebel, he

thought, would find that ascent more than to her liking.

And he was right. She faced it and breasted it like the lion-hearted animal she was, but the loose sandy surface, and the abruptness of the incline, first brought her to a series of plunges, and finally to her knees and a dead halt.

And Tresler was out of the saddle in an instant, and drew the reins over her head, while she, now quite subdued, struggled to her feet. She was utterly blown, and her master was little better. They stood together on that hillside and rested.

Now the man had a full view of the river below, and he realized the jump that the mare had made. And, further down, he beheld an astonishing sight. At a point where the course of the river narrowed, a rough bridge of pine-logs had been thrown across it. He stood for some minutes contemplating the scene and busy with his thoughts, which at last culminated in a question uttered aloud—

"Where on earth does it lead to?"



"IN ANOTHER MOMENT THEY WERE GLIDING INTO THAT PRISM OF MANY LIGHTS AND COLOURS, AND THE HARLEQUIN, HOLDING ANNE'S HANDS, LAUGHED ENIGMATICALLY AS HE SPED HER AWAY"

FROM "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS" BY ETHEL M. DELL

G. P. Putnam's Sons

### "YOU ARE GOING TO PAY."

From Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law."  
(H. K. Fly.)

Mary Turner, an innocent shop girl, is convicted of stealing.

"I WASN'T forced to steal," came the answer, spoken in the monotone that had marked her utterance throughout most of the interview. "I wasn't forced to steal, and I didn't steal. But, all the same, that's the plea, as you call it, that I'm making for the other girls. There are hundreds of them who steal because they don't get enough to eat. I said I would tell you how to stop the stealing. Well, I have done it. Give the girls a fair chance to be honest. You asked me for the names, Mr. Gilder. There's only one name on which to put the blame for the whole business—and that name is Edward Gilder! . . . Now, won't you do something about it?"

At that naked question, the owner of the store jumped up from his chair, and stood glowering at the girl who risked a request so full of vituperation against himself.

"How dare you speak to me like this?" he thundered.



"MY GOD, HOW YOU SCARED ME!"  
FROM "THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"  
BY WINSTON CHURCHILL  
The Macmillan Company

There was no disconcertion exhibited by the one thus challenged. On the contrary, she repeated her question with a simple dignity that still further outraged the man.

"Won't you, please, do something about it?"

"How dare you?" he shouted again. Now, there was stark wonder in his eyes as he put the question.

"Why, I dared," Mary Turner explained, "because you have done all the harm you can to me. And, now, I'm trying to give you the chance to do better by the others. You ask me why I dare. I have a right to dare! I have been straight all my life. I have wanted decent food and warm clothes, and—a little happiness, all the time I have worked for you, and I have gone without those things, just to stay straight. . . . The end of it all is: You are sending me to prison for something I didn't do. That's why I dare!"

Cassidy, the officer in charge of Mary Turner, had stood patiently beside her all this while, always holding her by the wrist. He had been mildly interested in the verbal duel between the big man of the department store and this convict in his own keeping. Vaguely, he had marveled at the success of the frail girl in disclaiming her injuries before the magnate.

Cassidy faced about, and in his movement there was a tug at the wrist of the girl that set her moving toward the door. Her realization of what this meant was shown in her final speech. . . .

Into the music of her tones beat something sinister, evilly vindictive, as she faced about at the doorway to which Cassidy had led her. Her face, as she scrutinized once again the man at the desk, was coldly malignant.

"Three years isn't forever," she said, in a level voice. "When I come out, you are going to pay for every minute of them, Mr. Gilder. There won't be a day or an hour that I won't remember that at the last it was your word sent me to prison. And you are going to pay me for that. You are going to pay me for the five years I have starved making money for you—that, too! You are going to pay me for all the things I am losing to-day, and—"

The girl thrust forth her left hand, on that side where stood the officer. So vigorous was her movement that Cassidy's clasp was thrown off the wrist. But the bond between the two was not broken, for from wrist to wrist showed taut the steel chain of the manacles. . . . From the symbol of her degradation, she looked to the man whose action had placed it there. In the clashing of their glances, hers won the victory, so that his eyes fell before the menace in hers.

"You are going to pay me for this!" she said. Her voice was little more than a whisper, but it was loud in the listener's heart. "Yes, you are going to pay—for this!"

❧

### THE CARNIVAL MOOD.

From Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup."  
(Macmillan.)

The new rector of St. John's, in a city of the middle west, is invited to visit the cosmopolitan Mrs. Larrabee at Bar Harbor.

NATURE and man seemed to have conspired



to make this place vividly unreal, as a toy village comes painted from the shop. There were no half-tones, no poverty—in sight, at least; no litter. On the streets and roads, at the casino attached to the swimming-pool and at the golf club were to be seen bewildering arrays of well-dressed, well-fed women intent upon pleasure and exercise. Some of them gave him glances that seemed to say, "You belong to us," and almost succeeded in establishing the delusion. The whole effect upon Hodder, in the state of mind in which he found himself, was reacting, stimulating, disquieting. At luncheons and dinners, he was what is known as a "success"—always that magic word.

He resisted, and none so quick as women to scent resistance. His very unbending attitude aroused their inherent craving for rigidity in his profession; he was neither plastic, unctious, nor subservient; his very homeliness, redeemed by the eyes and mouth, compelled their attention. One of them told Mrs. Larrabee that that rector of hers would "do something."

But what, he asked himself, was he resisting? He was by no means a Puritan; and while he looked upon a reasonable ascetism as having its place in the faith that he professed, it was no ascetism that prevented a more complete acquiescence on his part in the mad carnival that surrounded him.

"I'm afraid you don't wholly approve of Bar Harbor," his hostess remarked, one morning.

"At first sight, it is somewhat staggering to the provincial mind," he replied.

She smiled at him, yet with knitted brows.

"You are always putting me off—I never can tell what you think. And yet I'm sure you have opinions. You think these people frivolous, of course."

"Most of them are so," he answered, "but that is a very superficial criticism. The question is, *why* are they so? The sight of Bar Harbor leads a stranger to the reflection that the carnival mood has become permanent with our countrymen, and especially our countrywomen."

"The carnival mood," she repeated thoughtfully, "yes, that expresses it. We are light, we are always trying to get away from ourselves, and sometimes I wonder whether there are any selves to get away from. *You* ought to stop us," she added, almost accusingly, "to bring us to our senses."

"That's just it," he agreed, "why don't we? Why can't we?"

"If more clergymen were like you, I think perhaps you might."

His tone, his expression, were revelations.

"I—" he exclaimed sharply, and controlled himself. But in that moment Grace Larrabee had a glimpse of the man who had come to arouse in her an intense curiosity. For an instant a tongue of the fires of Vulcan had shot forth, fires that she had suspected.

"Aren't you too ambitious?" she asked gently. And again, although she did not often blunder, she saw him wince. "I don't mean



LADY PEGGY

FROM "MY LADY PEGGY LEAVES TOWN"

BY FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

Moffat, Yard &amp; Co.

ambitious for yourself. But surely you have made a remarkable beginning at St. John's. Everybody admires and respects you, has confidence in you. You are so sure of yourself," she hesitated a moment, for she had never ventured to discuss religion with him, "of your faith."

He saw an opportunity to slip into smoother waters.

"The engine has lost its governor?"

"Exactly!" cried Mrs. Larrabee. "What a clever simile!"

"It is Mr. Parr's," said Hodder. "Only he was speaking of other symptoms, Socialism, and its opposite, individualism,—not carnivalism."

"Poor man," said Mrs. Larrabee, accepting the new ground as safer, yet with a baffled feeling that Hodder had evaded her once more. "he has had his share of individualism and carnivalism. His son Preston was here last month, and was taken out to the yacht every night in an unspeakable state. And Alison hasn't been what might be called a blessing."

"She must be unusual," said the rector, musingly.

"Oh, Alison is a Person. She has become quite the fashion, and has more work than she can possibly attend to. Very few women with her good looks could have done what she has without severe criticism, and something worse, perhaps. The most extraordinary thing about her is her contempt for what her father has gained, and for conventionalities. It always amuses me when I think that she might have

been the wife of Gordon Atterbury. The Goddess of Liberty linked to—what?"

Hodder thought instinctively of the Church. But he remained silent.



### THE NIGHT'S ADVENTURES BEGIN.

From Louis Tracy's "One Wonderful Night."  
(Clode.)

Returning to New York, after many years, John Curtis goes to a quiet hotel on 27th Street, where he dines.

BE that as it may, at twenty minutes to eight he paid what he owed, lighted a cigar, donned his hat, and, still carrying the overcoat, was walking to the office to leave word about the key, when his attention was attracted by the peculiar behavior of the man who had pushed against him at the cigar counter.

This person, apparently obeying a signal from another man of his own type who had just emerged from the elevator, hastened from the café, and the two ran to the door. Now, the weather had been mild during the afternoon, and the revolving shutters of the doorway were folded back to allow of the overheated hall being cooled. A porter stood there, and it was ascertained afterwards that, noticing a certain air of flurry and confusion about the foreigners, he asked if they wanted a taxi. They gave no heed, but continued to gaze up and down the street, as though they awaited someone. Equally did they seem to expect, or dread, an apparition from the hotel. It would have been hard to pick out, at that instant, two persons more singularly ill at ease in all New York.

Curtis saw that the clerk, now at his desk, was engaged with a lady, so he strolled to the door, being rather interested in the excited

antics of the pair on the sidewalk. He had just passed through the door when an automobile dashed up, and he fancied, though he could not be quite sure in the half-light, that the chauffeur nodded to the waiting men. The porter opened the door of the automobile, and a young man in evening dress, and carrying an overcoat, leaped out. Obviously, he was in a desperate hurry, and Curtis heard him say in French:

"Don't stop the engine, Anatole. I shall be but one moment."

At that instant the two foreigners sprang at him. One, swinging the porter off his feet, seized the newcomer's right arm, and, helped by his comrade, endeavored to force him back into the vehicle. The effort failed, however, so the second desperado drew a knife and plunged it deliberately into the unfortunate man's neck. It was a fearsome stroke, intended both to silence and to kill, and, with a gurgling cry, its victim collapsed in the grip of his assailants.

Curtis, though almost stupefied by the suddenness of the crime, did not hesitate a second when he caught the venomous gleam of the knife. Throwing aside his coat, he rushed forward, but he had to cross the whole width of the pavement, and the murderers, realizing that the capture of one or both was imminent, thrust the inert body in his way. The chauffeur, who must have seen all that happened,



NIGHT HAD CAST HER MANTLE OVER THAT WHITE AND GLISTENING SECTION OF NEW YORK'S ANATOMY CALLED THE TENDERLOIN

ILLUSTRATION BY WALLACE MORGAN FROM "WELCOME TO OUR CITY" BY JULIAN STREET  
John Lane Co.



had already started the car, the two men scrambled into it, and all that Curtis could do was to run after it and shout frantically to the driver of a taxi coming in the opposite direction to turn his vehicle and block the roadway.

❧

### "THIS IS MRS. EARL ROYAL."

From Laura E. Richards' "Miss Jimmy."  
(Estes.)

A down-east story, picturing the village life Mrs. Richards knows so well. Earl Royal, "the only son of his mother, and she with a taste for patent medicines," had grown up in an atmosphere of "doctoring."

EARL never made his fortune; as Miss Jimmy said, you had only to look at him. But the paternal druggist had made a comfortable little sum by the sale of remedies (usually containing a certain per cent of alcohol), and Mrs. Royal was considered "a lean spender and a barebones giver;" at her death Earl found himself in possession of the comfortable sum rather augmented than diminished.

After some reflection, he selected the freshest-looking drugs from the assortment in the barn chamber (rejected by the firm which had replaced his father), added some bottles of bitters and elixirs, and came over to set up his sign in our village.

We had never had a druggist of our own before; we had had to go to the Forks for our cough syrups and soda mints; there was quite a sensation when "Earl Royal" appeared in shining gold on a black ground over the door of the little store lately occupied by Miss Bantam, who sold calico and thread and needles.

We were disappointed when the owner of the regal name displayed blinking eyes and an aspect of sour milk and water; but still he was tolerably spruce in those days, and the stone in his scarf might be a real diamond for aught we knew. And—he was a single man! There were few single men of marriageable age in the village. Altogether, there was a mild flutter in the village at the advent of Earl Royal; but it was a brief one. One evening, less than a month after the black and gold sign was put up, while Mr. Royal was musing over a glass of Moxie, there entered to him the Sultana of his dreams; Fine Dolly, a white shawl over her dark hair, her great eyes piteous with tears. Mother was taken real sick, and all of a sudden, and sister was out west. Dr. Wiseman wanted he should make up the prescription right away, please! would it take him long? Oh, would he hasten all he could, because sister was away, and mother was *real* sick!

The piteous eyes, the soft creamy complexion, the red lips, quivering and drooping—these things produced strange feelings in the bosom of Earl Royal. He saw the lovely girl, not in the pink-sprigged calico of her actual wear, but enveloped in the crimson and gold,



"HE RAISED THE HEM OF HER SKIRT AND KISSED IT REVERENTLY"

FROM "ROMANCE" BY EDWARD SHELDON, NOVELIZED  
BY ACTON DAVIES

Macaulay Co.

the rose and pearl, of his boyhood dreams. She floated on sunset clouds, she reclined on satin pillows; she was Beauty, Grace, Desirableness. His somewhat wizened heart gave an unaccustomed flutter, and the throb, while disquieting, brought him a sense of assurance. "This," he said to himself, "is Mrs. Earl Royal."

❧

### CHOOSING MRS. SWEETLAND 2D.

From Eden Phillpotts' "Widcombe Fair." (Little, Brown & Co.)

Samuel Sweetland, widower, not being one to live on a memory, engages the attention of his sister in the consideration of the respective merits of various unattached ladies of the neighborhood.

SHE brought a pencil and paper from a drawer, while he went to the door and satisfied himself that the passage was empty. Then he came to the fire, took a box of jujubes off the chimneypiece, put one into his mouth, and spoke while he sucked.

"The widower often turns to widows by a sort of natural attraction. So I've marked it; but I can't say in my own case that they draw me or don't draw me. I've got no feeling for the widowed state no more than I have for the maiden state. 'Tis just an accident, and don't count with me, though it so happens that when it comes to the point I put a widow first."

Harriet Sweetland, who was exceedingly





RECOLLECTION HAD COME LIKE A FLASH TO MARY  
FROM "THE HOUSE OF THANE" BY ELIZABETH DEJEANS  
J. B. Lippincott Co.

interested in this investigation, sat with her pencil raised ready to fall upon the paper.

"Mrs. John Windeatt, of Kingshead, be in your mind, Samuel."

"You've guessed her! Louisa Windeatt first. A very proper woman—strong—sensible, and childless, like me."

"Yes—perhaps a little too sporting and self-opinionated—if I may say so."

"Not a bit—and that well preserved. She must be forty-five if a day."

"Nearer fifty."

"Yet, who'd think it? Her back view's not a day more than twenty-five."

"You'll live with her front view, however."

"I hope so—I'm such a humble sort of man where the women are concerned. Still, I've a right to offer, Harriet?"

"Of course, she'll take you gladly enough.

And she'll be a lucky woman. She'll know real happiness at last."

"She was happy enough with Windeatt for that matter. Then for the second string, I'm a good bit inclined towards Nelly Gurney. She wouldn't have a penny, but she'd bring thrift and understanding and a broken spirit. She's a maid, 'tis true; but she's forty-three, if a day, and got a large experience, owing to the youth and silliness of her stepmother."

"The Gurneys of Dunston be a feeble folk," declared Miss Sweetland. "For Abel Gurney to marry again was a very foolish thing. I'm not saying that Nelly is not a good, sensible, hardworking and God-fearing creature, and keeps Dunston together, for that matter. Her stepmother's a feather-headed fool, and so's her father, Abel. She's a great friend of Araminta Dench—Nelly is, I mean—and, in my opinion, Araminta be the likeliest one."

"No," declared Mr. Sweetland. "Araminta's too young for me. She might have children, and that's not to be thought upon. Valiant Dunnybrig's niece is a fine girl—I grant that; but she's too young, and she's too sly. I shouldn't feel happy with her out of my sight. Put down Nelly Gurney. There's two more—both spinsters—but I don't know which to put third and fourth. My mind lies open between 'em."

"No need to set down more, Samuel. If Mrs. Windeatt, by any queer chance, didn't

take you, of course Nelly will jump at you. Think of the great dignity to it, and the mercy of being free of her silly father and giddy stepmother."

"Two more I have in sight, however," returned her brother, "and I leave the order to you. There's Mary Hearn, at the post-office, and your own friend, 'T. T.' Ah! I thought you'd jump. But I mean it. Between them two, though their gifts are different, I can't make up my mind for third place. Mary's a fine woman with lady-like ways, though a thought excitable, yet she might be a great comfort, and very good at figures, though poor herself; while Thirza Tapper, though a regular, right down old maid, to the casual eye, and very near so old as I am, have got a mind and a lot of saved money. And I'm coming to a time of life when comfort is more

than comeliness. In fact, 'tis one of the blessings of old age that money will buy most of the things it wants. She's a dignified piece, and, of course, a lady born—far ahead of all the others, in that respect."

"You men!" said Miss Sweetland. "'Tis amazing to me how you look all round a woman and weigh up her fors and againsts so cold-blooded like. But Thirza—rare creature though she is—have too much the old maid's habit of mind, I'm fearing. 'Tisn't for me to speak—her best and closest friend in the world—and just for that reason I won't say a word upon the subject."



### JOHN THANE AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

From Elizabeth Dejeans' *"The House of Thane."*  
(Lippincott.)

Chapter 1 shows John Thane on his way home from the office and tells of his encounter with a tired dress-maker's child, in whose box (as he discovers by chance) is a blue gown encrusted with lace. Chapter 2 tells something of his home life.

THE city knew much of the money-making capacity of John Thane, promoter and would-be capitalist, but very little of his beginnings. "He made his money in oil—they say there's not another man in this country who knows more about oil than John Thane," was his popular introduction.

It was vaguely known that he had begun as a laborer in a Pennsylvania oil camp—a well-digger, rumor had it—until he had engineered enough money into his pockets to risk a venture. He had won out of course, he was one of the fortunate few born with the capacity to make money. Then he had gone west, to Indiana, Texas, California, and back again to Oklahoma, and lastly to Illinois, promoting one company after another, a young fellow under thirty with the face of forty. For the last six years he had constantly elbowed money, talked with it, drunk champagne with it, ridden in its private cars. No man who met and talked business with John Thane forgot him.

He had come finally to St. Louis, and enlisted the capital of such men as Berne Kendall, St. Claire, and Forest in the oil venture that made money for the group. They promptly recognized him as a valuable man, and as a result had given him, first their business backing, then their social countenance. And there is a vast difference between the two as John Thane had reason to know. In his thirty years he had elbowed much money, but very little social stability. Undoubtedly it was the latter good fortune that had inclined him to marriage. In the pursuit of money Thane was cool, wary, and calculating, and it had always been his intention to show the same good sense in his choice of the woman who was to bear him an heir. But his courtship of Berenice Courland had been so cyclonic that it brought smiles to the lips of the men who were serious enough when they discussed business with him.

The Thane marriage was two years old now, and for full twelve months John Thane had been secretly considering the results of im-

petuosity; he had been acutely considering them throughout the day that was just closing, and he was still considering them when he stood in his own hall.

He had crossed the porch, treading lightly, and let himself in with as much care as if he were entering in the still hours, and wished to conceal the time of his coming. The hall, a modern effect of spacious living room and galleried stairway, was shadowed and cool, every window being shaded against the afternoon sun. It was a wide, low-ceilinged room, mahogany-panelled and cross-beamed, exquisite in that appearance of extreme simplicity which is only obtainable at large expense.

Thane's eyes travelled over the room, his hard-set lips tightening into even a straighter line. He turned away abruptly, and mounted the stairs, head lifted for the first possible sight of the upper hall. It also was shrouded from the sun, but a half open door gave it a degree of light. Thane's eyes had fastened on the door, yet his movements had a certain deliberation, as if prompted by forethought. He crossed softly to it, and pushing it open, stood on its threshold.

It was a woman's room, blue and white tinted, and delicately luxurious in its state of undress. The white canopied bed had been lately lain upon, as its disarray of counterpane and indented pillows showed. The sheer silk nightdress flung over the back of a chair, and



FROM "THE SCARLET RIDER" BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

The Century Co.



the bath-robe trailing on the floor beside it, gave the same impression of haste, as did the half-donned kimono on the shoulders of the woman seated on the bedside. She was bending over a cardboard box, her impatient fingers struggling with its firmly knotted string. She jerked at it with an exasperated word, "Beast!" then bent and set her teeth to it. It parted, and brushing aside cover and tissue-paper, she lifted out a blue gown encrusted with lace.

Thane recognized it, just as all day he had been recognizing and mentally commenting upon matters that were of no interest whatever to him. What his every strained sense saw and felt was the woman: her crown of dark hair, her camellia-white skin, the clear cut beauty of nose and chin, and the arch of brow and curve of lip, a regularity of feature almost perfect. He lingered on her face, questioning it as it were, before his eyes dropped to her splendid throat and uncovered bosom. The color crept slowly into his heavy face then, reddening it dully. The hammering pulse in his temples forced his lips apart, sending him a step forward.

"Berenice——"

She was on her feet with a spring that dashed the litter in her lap to the floor, the look she flashed on him one of such utter consternation, that in comparison the terror of the child in the park was nothing. It deprived her for the moment of even the power of sound. But recognition had come before dread; recognition had been as immediate as the sound of his voice, and Thane had seen that it was so.



#### A VOICE ON THE PHONE.

From Ethel Shackelford's "The Jumping Off Place."  
(Doran.)

Mrs. Evan-Stone, her nerves unstrung by her parents' tragic death, following close upon her separation from her husband, goes to a Montana mining camp in search of health and distraction. Unknown to her, her husband is there. Though she discovers his presence, she never sees him. An orchid, sent to him at intervals, excites the curiosity of his comrades. One, Mr. Colby, asks for a similar orchid he sees at Mrs. Evan-Stone's.

ELEANOR wandered restlessly about a few moments, and then went over to close the piano. Mr. Barton Colby had forgotten the orchid—just like a man. The lady held it, now wilted somewhat, and tried to decide whether she was disappointed at the boy's indifference, or relieved that he did not take it, and possibly have some fun with it that might—might what? What matter was it, really, whether he took it or not? But about those single orchids at No. 5 Quartz Club Building—who or what was back of them, and what concern could it possibly be of hers, Eleanor asked herself.

Then she collected the ash-receivers and emptied them. She seemed to require some kind of activity. In replacing the tray that belonged on her desk, she dropped into a chair there, staring and tired. "It's all very well when someone is here," she said to herself, sadly. "It's all as pretty and gay and sweet

as can be, then. But when the party is broken up and gone away—away down this hill—how unbearably still it is!" And she threw herself forward onto her arms, on the opened leaf of the desk, but the unexpected chill of the nickel-plated telephone instrument standing there, made itself felt on her cheek, and she slowly raised herself again, and looked at the thing.

She drew it to her and studied it as though there were just the chance it might be able to answer questions. Like someone acting from an impulse and an energy not within herself, perhaps as though she were a tool of fate, she deliberately registered 1692.

It was late, and she knew it was not the thing to do, but a force from somewhere ran down into her hand, and she pressed the button that rang the bell at No. 5 Quartz Club Building.

It seemed a long time before the sleepy and none too pleased voice of Mr. Crathorne Stone replied.

The brown eyes that belonged on the top of Copper Hill were closed, and an accurate hand silently slipped the receiver back into its hook. Somebody was without words. When she buried her tired head in her arms the second time, she did not rise for a long while. She had heard the voice she wanted to hear—heard it storming because it got no answer!—and she was very still so that the memory of it might stay.



#### FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

From Grace Livingston Lutz's "Lo, Michael!"  
(Lippincott.)

"Mikky," the little newsboy, saves the life of Starr, baby daughter of a millionaire banker, during a labor riot.

MEANTIME, in the great house consternation reigned for a time.

The nurse maid had reached the door in time to hear the shot and see the children fall. She barely escaped the bullet herself. She was an old servant of the family and therefore more frightened for her charge than for herself. She had the presence of mind to drag both children inside the house and shut and lock the door immediately, before the seething mob could break in.

The mistress of the house fell in a dead faint as they carried her little laughing daughter up the stairs and a man and a maid followed with the boy who was unconscious. The servants rushed hither and thither; the housekeeper had the coolness to telephone the bank president what had happened, and to send for the family physician. No one knew yet just who was hurt or how much. Mikky had been brought inside because he blocked the doorway, and there was need for instantly shutting the door. If it had been easier to shove him out the nurse maid would probably have done that. But once inside common humanity bade them look after the unconscious boy's needs, and besides, no one knew as yet just exactly what part Mikky had played in the small tragedy of the morning.



"Where shall we take him?" said the man to the maid as they reached the second floor with their unconscious burden.

"Not here, Thomas. Here's no place for him. He's as dirty as a pig. I can't think what come over Morton to pull him inside any way. His own could have tended to him. Besides, such is better dead!"

They hurried on past the luxurious rooms belonging to the lady of the mansion; up the next flight of stairs, and Norah paused by the bath-room door where the full light of the hall windows fell upon the grimy little figure of the child they carried.

Norah the maid uttered an exclamation.

"He's not fit fer any place in this house. Look at his cloes. They'll have to be cut off'n him, and he needs to go in the bath-tub before he can be laid anywheres. Let's put him in the bath-room, and do you go an' call Morton. She got him in here and she'll have to bathe him. And bring me a pair of scissors. I'll mebbe have to cut the cloes off'n him, they're so filthy. Ach! The little beast!"

Thomas, glad to be rid of his burden, dropped the boy on the bath-room floor and made off to call Morton. . . .

Morton had not come yet, but Norah discovering a pool of blood under the little bare shoulder, lifted him quickly into the great white bath-tub and turned on the warm water. There was no use wasting time, and getting blood on white tiles that she would have to scrub. She was not unkind but she hated dirt, and partly supporting the child with one arm she applied herself to scrubbing him as vigorously as possible with the other hand. The shock of the water, not being very warm at first, brought returning consciousness to the boy for a moment, in one long shuddering sigh. The eyelashes trembled for an instant on the white cheeks, and his eyes opened; gazed dazedly, then wildly, on the strange surroundings, the water, and the vigorous Irish



HE GATHERED HER UP IN HIS ARMS AND SPED DOWN THE STAIRS

FROM "LO, MICHAEL!" BY GRACE LIVINGSTON LUTZ

J. B. Lippincott Co.

woman who had him in her power. He threw his arms up with a struggling motion, gasped as if with sudden pain and lost consciousness again, relaxing once more into the strong red arm that held him. It was just at this critical moment that Morton entered the bath-room.

Morton was a trim, apple-cheeked Scotch woman of about thirty years, with neat yellow-brown hair coiled on the top of her head, a cheerful tilt to her freckled nose, and eyes so blue that in company with her rosy cheeks one thought at once of a flag. Heather and integrity exhaled from her very being, flamed from her cheeks, spoke from her loyal, stubborn chin, and looked from her trustworthy eyes. She had been with the bank president's baby ever since the little star-eyed creature came into the world.



FROM "PARROT &amp; COMPANY" BY HAROLD MACGRATH

DRAWING BY ANDRE CASTAIGNE

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"Och! look ye at the poor wee'un!" she exclaimed. "Ye're hurtin' him, Norah! Ye shouldn't have bathed him the noo! Ye should've waited the dochter's comin'. Ye'll mebbe kin kill him."

✠

### THE MAN WHO NEVER TALKED OF HOME.

From Harold MacGrath's "Parrot & Co."  
(Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

An American girl, transplanted to the Far East, is the latest MacGrath heroine.

"A RARE old lot of dust; eh, Miss Chetwood? I wish we could travel by night, but you can't trust this blooming old Irrawaddy after sundown. Charts are so much waste-paper. You just have to *know* the old lady. Bars rise in a night, shift this side and that. But the days are all right. No dust when you get in mid-stream. What?"

"I never cease wondering how those poor coolies can carry those heavy rice-bags," she replied to the purser.

"Oh, they are used to it," carelessly.

The great gray stack of paddy-bags seemed, in the eyes of the girl, fairly to melt away.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the purser. "There's Parrot & Co.!" He laughed and pointed toward one of the torches.

"Parrot & Co.? I do not understand."

"That big blond chap behind the fourth torch. Yes, there. Sometime I'll tell you about him. Picturesque duffer."

She could have shrieked aloud, but all she did was to draw in her breath with a gasp that went so deep it gave her heart a twinge. Her fingers tightened upon the teak-rail. Suddenly she knew, and was ashamed of her weakness. It was simply a remarkable likeness, nothing more than that; it could not possibly be anything more. Still, a ghost could not have startled her as this living man had done.

"Who is he?"

"A chap named Warrington. But over here that signifies nothing; might just as well be Jones or Smith or Brown. We call him Parrot & Co., but the riff-raff have another name for him. The Man Who Never Talked of Home. For two or three seasons he's been going up and down the river. Ragged at times, prosperous at others. Lately it's been rags. He's always carrying that Rajputana parrot. You've seen the kind around the palaces and forts: saber-blade wings, long tail-feathers, green and blue and scarlet,

and the ugliest little rascals going. This one is trained to do tricks."

"But the man!" impatiently.

He eyed her, mildly surprised. "Oh, he puzzles us all a bit, you know. Well educated; somewhere back a gentleman; from the States. Of course I don't know; something shady, probably. They don't tramp about like this otherwise. For all that, he's rather a decent sort; no bounder like that rotter we left at Mandalay. He never talks about himself. I fancy he's lonesome again."

"Lonesome?"

"It's the way, you know. These poor beggars drop aboard for the night, merely to see a white woman again, to hear decent English, to dress and dine like a human being. They disappear the next day, and often we never see them again."

"What do they do?" The question came to her lips mechanically.

"Paddy-fields. White men are needed to oversee them. And then, there's the railway, and there's the new oil-country north of

"I'll see the wells to-morrow. Rather fancy this Warrington chap has been working along the new pipe-lines. They're running them down to Rangoon. Well, there goes the last bag. Will you excuse me? The lading hills, you know. If he's with us to-morrow, I'll have him put the parrot through its turns. An amusing little beggar.

"Why not introduce him to me?"

"Beg pardon?"

"I'm not afraid," quietly.

"By Jove, no! But this is rather difficult, you know. If he shouldn't turn out right. . . ." with some commendable hesitance.

"I'll take all the responsibility. It's a whim."

"Well, you American girls are the eighth wonder of the world." The purser was distinctly annoyed. "And it may be an impertinence on my part, but I never yet saw an American woman who would accept advice or act upon it."

"Thanks. What would you advise?" with dangerous sweetness.

"Not to meet this man. It's irregular. I know nothing about him. If you had a father or a brother on board. . . ."

"Or even a husband!" laughing.

"There you are!" resignedly. "You laugh. You women go everywhere, and half the time unprotected."

"Never quite unprotected. We never venture beyond the call of gentlemen."



#### EMMA MCCHESNEY AND THE DASHING YOUNG STRANGER.

From Edna Ferber's "Roast Beef Medium." (Stokes.)

Emma McChesney is a business woman of experience, one who having tried strange and dreadful dishes in the course of her travels, has learned to depend on Roast Beef, Medium, as safe and sane and sure.

EMMA MCCHESNEY was eating her solitary supper at the Berger house at Three Rivers, Michigan. She had arrived at the Roast Beef haven many years before. She knew the digestive perils of a small town hotel dining-room as a guide on the snow-covered mountain knows each treacherous pitfall and chasm. Ten years on the road had taught her to recognize the deadly snare that lurks in the seemingly calm bosom of minced chicken with cream sauce. Not for her the impenetrable mysteries of a hamburger and onions. It had been a struggle, brief but terrible, from which Emma McChesney had emerged triumphant, her complexion and figure saved.

No more metaphor. On with the story, which left Emma at her safe and solitary supper.

She had the last number of the *Dry Goods Review* propped up against the vinegar cruet, and the Worcestershire, and the salt shaker. Between conscientious, but disinterested mouthfuls of medium roast beef, she was reading the snappy ad set forth by her firm's bitterest competitors, the Strauss Sans-silk Skirt Company. It was a good reading ad. Emma McChesney, who had forgotten more about petticoats than the average skirt salesman ever

knew, presently allowed her luke-warm beef to grow cold and flabby as she read. Somewhere in her subconscious mind she realized that the lanky head waitress had placed some one opposite her at the table. Also, subconsciously, she heard him order liver and bacon, with onions. She told herself that as soon as she reached the bottom of the column she'd look up to see who the fool was. She never arrived at the column's end.

"I just hate to tear you away from that love lyric; but if I might trouble you for the vinegar—"

Emma groped for it back of her paper and shoved it across the table without looking up.

"—and the Worcester—"

One eye on the absorbing column, she passed the tall bottle. But at its removal her prop was gone. The *Dry Goods Review* was too weighty for the salt shaker alone.

"—and the salt. Thanks. Warm, isn't it?"

There was a double vertical frown between Emma McChesney's eyes as she glanced up over the top of her *Dry Goods Review*. The frown gave way to a half smile. The glance settled into a stare.

"But, then, anybody would have stared. He expected it," she said, afterwards, in telling about it. "I've seen matinée idols, and tailors' supplies salesmen, and Julian Eltinge, but this boy had any male professional beauty I ever saw, looking as handsome and dashing as a bowl of cold oatmeal. And he knew it."



#### ENTER JOHN CAVE—AND ANOTHER.

From W. B. Trites' "John Cave." (Duffield.)

By the author of "Barbara Gwynne" (published in England under the title "Life"). The scene opens in a New York hotel.

HAVING, through drunkenness, at the age of twenty-four, lost his place as a reporter on one of the newspapers of Chicago, John Cave returned to the East.

On a cold and starry evening in November he arrived. His luggage a station attendant piled on the roof of a hansom, and the driver drove him to our most fashionable hotel, to our small, red-brick hotel down town.

At great expense engaging there a bedroom with a bath, he bathed and put on fresh clothes that one of the hotel valets had unpacked and pressed for him. Then he counted, thoughtfully, his money. There was a lot of it. He smiled.

He lighted a cigarette, and leaned his elbow on the white mantel of the bedroom, crossing his feet. He would not, he told himself, look for work for two or three days: there was no need: and from his lips the smoke shot forward in a straight, thin line until, its momentum lost, it floated in the air before him, a little, swirling cloud. He saw in the smoke the life of the theatres and cafés that he insatiably loved . . . and he smiled because he was young, because his cold bath and careful toilet had given him a sense of exquisite freshness and purity and strength, and because he expected much amusement to-night



from a participation in the gaieties of our venerable city.

In the mood of a huntsman, his money being, as it were, his fowling piece, he descended to the palm-room of the restaurant, a room pleasant with the music of violins and flutes; and choosing a little table in a corner, he began to dine with a good appetite. He had finished his oysters and was awaiting the soup when...

She entered gaily. Her beautiful eyes, sweeping the room, met his almost at once. And they lingered in his, as, attended by obsequious waiters, she advanced with gallant and joyous air. A man of middle age was with her, but she gave to Cave the friendliest look as she sat down.

He was flattered, for she appeared to be the daughter of a rich and distinguished house; but at the same time, too, he was alarmed. Perhaps she thought him an acquaintance: it seemed incredible that a girl like her should flirt. Nevertheless he resolved, by hook or by crook, to know her. It would be horrible, though, if she should rebuff him before the

people in the palm-room. He grew nervous at the thought.

Champagne was served with her dinner, and she drank to him prettily. Afterwards she made for his benefit a grimace of amused and tolerant disdain at her companion. He now had no more fear.

His only care was how best to approach her, and to the waiter, when his fish was brought, he said:

"Can you tell me who that young girl is over there?"

The grave waiter answered: "No, sir. But I'll try to find out for you. I'll ask some of the other waiters."

And he went here and there solemnly, whispering to this man and to that. The one interrogated, without interrupting his work, would cast at the young girl a swift, cautious glance and shake his head. Discretion, even dignity, marked the conduct of this investigation.

"No one knows her, sir. She has never been here before," the waiter said on his return.

Then John perceived he must be bold, or otherwise he might never see the young girl again, and the memory of having lost her friendship through cowardice would in the future grieve him. So the next time he met her smile he formed with his lips the question, "May I come over?" and she answered "Yes."



#### WOLKONSKY ONCE MORE.

From Grace Sartwell Mason and John Northern Hilliard's "The Bear's Claws." (McClurg.)

From her bronze cage in the rotunda of a New York hotel a tired stenographer who inherits the wanderlust, and dreams and writes stories of romantic adventures in far lands, is swept, at a day's notice, into the very whirlpool of the Oriental life of which she has always dreamed. It becomes her lot to help her intrepid, resourceful engineer husband as he plans to build railroads through the Persian desert, and to thwart the practiced spies of Russia in their efforts to block his work.

THEY had dinner in a restaurant famous even beyond the Caucasus. Underneath the windows sang the cascaded Kura. Innumerable tapers in silver holders threw a mellow light over the motley company that sat around the tables—swarthy Asian potentates in enormous silken trousers and jewel-studded turbans; merchants from the looms of Samarkand and the pearleries of Borasjin; slender-hipped Cossack officers in uniforms that fitted like skin, with double rows of cartridge cases sewed across their chests; stalwart Georgians in their long white coats; diplomats in evening dress; European dealers in curios and precious stones. And always above the clatter of a half-score of languages sounded the elemental tongue of the river as it



"YOU CAN GIVE ME BACK THE GUN IN TEHERAN," SAID SAVIDGE FROM "THE BEAR'S CLAWS" BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON AND J. NORTHERN HILLIARD

A. C. McClurg & Co.

dashed over its rocky ledges.

Savidge, his eyes on his wife's sparkling face, felt his spirits rising to the infection of her interest in the kaleidoscopic scene. He pointed out to her a figure or two with a picturesque record in Oriental politics: a lady famous for her connection with the campaign of Salared-Dowleh; a fighting missionary from beyond the desert of Kara-Kum; a leather-faced American that had made ten millions over night in the oil fields of Baku.

"Sooner or later they all gravitate here—the big and the little ones that live by their wits and their audacity," he said. "Persia is the honey-pot that attracts them, and this corner of Russia seems to breed adventurers. See that old fellow in evening dress and a turban, the one bullying the waiter? That's the Shah's chief—"

He stopped short, arrested by an expression of startled surprise on Judy's face. She was staring beyond him to the entrance of the café. Without a break in the conversation his eyes followed hers. A big Cossack in gray and silver, with a little mustache, had just sauntered in.

"Yes," Savidge's level voice went on; "that's Wolkonsky. I must teach you not to make your eyes as big as millstones when you're surprised, Judy. Have another cream-tart?"

"But, aren't you astonished?"

"No, not even surprised. I had a feeling he'd turn up to-day or to-morrow. You see, we came the longest way round."

"Yes, but how did he know you'd left New York? Does he know we're going to Te—"

"Ssh! No names! The waiter at the table behind you is one of Wolkonsky's men—the whole frontier is honeycombed with 'em. Down here you must never count on their not understanding English. Wolkonsky himself speaks half a dozen languages and I don't know how many dialects. He's a remarkable chap with a great record in the Secret Service. I've heard he's an aristocrat, in the service for love of the game. They say he's never been known to break his word; and his record as far as women are concerned is equally clean. It's a satisfaction to pit yourself against a man like that; it gives some class to the fight!"

Judy looked across the table at the live glow in his eyes, and from him to the big Cossack beginning a leisurely dinner at a distant table. She felt a little thrill of satisfaction and a stirring of her blood. It seemed as if she were



DRAWING BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY  
FROM "HIS LOVE STORY" BY MARIE VAN VORST  
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

in the middle of the world and around her circled the color and light from which all her gray life she had manufactured her dreams. Savidge pushed back his coffee-cup.

"Shall we go, Judy? I think to-night, if you like, I'll give you a little lesson in the game."

¶

#### A GARDEN AND HAPPINESS.

From Mary E. Stone Bassett's "A Midsummer Wooing." (Lothrop, L. & S.)

A plant-loving, seed-sowing woman finds a garden and happiness within her reach.

WHEN Max came home at night and told me he had made the first payment on Tom Norton's place, and now it was really *ours*—for Mr. Norton couldn't possibly back out—I was so vaingloriously happy that I knocked over a vase I dislike, and broke it.

I really didn't mean to break that vase, it just happened so; yet I have always been very fortunate in getting rid of things I dislike. I remember once having a bonnet I hated. It cost me so much that I felt obliged to wear it; but one night I forgot and left it on a



bench in the garden. A fearful storm arose, and next morning, when I went to look for my bonnet, why, you wouldn't have known it was a bonnet. I bore that loss with great resignation.

Again, I owned a cape (a gift from my Aunt Matilda). It was an ugly shade of gray—so unbecoming!—but who can spurn a gift? Duty compelled me to wear it, but luck, as usual, was with me. The first time I took a boat ride that season, a gust of wind snatched the cape from my shoulders and blew it into the lake. I never recovered it. I wrote Aunt Matilda of my loss, suggesting that if she were to send a *red* cape next time, the wind might not blow so hard.

There are few women who admit the truth. Even my best friend would have endured the vase in silence; but I,—well, it was such an ugly vase—yellow, with green stripes running round it. A missionary gave it to me,—he brought it from China. I had spent hours

trying to make it fit into some obscure corner; but it wouldn't. It always provoked me and set me against missionaries the moment I entered the room—"jarred on my nerves," I told Max.

¶

### HOW HE CAME BY HIS NAME.

From Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's "Little Thank You." (Putnam.)

Little Thank You is the small son of lovely Nancy Drummond, who was made a widow when only eighteen, her husband being killed hunting.

He was a wonderful baby. Even mothers of families acknowledged his beauty, and his many perfections. One day she asked Mammy Jo nervously:

"Why does the baby never cry?"

"Cry! Angels don't cry. Dis lam' is a sho'nuff angel," said Mammy Jo.

"Oh," said the young mother, "that's why I'm so anxious. He's too good, and you know he's all in the world I have, Mammy Jo."

"Yes, honey," said the negro woman, comfortingly, as if Nancy was still a child, "Mammy knows. But don't you worry. In de first place it's cause he's so healthy. Look at dem legs," she said, lifting his little nightgown, and softly stroking the satin white skin. "Bowlegs for a cavalryman, straight legs for a dandy, an' knock-knees for nothin'. Ain't dese de legs of a dandy? Straight an' fine, an' dis here full little chest, it's most strong enough for a prize-fighter. Yes, Mammy's talkin' 'bout you," as the child smiled up at her, "an' he ain't never had de colic in his life. Smell his breff when you will, an' where you may, an' it's like new-mown hay."

The baby crowed aloud.

"You des like all de oder men," said Mammy, delighted. "Here you is, you can't yit talk, but you kin crow des like a little rooster, when Mammy's praisin' you."

She was puffed up with pride that her baby's first words were "Ank-oo" instead of other children's "Pa-pa, Ma-ma." In her effort to make him a polite baby, she always said, "Thank you" to him, with every object she put in his awkward little fingers. In the morning she gave him his bath, but in the evening Nancy always sang him to sleep, with his lullaby. Sometimes she tried him with another song, but he would lift up his bright head and say, "Idd, Idd," and laughing delightedly, she called him "cunning little fox" and changed back to

"Since Captain Kidd cruised around for pleasure  
Lots of folk think they'll find his treasure."



WITH AN UTTER DISREGARD FOR CONSEQUENCES, HE GAVE THE SPANIARD AN OPENING

FROM "THE STOENBERG AFFAIR" BY RALPH A. GOODMAN  
Sully & Kleinteich



There they go a-digging the ground  
Looking for things that are never found.  
But there's gold from out the sheets a-peepin',  
Jewels too, where eyes are closed in sleepin'.  
I don't care where your treasure's hid,  
Here's my treasure, Oh, Captain Kidd!"



### Non-Fiction

#### ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

From Price Collier's "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View." (Scribner.)

A candid presentation of the social, educational, commercial, political and military conditions in Germany. The chapter on the Emperor is entitled "The Indiscreet," and is an appreciative estimate of his personality.

It is a fine quality in a man to be in love with his job. Even though you have little sympathy with Savonarola's fierceness or Wesley's hardness, they were burning up all the time with their allegiance to their ideals of salvation. They served their Lord as lovers. Many men, even kings and princes and other potentates, give the impression that they would enjoy a holiday from their task. They seem to be harnessed to their duties rather than possessed by them; they appear like disillusioned husbands rather than as radiant lovers.

The German Emperor is not of that class. He loves his job. In his first proclamation to his people he declared that he had taken over the government "in the presence of the King of kings, promising God to be a just and merciful prince, cultivating piety and the fear of God." He has proclaimed himself to be, as did Frederick the Great and his grandfather before him, the servant of his people. Certainly no one in the German Empire works harder, and what is far more difficult and far more self-denying, no one keeps himself fitter for his duties than he. He eats no red meat, drinks almost no alcohol, smokes very little, takes a very light meal at night, goes to bed early and gets up early. He rides, walks, shoots, plays tennis, and is as much in the open air as his duties permit.

It is not easy for the American to put side by side the attitudes of a man, who is the autocratic master and at the same time declares himself to be the first servant of his people. Perhaps if it is phrased differently it will not seem so contradictory. What this Emperor means, and what all princes who have believed in their right to rule meant, was not that they were the servants of their people, but the servants of their own obligations to their people, and of the duties that followed therefrom. If in addition to this the claim is made by the sovereign, that his right to rule is of divine origin, then his service to his obligations becomes of the highest and most sacred importance.

We should not allow our democratic prejudices to stifle our understanding in such matters. We are trying to get clearly in perspective a ruler, who claims to rule in obedience to no mandates from the people, but in obedience to God. We could not be ruled by such

a one in America; and in England such a ruler would be deemed unconstitutional. It is elementary, but necessary to repeat, that we are writing of Germany and the Germans, and of their history, traditions, and political methods. We are making no defence of either the German Emperor or the German people; neither are we occupying an American pulpit to preach to them the superiority of other methods than their own. My sole task is to make clear the German situation, and not by



THEY STOPPED TO TALK WHILE HE RESTED A FEW MINUTES

FROM "THE MATING OF LYDIA" BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD  
Doubleday, Page & Co.

any means to set up my own or my countrymen's standards for their adoption. I am not searching for that paltry and ephemeral profit that comes from finding opportunities to laugh or to sneer. I am seeking for the German successes, and they are many, and for the reasons for them, and for the lessons that we may learn from them.



### CANTERBURY.

From Kate F. Kimball's "An English Cathedral Journey." (Crowell.)

Reference in a general way is made to every cathedral in England. The list of those fully described comprises Canterbury, Rochester, Lincoln, Durham, Ely, Salisbury, Lichfield and York.

YOU are making your first visit to Canterbury, and instead of entering the town by the prosaic method of the railway, you are coming in by the famous old Pilgrim's way, the road from London over which Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims traveled,

"The holy blisful martir for to seke."

About a mile and a half from Canterbury lies the little village of Harbledown, in the quaint language of Chaucer's day



THORNDYKE DELICATELY SWEEPED THE LITTLE FRAGMENTS ON TO IT  
FROM "THE MYSTERY OF 31, NEW INN" BY R. AUSTIN FREEMAN  
The John C. Winston Company

"a litel toun  
Which that y-cleped is Bob-up-and-doun  
Under the Blee, in Canterbury weye."

The road, true to its name, drops into a valley just before you reach the village, then rises sharply, and as you come over the crest of the hill you get your first view of Canterbury and its noble Cathedral, the Mother Church not only of England, but of countless English-speaking peoples the world over. Canterbury lies in a hollow encircled by low hills, and the red roofs of the picturesque old town make a rich setting for the soft gray stone of the Cathedral, which towers above them. You can imagine what this glimpse of the sacred city meant to the Canterbury Pilgrims, though the building which you see is far goodlier than that which they beheld with its glittering Angel Steeple. The old steeple is gone and instead rises the majestic central tower, the most perfect Gothic structure in England, its fine buttresses running from base to pinnacle without a break. The two lower western tow-

ers in the foreground are quite different in form from their peerless companion and seem to emphasize its faultless proportions.

It was at this point that Henry II., in 1174, on his way to humiliate himself at the shrine of Becket, dismounted from his horse and walked some distance to the church of St. Dunstan, where he changed his ordinary dress for the garb of a penitent and from there traveled barefoot into the town. As you approach the city, you are confronted with the huge bulk of the old West Gate, for Canterbury was a walled city back in prehistoric times. The West Gate has a pedigree not to be lightly regarded. Repaired in Roman times and rebuilt again in 1380, it has frowned down upon Roman and Saxon, Dane and Englishman. Its earliest written record tells of the mighty procession accompanying Canute, the Dane, who brought back the body of the martyred Archbishop Alphege to the Cathedral from which viking hands had torn him. The royal visitor left his crown of gold at the high altar to atone for the sins of his subjects. Coming down High Street from the West Gate, you turn into little old narrow Mercery Lane, and as you glance ahead you see one of the most artistic bits of old Canterbury. At the end of the narrow lane rises the beautiful gateway leading into the Cathedral precincts. It has stood there since 1517, and its grim Norman predecessor stood for centuries before it. The gateway could tell many a tale of pageants, for the history of Canterbury is the story of the making of England, and her ancient shrines and powerful archbishops wielded an enormous influence from British times to the Reformation.



#### FLOWERS BY THE STREAM.

From Katharine Dooris Sharp's "Summer in a Bog."  
(Stewart & Kidd.)

A half-story combined with nature descriptions and science.

At this point another stream from hills farther north joins its waters to the first. The forest has been cleared, but along the banks the prickly ash, the lance-leaved buckthorn, the wild plum, and the wahoo still grow. The little shrub called New Jersey Tea (the leaves of which were used by the soldiers of the American Revolution as a substitute for that tea which was cast into the ocean, to furnish a beverage), also called the wild snowball, grows along the fences of the upland. The red-bud and the dogwood make the woods joyful in the spring.

All about our feet the ground is laughing in flowers. Violets, phlox, spring beauties, anemones, hepaticas, in spring adorn the sod. On a rocky bank in June a bed of prairie wild onions is very pretty; here and there the star grass shines yellowly among the dead leaves.

At one point, beside a steep bank, a group of lizard's-tail droops slender white flower-spikes above the stream.

The blue-eyed grass rejoices in the damp and sunny openings; the loosestrifes in several varieties bear it company.

The monkey-flower wades out into the brook; the conobea lingers at the edge, her feet laved in the ripples.

The forget-me-not of the marshes, with golden eye bordered in blue; the turtle-head and hedge-hyssop, its neighbors; the Indian paint-brush of the damp meadows nearby; the dodder, twining its pale pink parasitic clusters among the clover, its orange threads and cymes in beds of mint, or its yellow, glomerate masses amid the coarse weeds and bushes and the tall stems of the sunflowers,—these are a few of the floral denizens of the bog and its borders and of the interlacing streams.

More rarely, on sunny slopes in a setting of the most fertile soil, the papaw basks and ripens near the edge of the woods or on the banks of rivers. The green leaves turn to gold as the custard-apples ripen and lose their astringence in a mellow and rich pulp under the touch of advancing winter.



#### FORMS OF SABOTAGE.

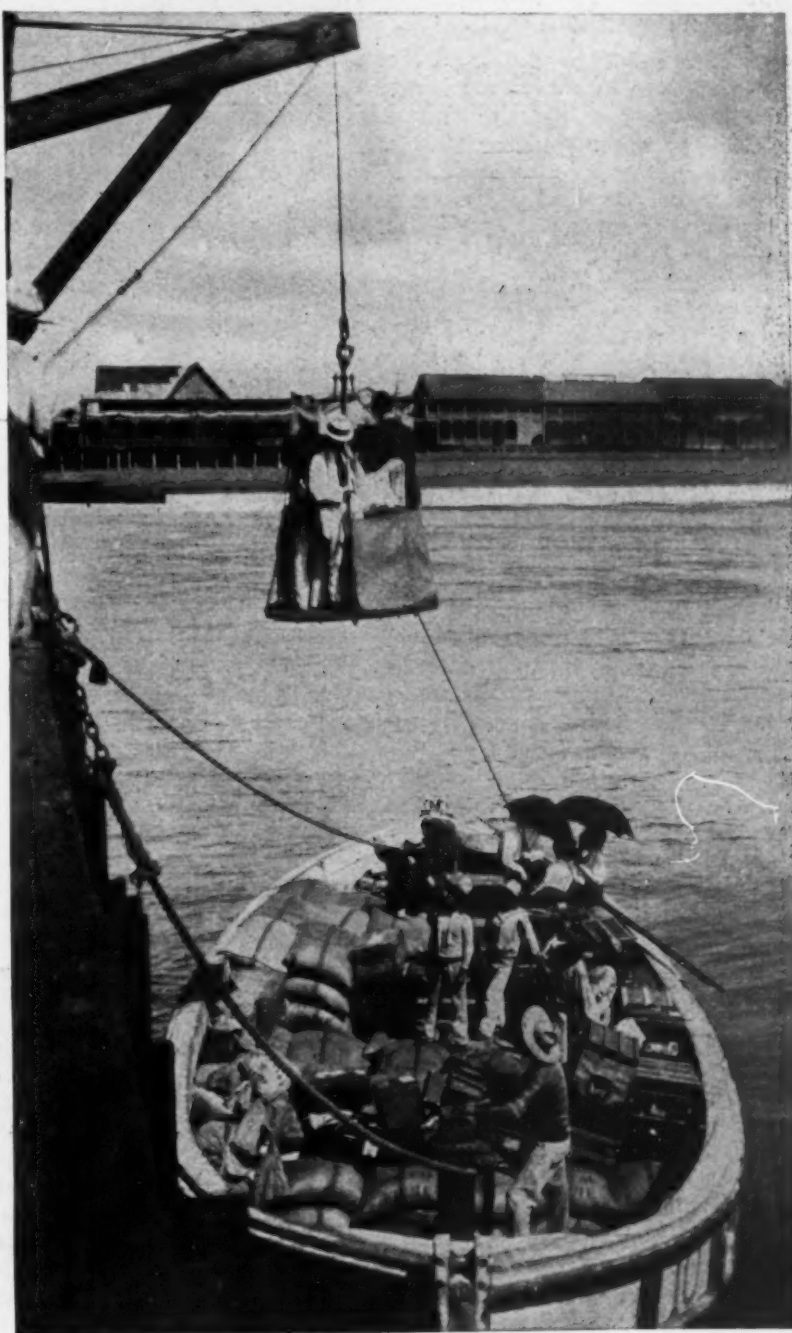
From John Spargo's "Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism and Socialism." (Huebsch.)

An interesting study of the new labor movements and what stand each takes with regard to the others. "Sabotage," a much discussed subject, is explained in its various forms.

THERE are many other forms of sabotage, not all of which have been definitely named. There is first of all the "strike of the machine." When men are out on strike and losing, their places being taken by strike breakers, a few of the strikers profess penitence and go back to work for the purpose of disabling machinery. In other cases, they take time by the forelock and disable the machinery before leaving. It is easy to break, hide or take away some indispensable part of a complicated machine not easily replaceable. Thus, in a strike of railwaymen or telegraphers, telegraph and signal wire are cut, cement is placed in switches, engines are run into turntable pits, and so on.

Again, there is the *grève perlée*, the pearled strike, or strike of passive resistance in which the workers simply stay at work but do their best to

create confusion and loss by making "mistakes" and in general becoming as inefficient as possible. Clerks in a department store make the most exasperating "mistakes": a prim, elderly maiden lady receives a complete infant's wardrobe, or a crusty old bachelor receives the *lingerie* of a young lady, who in turn receives the pyjamas intended for the bachelor. In the case of the *grève perlée*, practiced in France by the railroad strikers in 1910, after the defeat of their great strike the confusion caused was enormous. Some of the strikers had been victimized and "black-listed," and, in revenge, their comrades so mixed up freight orders that the greatest confusion resulted. There were at one time



SUSPENDED IN A CAGE AFFAIR ONE IS LOWERED TO THE LIGHTER FROM "THE SOUTHLAND OF NORTH AMERICA" BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM.

G. P. Putnam's Sons



thousands of car loads of "lost" freight in the railway sidings—most of them containing perishable products, such as milk, fish, fruit and vegetables.

Still another form of sabotage practiced by shop clerks and waiters consists of charging the customer too little for the goods purchased. High-priced articles are wrapped up instead of the cheaper ones really purchased. Drug clerks charge ridiculously small prices for the most costly prescriptions. Waiters in making up the dinner checks "forget" to include expensive items, and so on. Generally, of course, the customer does not complain. If he does, the "mistake" is set right.

Recently there has been some talk of "Constructive Sabotage." Suppose, for example, the workers employed in a candy factory where adulterants were used should go on strike and refuse to use the adulterants, compelling the manufacturer to abandon adulteration and use pure materials. That would be a distinct gain to society, a constructive result. The fallacy here is quite obvious: such a strike is in no sense to be classified as sabotage. Otherwise, all strikes must be regarded as sabotage, and that would rob the word of definite meaning.

Sometimes sabotage takes most amusing forms. In Philadelphia when some tailors went on strike they are said to have left behind them specially made "yardsticks" a couple of inches short with all the spaces likewise altered. The cutter who cut garments according to his instructions, using these false measures was, of course, ruining materials, and one can imagine the most ludicrous results. In Italy, the railroad workers, with fine Italian cunning, suddenly became very "good," and "law-abiding." Not for the world would a railway worker violate the minutest rule. Every rule was most scrupulously obeyed, for the first time in history. The result was the complete demoralization of the system. There were so many rules, many of them long obsolete, but never repealed, that any attempt to carry them all out was bound to demoralize the system. When a train started nobody in the entire system could tell where it would end, or how long it would take to reach its destination. The Italian railways became the laughing stock of Europe.

#### EARLY LIFE OF DR. STRONG.

From *Augustus Hopkins Strong's "One Hundred Chapel-Talks to Theological Students."*  
(Griffith & Rowland.)

Informal talks given by the president of the Rochester Theological Seminary. In an address delivered at the unveiling of a bronze bust of the author he describes some of his early experiences.

My father thought that I was too young to go to college, and so he took me into his counting-room. He was the proprietor of the *Rochester Daily Democrat*; and in that counting-room, in a year and a half, I learned to keep all the books of the establishment by double entry; I learned to set type; I learned to read proof; I learned to take telegraph reports from the dictation of the telegraph oper-

ator. In the counting-room, which was a place of exchange for all the news of Western New York, my father probably having the largest acquaintance with men of any single man in Rochester, there were all kinds of discussions, sometimes hot discussions, with regard to the candidacy of Henry Clay for the presidency, the laying of the Atlantic Cable, the prospects of the wheat crop in the Genesee Valley, and, strange to say, the differences between the Old School and the New School Presbyterians.

My father thought it very desirable that I should have a large amount of reading. The booksellers used to send in to us books which they desired to have reviewed, and I had the privilege of taking home whichever of those books suited my fancy. The result was that I took home the complete works of Lord Bacon, the *Essays* of Macaulay and of De Quincey, Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the *Poems* of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I might say that up to that time all my literary attainments had been built upon a foundation of dime novels. The "Phantom Ship," the "Pirate's Bride," and literature of that stamp had engaged my attention. Even in that there was an occasional quotation from a poet, or an allusion to history; and I have made up my mind, since that time, that it does not make so much difference what a man reads, so long as he has in him the love for reading. Before I went to college I had read through the six volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and works of like character, such as Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth." Then I joined a debating society, and whatever ability I have ever had of thinking and speaking on my feet is due, I think, to the practice that I gained in that society of older men.

My father thought it necessary that I should have a knowledge of the world. So he sent me to the Albany State Fair, and to Niagara Falls to take a journey across the river in the little car that was suspended between heaven and earth on a single cable in preparation for the building of the Suspension Bridge. He also sent me to the Courts. I heard a whole murder trial from beginning to end; heard the sentence passed upon the convicted criminal; and then, I regret to say, my father sent me to the jail to see the man hanged.

I mention all of these exploits, not for the purpose of showing to you how much I myself did, but because of what followed. I went to Yale convinced that I was going to stand first in every respect. I was full of pride and full of ambition, but my pride and my ambition collapsed like a bubble at the first recitation in Homer's *Iliad*. Prof. James Hadley, the father of President Hadley, gave out, as a lesson for the first recitation of the term, four lines of Homer's *Iliad*. I smiled; but I wept afterward, for Professor Hadley called up an Andover man to recite. I think he put fifty questions on those first four lines, and the very meaning of those questions I did not know. The "analysis of the verb"? I never knew there was any analysis of the verb.

### SWEET PEAS AND THEIR ANCESTRY.

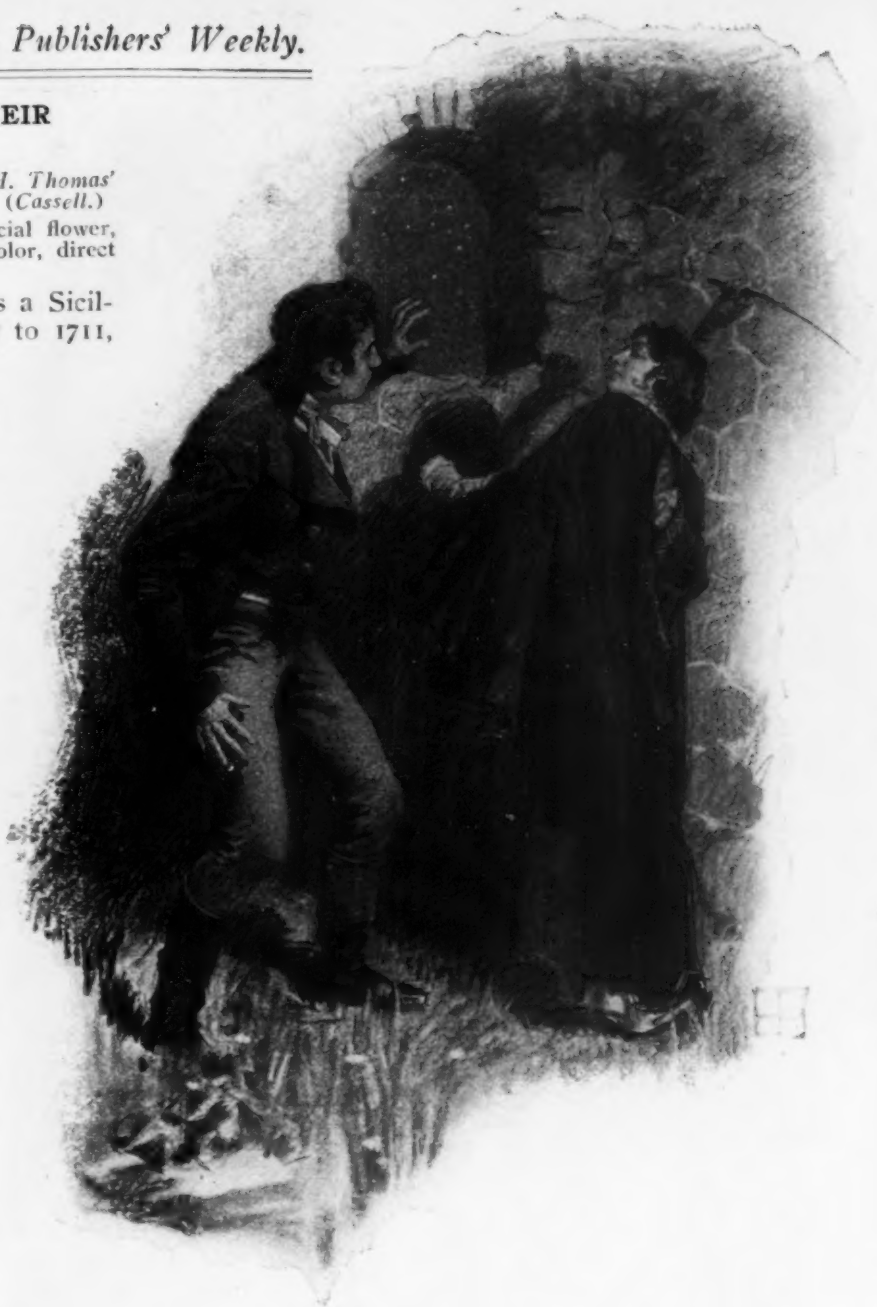
From H. Essenhugh-Corke and H. H. Thomas' "Garden Flowers as They Grow." (Cassell.)

Each chapter is devoted to a special flower, and illustrated by photographs in color, direct from nature.

FATHER FRANCIS CUPANI was a Sicilian monk who lived from 1657 to 1711, and found fame by the discovery of a Sicilian weed, *Lathyrus odoratus*. But how glorious a weed—the forerunner of the twentieth-century Sweet Pea! Little did he dream that two hundred years later two continents would celebrate the bicentenary of its birth with a mammoth flower show, a gathering of its lineal descendants alone. Yet the history of even two hundred years can show no such progress in Sweet Peas as has since been made—that has raised the Sweet Pea from its row in the kitchen garden to its rightful place in the garden of flowers. "Divinely tall and most divinely fair," it far excels all other annual flowers in captivating grace of form, so aptly translated by the poet as, "Sweet Peas on tiptoe for a flight"; in tenderness of colouring, "with wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white"; in ease of cultivation, and in usefulness when cut for vase decoration.

The first account of the introduction of the Sweet Pea into England was given before the Royal Society in 1713 by Dr. Petiver, who stated that seed was sent to Dr. Uvedale's garden at Enfield, and there plants were grown.

The Sweet Pea has ever been a variable flower under cultivation, and a hundred and twenty years ago, as now, seedsmen were, no doubt, cognizant of the value of variations in colour, for in 1793 seeds of several sorts were offered for sale by Mason, a seedsman of Fleet Street. Other varieties appeared at intervals during the nineteenth century, but the Sweet Pea made little real progress as a garden flower until Henry Eckford began to work upon it. Between 1885 and 1900 Eckford raised and distributed numerous varieties, a few of which are still widely grown. In fact, one of them, Lady Grisel Hamilton, the most fragrant of all Sweet Peas, is still often referred to as the best of the lavender-coloured varieties. Black Knight, one of the darkest of Sweet Peas, and Emily Eckford, still one of the loveliest varieties imaginable, pale apricot and rose, are yet in cultivation. But all Eckford's varieties



"LET ME PASS, I WARN YOU!" FOR A MINUTE THEY FRONTED EACH OTHER, EYE TO EYE

FROM "THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN" BY JEFFERY FARNOL

Little, Brown & Co.

were of the plain-edged, or grandiflora, type, and the advent of the Sweet Pea with waved or crinkled petals—in 1901—soon gave rise to a new race of flowers that has revolutionized Sweet Pea growing. Few of the old sorts with plain-margined petals are now grown.

❧

### THE COMEDY OF A PARISIAN STREET.

From Adelaide Mack's "Magnetic Paris." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Paris of the Boulevards, Paris of the Latin Quarter, Paris of the Bois; elite Paris and Paris of the Bourgeoisie is found within these pages. The author, an American, understands not only Paris, but the Parisiennes as well.

FRENCHMEN are always intensely curious. A Parisian will be coming down an avenue in a taxi at breakneck speed, will catch a glimpse of a crowd looking skyward, suddenly put his head out of the window and yell to the chauff-





IT PARTED, DISCLOSING A WHITE-COATED APPARITION  
WITH A FACE THAT HAD LATELY BEEN  
OFTEN IN HER THOUGHTS

FROM "THE CAREER OF DR. WEAVER"  
BY MRS. HENRY BACKUS

L. C. Page & Co.

feur, "*Arretez, arretez*," and step out and join the crowd which is watching an aeroplane sailing majestically a thousand feet above. He sees this sight nearly every day—still it affords him interest and amusement for the moment. He always takes his time and loses all sense of his nice economies when pleasure is paramount, for although he knows his taxi fare is mounting by tens every two minutes, *c'est peu de chose*, measured by the amount of pure enjoyment he gets from watching this air-ship for fifteen minutes and making a bet with an acquaintance in the crowd, as to whether or not the ship will reach its destination in safety. The betting is often even—if there are odds they are usually in favor of the accident, for when the aeroplanes are up a considerable distance, they sometimes turn and

suddenly swoop down on a crowd or crash into a tree. The French aeronaut is ingenious, has great courage, and is perhaps more daring than aeronauts of other nations, since his achievements so far have been more brilliant. He is one more novel addition to the many street attractions of Paris.

The numerous *camelots* are another interesting feature of the *terrasse* life. A small lean man with his face lined like that of a comedian suddenly appears before you, glances quickly around and takes from the tails of his coat a short nickel tripod which he carefully adjusts on the sidewalk. He then stands back and eyes it from all points, rubs his hands, wipes his face with a dirty handkerchief and says a few disparaging words about the police. By this time several people will have stopped to gaze at him. He now puts his right foot, on which he wears a buttoned shoe, on the tripod and begins a voluble harangue. He takes from his pocket an ordinary steel button-hook and a little half-opened nickel tube. He unbuttons his shoe and buttons it again with the ordinary hook, explaining and demonstrating how it catches on the buttons and often twists them off.

Again he unbuttons his shoe and easily re-buttons it with the partly opened tube, explaining to the crowd now collected the merit of the tube over the hook. Then he offers it for sale for ten cents. But before a would-be purchaser can get at his money, a little hatless blond girl of fifteen—her blue eyes full of anxiety and fear, her brow puckered into creases with the strain of watching both ends of the street—plucks him suddenly by the sleeve, and in a flash snatches the tripod and deftly closes it as she hides it behind her. Her blue eyes then lose the anxious expression and assume a baby stare, while the man with the tube leisurely saunters along with the wondering crowd. Now a bicycle-policeman rides up, looks sharply over the moving crowd and rides on. The little girl with the tripod has suddenly disappeared around the corner where she is presently joined by a gay hatless woman and a *camelot* with a bag hung over his shoulder. They all begin talking, laughing and gesticulating, and you are rather surprised to see this timid little girl with a scared expression suddenly put her thumb to her nose and twirl her fingers at the back of another policeman who is crossing the street. Then they all laugh and jeer as they come boldly around the corner to the boulevard, the little girl and woman keeping to the curb.



# WU SIN YIN PLOTS THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

From George C. Hazelton and Benrimo's "The Yellow Jacket." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Tai Fah Min visits Wu Sin Yin, his son-in-law, also a mandarin. Follows the conversation following, the subtle humor of which is a feature of this delightful Chinese play.

TAI FAH MIN

*Anxiously:*

I speak. The first wife, Chee Moo, stands in the hate of your subjects, because the child she bore was cramped, crab-like, monstrous and unwise in its likeness of evil. The devils damned it at its birth with—the monstrosities of the—

WU SIN YIN

*Interrupting:*

Mother's soul. Forget not that.

TAI FAH MIN

That will save us with your subjects. If it had inherited the noble godlike spirit of the father, Wu Sin Yin, the common hordes would have demanded it for the next ruler. They dare to loathe the fruits of your body. Your scholars would advise as I do, Wu Sin Yin.

WU SIN YIN

And that is—

TAI FAH MIN

Hush! Let us pass into another room where none may listen.

*They walk three times about the stage and stop each in the other's place. Property man changes chairs. Music.*

We are safer here in this isolated spot. This palatial room is more fragrant than that we have passed from.

WU SIN YIN

Use up no more air in compliment.

TAI FAH MIN

We must whisper. No matter how safe you hide the egg the chicken will hatch. A sweet passing heavenward for the first mother and the child.

WU SIN YIN

*Gleefully:*

And Due Jung Fah will come to me with no shadows between us. But my conscience constrains me.

TAI FAH MIN

*Soothingly:*

Think on the gorgeous munificence of her funeral! To die the wife of Wu Sin Yin, the Great, is like breathing zephyrs of the South as against living in a typhoon.

Think how proud her family should be of the ceremonies as we lay the first wife with her ancestors! Her death will be most glorious.

WU SIN YIN

Can we make her family believe it?

TAI FAH MIN

It would be deplorably bad taste if her family did not appreciate the magnificence of the funeral that your dignity will afford her.

WU SIN YIN

A blind cat catches only a dead rat. Have I among my servants one in dignity becoming to do the deed, for we could not leave it to the public executioner?

TAI FAH MIN

Lee Sin, the farmer,—worthy, god-favored and properly menial.

WU SIN YIN

*Thoughtfully:*

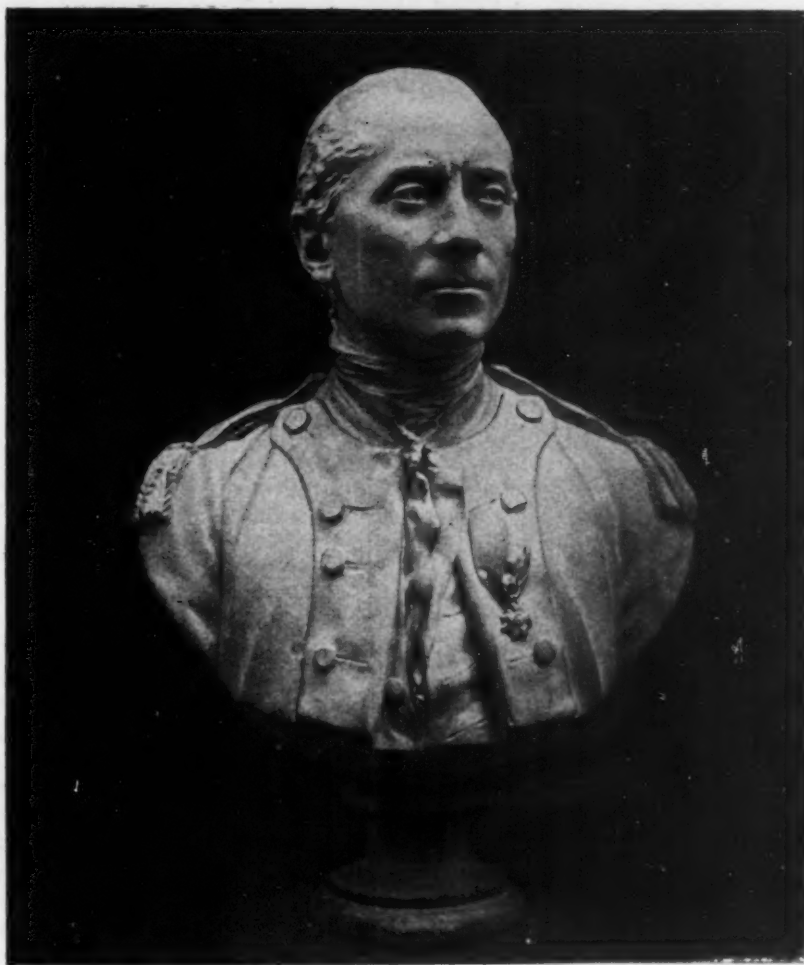
This farmer is strong.

TAI FAH MIN

He will gently plough a furrow with his sword in Chee Moo's neck, and the gods will smile upon such husbandry.

WU SIN YIN

Send for him!



JOHN PAUL JONES, FROM THE BUST BY HOUDON IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS FROM "LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN PAUL JONES" BY MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN Charles Scribner's Sons



ESSEN, ALTENHOF. WORKMEN'S COLONY OF THE KRUPP COMPANY  
FROM "EUROPEAN CITIES AT WORK" BY FREDERIC C. HOWE  
Charles Scribner's Sons

### THE "SEEN BUT NOT HEARD" FALLACY.

From Mary Greer Conklin's "Conversation."  
(Funk & Wagnalls.)

Takes up such subjects as "What Should Guests at Dinner Talk About," "Discussion *versus* Controversy," "Gossip," "Interruption in Conversation," etc. Especially worth while are the author's ideas on children and conversation.

If a child ventures an opinion or asks a question concerning the topic he is hearing discussed, he should be welcomed into the conversation. His views should, in this case, be given the same consideration, no matter how immature, as the riper views of his elders; he should be made a legitimate part of the conversational group. Either this, or he should be sent entirely away. There are no half measures in a matter of this sort. The parent's reiterated commands to "keep quiet," or "to be seen and not heard," interrupt as much as the child's prattle. Furthermore, many a child's natural aptitude for talking well has been crushed by older people stifling every thought the youngster attempted to utter. A bright young girl of my acquaintance was so suppressed by her parents from the age of seven to fifteen that she early acquired the habit of never opening her mouth without first getting the consent of father's eyebrow, or mother's. A child thus treated in youth grows up to be timid and halting in speech; his individuality and spontaneity are smothered. Either let the children talk, meanwhile teaching them *how* to converse, or send them off to themselves where they may at least express their thoughts to citizens of their own age. The very best conversational lesson that a child can be given is imparted when he is taught not to interrupt; when he is made to understand that he must either talk according to the niceties of thoroughly good conversation or must be sent away.

It is often contended that children are out of place at a dining-table where even tolerable conversation is supposed to be carried on.

This view is no doubt well taken regarding formal dinners; but round the family board is the best place in the world to implant in children the principles of good conversation and interesting table-talk. To this end family differences and unpleasantnesses should be left behind when the family goes to the table. Parents should insist, as far as possible, that their children discuss at the dining-table only the pleasant and interesting happenings of the day.



### THE PLEASANT LITTLE WAYS OF THE TARANTULA.

From J. H. Fabre's "The Life of the Spider." (Dodd, Mead.)

The story of the spiders, by "the insects' Homer." The most powerful of all, the Black-bellied Tarantula, is the subject of an interesting chapter.

THOUGH the Tarantula scorns or rather fears to attack an adversary placed in her presence in a bottle, she scarcely hesitates to bite what is thrust beneath her fangs. I take her by the thorax with my forceps and present to her mouth the animal which I wish stung. Forthwith, if the Spider be not already tired by experiments, the fangs are raised and inserted. I first tried the effects of the bite upon the Carpenter-bee. When struck in the neck, the Bee succumbs at once. It was the lightning death which I witnessed on the threshold of the burrows. When struck in the abdomen and then placed in a large bottle that leaves its movements free, the insect seems, at first, to have suffered no serious injury. It flutters about and buzzes. But half an hour has not elapsed before death is imminent. The insect lies motionless upon its back or side. At most, a few movements of the legs, a slight pulsation of the belly, continuing till the morrow, proclaim that life has not yet entirely departed. Then everything ceases: the Carpenter-bee is a corpse.

The importance of this experiment compels our attention. When stung in the neck, the powerful Bee dies on the spot; and the Spider has not to fear the dangers of a desperate struggle. Stung elsewhere, in the abdomen, the insect is capable, for nearly half an hour, of making use of its dart, its mandibles, its legs; and woe to the Lycosa whom the stiletto reaches. I have seen some who, stabbed in the mouth while biting close to the sting, died of the wound within twenty-four hours. That dangerous prey, therefore, requires instantaneous death, produced by the injury to the nerve-centres of the neck; otherwise, the hunter's life would often be in jeopardy.

The Grasshopper order supplied me with a second series of victims: green Grasshoppers as long as one's finger, large-headed Locusts, Ephippigerae.<sup>1</sup> The same result follows when

<sup>1</sup> A family of Grasshoppers.—Translator's Note.

these are bitten in the neck: lightning death. When injured elsewhere, notably in the abdomen, the subject of the experiment resists for some time. I have seen a Grasshopper, bitten in the belly, cling firmly for fifteen hours to the smooth, upright wall of the glass bell that constituted his prison. At last, he dropped off and died. Where the Bee, that delicate organism, succumbs in less than half an hour, the Grasshopper, coarse ruminant that he is, resists for a whole day.

This explains the long hesitation of the Tarantula, so wearisome to the experimenter when he presents to her, at the entrance to the burrow, a rich, but dangerous prey. The majority refuse to fling themselves upon the Carpenter-bee. The fact is that a quarry of this kind cannot be seized recklessly: the huntress who missed her stroke by biting at random would do so at the risk of her life. The nape of the neck alone possesses the desired vulnerability. The adversary must be nipped there and no elsewhere. Not to floor her at once would mean to irritate her and make her more dangerous than ever. The Spider is well aware of this.



#### THE ROMANCE OF ANN ODDY AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

From Amelia Barr's "All the Days of My Life."  
(Appleton.)

After spending her early childhood in England, in more or less conventional surroundings, Amelia Barr went to live on the Isle of Man—then little more than a name to the average Briton and with a government all its own.

THE small sum it cost then to live in the Isle of Man was a great temptation to retired army and naval officers, and Castletown was full of these interesting gentry. They gave to the place an air of refinement, which was still further increased by the professors and students of King William's College. I saw this college burned to the ground on the second of January, A.D. 1844, and I remember well that I had no wrap on, and the night was so warm I did not miss it. Yet January is the coldest month in the mild Manx winter.

We went to Castletown in the autumn, and the following spring two events happened affecting our household. My mother had another daughter, whom father christened Alethia Mona. Alethia being, with Jane or Joan, and Isabel, the three prominent names of the Huddleston women, just as William, John, Thomas, and Henry are the family names of the men. Mona was added, because it was the ancient name of the island of her birth.

Soon after this event Ann Oddy left us. I am rather ashamed to say that we were all privately very glad. She had become a kind of household tyrant, whom we had to constantly conciliate, and we had long ago discovered that the old family servant was just as serious a problem as the modern monthly one. Our emancipation from Ann's rule came very unexpectedly. She entered the parlor one afternoon, with a letter in her hand, and, with great excitement, said: "Mrs. Huddleston, I

am sorry, but I must go back to England at once."

Mother told her she was not out of England, and asked why she must go in such a hurry, and Ann answered:

"You see, ma'am, Adam Bradley wants me. We were to have been wed ten years ago, but one night Adam he walked home from chapel with Sarah Sykes, and I had words with him about Sarah, so he married Sarah to spite me. But she's dead now, and Adam wants me. I think it is best to go to him, Mrs. Huddleston."

So Ann went. We hardly said to each other how glad we were, and we all pressed any gift we could spare on her. Mother even gave her one of her silk gowns, which I am pretty sure she missed a little later. But, until we knew Ann was safely away in the Douglas coach, we did not talk about her; then I shall never forget mother's smile, and sigh of relief, and Jane's neatly expressed opinion, that "the Irish Sea was always rough with the wind in the present direction." Jane had never liked Ann, and she knew Ann was both sick and terrified, when at the mercy of wind and waves. A middle-aged Manx woman was easily found to take Ann's place, and Jane, who was now well grown and womanly, took charge of many things relating to the household.

It was about this time I began to seriously try to write. I commenced a tragedy which I called "Seneca." I do not remember anything about the work, except that it was laid in ancient Rome, and that Seneca was a philosopher and a senator. I showed the first act to father, and he gave it back to me with a smile, and the opinion that "it might have been worse." I used to take pencil and paper and go out to Scarlet Stack, and there alone, with the sun and the wind and the sea and the sky, try to reconstruct the men and women and life of ancient Rome. It was a presumptuous effort, but perhaps the gain to myself was in the effort; for I had become very ambitious. I had abandoned the missionary idea, and longed to write books, and to travel and to see the great cities and the strange peoples I had read about.



#### CENSUS-TAKING IN NEW GATUN.

From Harry A. Franck's "Zone Policeman 88."  
(Century Co.)

Harry Franck, born story-teller and born tramp, with a genius for making friends with every man he meets, reached Corozal, C. Z., in mid-January, 1912. He had tramped a large part of Central America, and was planning a further tramp of many months through South America. But the life and color and mighty work of the Canal Zone caught and held him for five months. One of his early experiences is in the census department. The enumerators take up their post where the laborers, of every shade known to humanity, assemble on pay day.

THAT was the overwhelming problem,—in what language to address each victim. Barter, speaking only his nasal New Jersey, took to picking out negroes, and even then often turned away in disgust when he landed a Martinique or a Haytian. West Indian "English" alternated with a black patois that smelt at times faintly of French, muscular, bullet-



headed negroes appeared slowly and laboriously counting their money in their hats, eagle-nosed Spaniards under the boina of the Pyrenees, Spaniards from Castile speaking like a gatling-gun in action, now and again even a snappy-eyed Andalusian with his s-less slurred speech, slow, laborious gallegos, Italians and Portuguese in numbers, Colombians of nondescript color, a Slovak who spoke some German, a man from Palestine with a mixture of French and Arabic noises I could guess at, and scattered here and there among the others a Turk who jabbered the lingua franca of Mediterranean ports. I "got" all who fell into my hands. Once I dragged forth a Hindu, and shuddered with fear of a first failure. But he knew a bit of a strange English and I found I recalled six or seven words of my forgotten Hindustance.

Then suddenly a flood of Greeks broke upon us, growing deeper with every moment. Above the pandemonium my companions were howling hoarsely and imploringly for the interpreter, while clutching their trembling victim by the slack of his labor-stained shirt lest he escape un-enrolled. The interpreter, in accordance with a well-known law of physics and the limitations of human nature, could not be in sixteen places at once. I crowded close, caught his words, memorized the few questions, and there was I with my "Poomaynes?" "Poseetón?" and "Padremaynos?" enrolling Greeks unassisted, not only that but haughtily acting as interpreter for my fellows—not only without having studied the tongue of Achilles but never even having graced a Greek letter fraternity.

The colossal wonder of it all was how these deep-chested, muscle-knotted fellows endured us, how they refrained from taking us up between a thumb and forefinger and dropping us over the veranda railing. For our attack lacked somewhat in gentle courtesy, notably so that of "the Rowdy." He was a chestless youth of the type that has grown so painfully prevalent in our land since the soft-hearted abolishment of the beech-rod of revered memory; of that all too familiar type whose proofs of manhood are cigarettes and impudence and discordant noise, and whose national superiority is demonstrated by the maltreating of all other races. But the enrolled were all, black, white, or mixed, far more gentlemen than we. Some, of brief Zone experience, were sheepish with fear and the wonder as to what new mandate this incomprehensible U. S. was perpetrating to match its strange sanitary laws that forbade a man even to be uncleanly in his habits, after the good old sacred right of his ancestors to remotest ages. Then, too, there was a Zone policeman in dressy, new-starched khaki treading with dangling club and the icy-eye of public appearance, waiting all too eagerly for some one to "start something." But the great percentage of the maltreated multitude was "Old Timers," men of four or five years of digging who had learned to know this strange creature, the American, and the world,

too; who smiled indulgently down upon our yelping and yanking like a St. Bernard above the snapping puppy he well knows cannot seriously bite him.

§

### NOME IN SUN AND STORM.

From John J. Underwood's "Alaska, an Empire in the Making." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

What Alaska is, what it is going to be in the future, together with a brief account of the sturdy pioneers who have been developing it, forms the subject of this book. Having lived for years in the country he describes, the author has the facts at his finger tips. Nome, the great trading station, at first sight conveys an impression of loneliness and desolation.

On days when the Arctic sun is shining—which are not of such frequent occurrence as to become monotonous—the land- and seascape at Nome presents one of the prettiest views imaginable. The water is the colour of lilac and little purling waves lovingly lave the auriferous, ruby-coloured sand on the beach. Here and there a white speck of a sailboat is seen, and schooners, tugs and steamships dot the roadstead. The tundra plain on the shore is brown and green, and the air is filled with summer heat. Pretty wild-flowers adorn the Arctic moor, and ducks and snipe can be flushed from sequestered pools and lakes, while ptarmigan lead their young to hide in the grass-grown meadows.

But sometimes, almost with the suddenness of a curtain dropping in a theatre, the scene changes. Black lowering clouds obscure the sun, furious winds lash the sea and great, white-capped waves crash on the beach, smashing boats and sweeping it clear of merchandise, coal or what-not that may be piled there. The thunder of the surf can be heard for miles. The ships in the roadstead drop their anchors and for a while try to ride out the storm, but when their kedges commence to drag they scud for safety in the lee of Sledge Island. Woe betide the captain and crew of the sailing vessel who has anchored his vessel too close to shore. Without sufficient sea room to make a tack against the wind, his vessel almost assuredly will pile its bulk on the beach to be smashed to smithereens by the surf. Sometimes the tempest blows from sullen skies for two or three consecutive days on which occasions the water smashes against the bulkheads and buildings that line the shore and demolishes the gold-saving devices that from time to time are installed on the beach.

In some places back of Nome, and at an elevation higher than that upon which the city is built, driftwood in large quantities has been found, clearly indicating that at some comparatively recent date big waves must have swept far past where Nome now stands. Should such a storm occur again, it certainly would blot the city out of existence. Native tradition says that less than one hundred years ago, giant seas were swept inland by the wind, causing much loss of Eskimo life and destruction of igloos.

# BOOKS FOR VACATION READING

A classified and selected list of recently published books, especially those suitable for vacation reading. The accompanying annotations are descriptive rather than critical, are intended to be unbiased, and are mainly informative of the scope and purpose of the book noted. If an entry is not annotated it means either that we have received no copy of the book for notice or that the publication has been noted previously in the Book Review. Publishers' names will guide to the advertisements which frequently contain more extended descriptive notes. Any book mentioned here will be supplied at the shortest notice.

## Fiction

WAR; OR, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE LOVES ONE'S ENEMY. By John Luther Long. Illus. by N. C. Wyeth. 371p.12mo. Bobbs-M. \$1.30n.

By author of "Madam Butterfly." Stephen Vonner, a kindly old German-American, tells this story of his two sons, Jonathan and David, and his adopted daughter, Evelyn, during the Civil War. The girl was from the South, and when she came North to live began secretly to help the rebels. Then she falls in love with Dave, and no longer wishes the Confederacy to win. Both brothers love her, Jonathan hopelessly. Dave undertakes, against his convictions, the girl's work for the South and the brothers meet in battle against each other. In spite of war and tragedy the tale breathes a spirit of kindly gentleness and love.

V. V.'S EYES. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. 518p. illus.12mo. H. Mif. \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

ISOBEL; a romance of the northern trail. By J. Oliver Curwood. 280p.12mo. Harp. \$1.25n.

Tale of the Northwest Police. Billy MacVeigh is hunting for Scottie Deane, a murderer, when a strange chance brings him across the man and his wife, Isobel. They escape from him and he determines not to follow, but is obliged to in order to save them from falling into worse hands. Again he lets them go, only to meet them again under tragic circumstances. Deane dies of exposure and Isobel has smallpox, through which Billy nurses her, then leaves her as he supposes forever. Fate decides differently and when they meet again it is never to part.

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE. By Ethel Shackelford. 209p.12mo. Doran. \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE JOY BRINGER; a tale of the painted desert. By Grace MacGowan Cooke. 344p.illus. 12mo. Dou., P. \$1.25n.

Young man comes home from Arizona and elopes with a lovely Kentucky girl who had meant to run away with his brother. Because she has married the wrong man she is disinherited. Her newly wedded husband has no money so they have to go back to Arizona, where he has a ranch and a store. Even if she does maintain that she does not love her inadvertently acquired husband, the bride has considerable anxiety as to whether or not he will have an Indian wife. Did this big-hearted westerner really marry the wrong woman? That is a problem worked out in an interesting way.

THE UNFORGIVING OFFENDER. By John Reed Scott. Illus. in col. by Clarence F. Underwood. 388p.12mo. Lipp. \$1.25n.

Mrs. Loraine, young and beautiful, elopes with another man, believing she will find happiness. Disillusioned, she returns, deciding among her old friends to straighten out the tangle she has made. She appears at a select country club and her husband cuts her. Some of her friends rally to her standard, and in spite of a scandalous plot against her she rehabilitates herself and in the end is happy with a fine man.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT. By Ethel Stefana Stevens. 397p.12mo. Doran. \$1.25n.

Love versus caution is the theme. Is it better to marry when love calls or wait for a bank account? Dominick Ellaby, engaged to Melody Waller, still thought at the end of four years that the latter was



MUSKMELONS RAISED UNDER GLASS IN NORTHERN ALASKA

FROM "ALASKA: AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING" BY JOHN J. UNDERWOOD  
Dodd, Mead & Co.

the right course. His three sisters were dependent upon him and he had no prospects. In despair Melody decides to marry a rich man, but at the eleventh hour literally, cannot do it, runs away to Dominick in her wedding gown, and they take the step they should have four years before. Besides their story there is the love affair of altogether delightful Joan Ellaby, making a large part of book's interest.

THE PORT OF ADVENTURE. By C. N. & A. M. L. Williamson. 418p.12mo. Dou., P. \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN. By Mary Annette Beachamp, Grafon von Arnim. 225p.12mo. Macm. 50c.  
(Macmillan Modern Fiction Lib.)



A MIDSUMMER WOOLING. By Mrs. Mary E. Stone Bassett. Illus. by John Goss. 496p. 8vo. *Loth., L. & S.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS. By Ethel May Dell. 534p. front. 12mo. *Put.* \$1.35n.

By author of "The way of an eagle." Story deals with the moral development of a man whose volcanic temperament is the outcome of mixed blood, American and Indian. Nap Errol knows but one restraint, his love for his invalid half-brother, and his wild nature makes him an object of dislike in the English country place they come to live in. He



FRONTISPIECE FROM "UNCHARTED SEAS"

BY ROBERT ADGER BOWEN

*Small, Maynard & Co.*

falls in love with Lady Carfax, whose drunken husband is lord of the manor. At first his passion is absolutely uncontrolled, but in a hard school he learns self-sacrifice and emerges worthy of the happiness he wins.

POLLY OF LADY GAY COTTAGE. By Emma C. Dowd. 257p. illus. 16mo. *H. Miffl.* \$1n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE KINGDOM. By Harold Elsdale Goad. 336p. 12mo. *Stokes.* \$1.25n.

A man about to marry the girl he loves finds that she loves his friend. Naturally inclined to a religious life and feeling his trouble as a final call from God, he becomes a Franciscan friar. Book is an analysis of the spiritual development of an introspective, deeply religious man. Bernardo struggles first against God, then against the world he has given up, and comes to final peace in the realization of his mission to teach the Church "to make her vision the most vital and creating force in the world to-day."

THE COMMON LOT. By Rob. Herrick. 426p. 12mo. *Macm.* 50c.

(*Macmillan Modern Fiction Lib.*)

BRASS FACES. By Charles McEvoy. 285p. 12mo. *H. Miffl.* \$1.25n.

When Robert Gilmour, returning home late at night, is called upon to rescue beauty in distress and next day finds himself arrested for abduction, all his well-regulated ideas of life and conduct fall in ruins around him. For five days he lives in an atmosphere of escape, flight, pursuit, capture and again escape, and then he finds the maiden doesn't wish to be rescued any more. His thrilling romance is

quite as shattered as his well-regulated life had been, and we leave him drawing a long breath and about to take up things where he dropped them, but with a difference.

OUT OF THE BLUE. By R. Gorell Barnes. 311p. 12mo. *Longm.* \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS; a romance of reclamation. By Rob. Ames Bennet. Illus. by George Brehm. 399p. 8vo. *McClg.* \$1.35n.

Lafayette Ashton, with all the faults of the rich man's son, is discovered in the theft of another engineer's plans and is disowned. He seeks service on a Colorado ranch, where the owner's daughter has a tremendous effect on his character. The jealous hatred of a cowboy and the part the easterner plays in enhancing the rancher's fortunes make up a tale full of incident and human passions. By author of "Out of the primitive."

JIM HANDS. By Richard Washburn Child. 358p. front. 12mo. *Macm.* 50c.

(*Modern Fiction Lib.*)

THE SHADOW-SHOW. By J. H. Curle. 237p. 12mo. *Doran.* \$1.35n.

A mining engineer with an artist's instinct for the picturesque, vivid, and human elements of what he sees, the author has wandered from one end of the world to the other and seen much. He has met many important men in his travels, which started at fourteen, when he sailed to Australia, returning by way of Zululand. He took part in the Jameson raid, went far up the Amazon, and so on through the whole gamut of adventures far and wide, always making notes and records which now go into this book.

A FRIEND OF CAESAR; a tale of the fall of the Roman republic. By William Sterns Davis. 501p. 12mo. *Macm.* 50c.

(*Modern Fiction Lib.*)

THE HOUSE OF SPIES. By Warwick Deeping. Front. in col. by A. C. Michael. 400p. 12mo. *Cass.* \$1.35n.

Romance of Sussex downs when England was expecting Napoleon to invade her shores. The Chevalier de Rotham was one of his most active spies, a soldier of fortune, with whom honest, blunt-headed Jasper Benham is soon at grips. Nance Durrell, the delightful daughter of an unworthy father who is deeply involved with the spy, is a heroine worth fighting for, and the story for the main part centers round the contest between the Englishman and Frenchman, for the hand of the fair Nance.

THE QUARRY. By John A. Moroso. Illus. by T. Fogarty. 324p. 12mo. *Little, B.* \$1.25n.

Young country boy is arrested for murder, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for life. He becomes a model prisoner and finally escapes with the help of a fellow-prisoner, a burglar. His life after his escape, with its struggle and success under an assumed name, and the relentless pursuit of him by a New York detective, vividly told, make the greater part of the story, which gives a picture of our police methods and prison system.

THE PENALTY. By Gouverneur Morris. Illus. by Howard Chandler Christy. 347p. 12mo. *Scrib.* \$1.35n.

Barbara Ferris, charming, an incorrigible flirt, and well-to-do, feels that she has a career as a sculptor. Wilmot Allen, an apparent ne'er-do-well, feels that a career as his wife would be better for her and much better for him, giving him an incentive in life. By a strange chance both come under the malign influence of Blizzard, a legless beggar, a man whose evil schemes are so far-reaching and whose deeds are so dreadful as to be appalling. Into his schemes and their frustrating come a number of interesting characters, among them West and Lichtenstein, Secret Service men, Bubbles, a street arab, whose connection with West and Blizzard adds to the excitement.



WIDECOMBE FAIR. By Eden Phillpotts. 507p. 12mo. *Little, B.* \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue

THE GOVERNOR. By Karin Michaelis Stangeland. Trans. fr. the Danish by Amy Shovgaard-Pedersen. 233p. 12mo. *Lane.* \$1.20n.

Tale of primitive days in Denmark. A little shipwrecked waif attaches herself to the governor of an island. Presently the man's wife comes to the island and he forsakes Kaina the waif. In despair she drowns her child. She is tried and sentenced to death. Fate of horror eventually overtakes the governor.

ROAST BEEF MEDIUM. By Edna Ferber. Illus. by James Montgomery Flagg. 302p. 12mo. *Stokes.* \$1.20n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

WITHIN THE LAW. By Marvin Dana. Fr. the play of Bayard Veiller. 344p. 12mo. *Fly.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

HOLTON OF THE NAVY; a story of the freeing of Cuba. By Lawrence Perry. Illus. by J. Allen St. John. 390p. 8vo. *McClg.* \$1.35n.

Story of the Spanish-American war. Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command at the outbreak of hostilities to engage in important secret service work. The machinations of some misled Cuban patriots, villainies of Spanish spies, as well as the San Juan assault, the destruction of Cervera's fleet, the saving of Santiago, with the winning by Holton of a beautiful and devoted Cuban girl, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of liberty, combine to make an exciting story, told with knowledge of the naval and other historical conditions of the war's events. By author of "Dan Merrithew."

A MAKE-SHIFT MARRIAGE. By Gertrude M. Robins Reynolds. 315p. 8vo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

By author of "The notorious Miss Lisle," etc. Oliver Brandon, a successful journalist, falls desperately in love with a lovely, shallow girl, who after accepting him throws him over for a richer man. Oliver marries his typist, without telling his mother of his intention, his motive being to show his faithless love that he is indifferent to her. Astrid, his wife, really loves him, and when she finds he absolutely dislikes her determines to find out why he married her and then go away. She learns the truth, but when the time for parting comes she also learns that she is loved by her husband. All this is helped along by a contemptible plot of the faithless lady's husband.

HEARTS OF GRACE. By Philip Verrill Mighels. 447p. front. 12mo. *FitzG.* \$1.25n.

Story of colonial times in New England, in which the hero, Adam Rust, has adventures in plenty, and the heroine, Garde Merrill, suffers much from once having doubted him, but at last all the doubts, difficulties and intrigues are cleared away and happiness is theirs.

RUNNING SANDS. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. 353p. 12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1.35n.

A man who has spent thirty years in making his fortune in western mining, and makes it, comes to New York at fifty, as strong, vigorous and young, to all appearances, as if he were twenty-five. He is twenty-five, he tells himself, and sees nothing out of the way in falling madly in love with a beautiful girl of eighteen. She thinks she loves him; is willing to love him; wants to love him; but at eighteen how can she tell? And so they marry. Then the girl finds that youth calls to youth, and falls in love with a young Austrian. Her husband decides to kill himself to leave her free to marry the man whose religion forbids divorce, but his courage fails and he goes back to her.

THE KING'S BLUE RIBAND. By Beth Ellis. 309p. 12mo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

England in Jacobite days is the scene. Sir Anthony Claverton, ruined, seeks an heiress in marriage and also to save her from a villain. He falls in love with Sylvia as soon as he sees her, but she rejects him as a fortune hunter and declares she will marry the other man. Anthony goes to France to get, for a wager, the Cordon-bleu order always worn by King Louis. Excitement and adventures follow thick and fast, involving Jacobites, Sylvia, Anthony and many others, but in the end love triumphs and all is well.

VIRGINIA. By Ellen Glasgow. 533p. 12mo. *Docu., P.* \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST. By Frances Nimmo Greene. 401p. 12mo. *Scrib.* \$1.35n.

Mary Elizabeth, after ten years of careful schooling in the city, comes back to the Alabama mountains to teach and help her people. Story of her father's fate, unknown to her, makes some of the natives hate and fear her. Into the hills comes John Marshall, seeking to add to his great wealth. He has discovered that he can develop a great water power and that the legal process will be easy, but he reckons without the mountain spirit and Mary Elizabeth, who loves him but opposes him. Before the climax is reached he has to deal with love, hate, and a mountain feud.

LORE OF PROSERPINE. By Maurice H. Hewlett. 254p. 12mo. *Scrib.* \$1.35n.

Short stories and essays. *Contents:* The windows; A boy in the wood; Harkness's fancy; The gods in the schoolhouse; The soul at the window; Quidnunc; The secret commonwealth; Beckwith's case; The fairy wife; Oreads; A summary chapter.

BURNING DAYLIGHT. By Jack London. 366p. illus. 12mo. *Macm.* 50c.

(Modern Fiction Lib.)

THE LONG WAY. By Mary Imlay Taylor. 292p. 12mo. *Lit., B.* \$1.25n.

Scene is laid in Washington. Eva Astry, pretty, weak and selfish, throws her guilt upon her sister Rachel, accusing her of indiscretion with her own lover. Eva's husband insists that Belhaven, the man, marry Rachel at once and she consents to save her sister's reputation. By degrees Eva comes to realize her sin and unworthiness and the enormity of Rachel's sacrifice and does her best to make reparation. Belhaven, Astry and John Charter, who loves Rachel, play important parts in the drama, which finally works out with happiness in store for Rachel.

THE UPPER CRUST. By Chas. Sherman. Illus. by Arth. W. Brown. 409p. 12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1.25n.

By author of "He comes up smiling." Algernon Van Rensselaer Todd, pampered young ne'er-do-well, prevailed upon to attempt to shift for himself, starts out as a pedler, but finally gives up this occupation for that of chauffeur to Molly O'Toole, his mother's housekeeper, who is masquerading as her mistress at the Todd's estate in Maine. Todd knows who Molly is, but Molly does not know Todd, which leads to numerous humorous complications, not the least of which is the interest of the police in their actions. True love emerges triumphant even if everything the young people have done is not commendable.

THE WOMAN OF THE TWILIGHT; the story of a woman. By Marah E. M. Ryan. Illus. by Hanson Booth. 424p. 8vo. *McClg.* \$1.35n.

Scene is alternately a Mexican settlement in California and fashionable sets in eastern cities. Through her marriage in her girlhood to a man who has since deserted her, the heroine, an artist of genius, is debarred from union with the man she comes to love in later life. Those bars she and her lover strive for a time to ignore. Depicts the views both of the individual who claims the right of personal happiness, and the conventions which, blind though they neces-

sarily are, yet serve the interests of the civilization which the individual seeker after happiness has accepted.

A MERE WOMAN. By "Vera Nikto," pseud. 305p. 12mo. *Apltn.* \$1.25n.

Experiences of a beautiful Russian. As a restless, motherless girl she becomes the wife of a dissolute Russian army officer. Divorce rescues her from intolerable suffering. Then she falls in love with, and surrenders herself completely to, a charming, unprincipled man, who forsakes her. Finally, she makes a brilliant marriage with an elderly, wealthy nobleman. In passionate remorse her former lover returns, and, terrified, she feels his influence overcoming her sense of duty towards husband and child. The situation is solved by her lover's suicide and she finds peace in her husband's strength and the love of her child.

THE MAKING OF THOMAS BARTON. By Anna Nicholas. 335p. 12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1.25n.

Stories of Hoosier village life. *Contents:* The making of Thomas Barton; A rare drama; A Hawburg sensation; Miss Lucyanna's eventful day; Out of the past; When grandmother ran away; A bit of human interest; What could he do? Story without a moral; Was it all a dream; The eternal feminine; An ever-present help; The postmistress; Katharine Clarke's story.

THE CREEPING TIDES; a romance of an old neighborhood. By Kate Jordan. Front. by L. W. Hitchcock. 354p. 12mo. *Lit., B.* \$1.40n.

Greenwich Village, that quaint backwater of New York is the setting for this story. To this haven drifts John Cross, an English soldier concealing a shattered reputation, and Fanny Barrett, hiding from an obsessing terror. How the tides of exposure overwhelm these two and how they finally win to peace and safety make an interesting tale.

THE KNIGHTING OF THE TWINS AND TEN OTHER TALES. By Clyde Fitch. *Kenn.* \$1.25n.

IN ANOTHER MOMENT. By Chas. Belmont Davis. Illus. by Wallace Morgan. 372p. 12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1.25n.

Tells of a country girl's experiences after she came to New York and became a show girl. The temptations and sordidness of the life are revealed and the way poor theatrical people live and the treatment they receive from managers. Fay Clayton goes through the whole gamut, but manages to keep herself sweet and true, and in the end marries the man she has always loved.

WALLINGFORD IN HIS PRIME. By Geo. Randolph Chester. 424p. 12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1n.

J. Rufus Wallingford, as deft in left-handed promotion as ever, is the central figure in these stories. Blackie Daw, and The Toad are again to the fore, and there are other people quite as interesting and useful to the manipulator of finance.

THE CALL OF THE CUMBERLANDS. By Chas. N. Buck. Illus. by Douglas Duer. 348p. 12mo. *Watt.* \$1.25n.

Samson South is just a Kentucky mountaineer who inherits a family feud and the leadership of his side of it. There is a truce on when a Northern artist visits the mountains, discovers that Samson has great talent and takes him North to study. He leaves the feud and Sally, whom he loves, promising to return if needed. Story tells of his development, temptation to desert his people and final return and triumph, with the parts played in his life by Sally and another woman.

THE FETTERS OF FREEDOM. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illus. by Kinneys. 411p. 12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1.35n.

Scene is laid in Rome at the time of Nero. Story is concerned with the love of a young tribune for a

beautiful British slave. St. Paul is a captive in the city, and through him both the young people become Christians. They incur Nero's enmity and only escape from him after much peril and difficulty.

THE AMIABLE CRIMES OF DIRK MEMLING. By Rupert Hughes. 339p. illus. 12mo. *Apltn.* \$1.25n.

An insouciant hero who is both sculptor and painter, but who has a grudge against society, because through some dishonest politicians he is deprived of a big commission at the outset of his career, makes life more than interesting for the band of thieves he gathers about him and for the police. He only undertakes big things, such as removing a hideous marble statue from its pedestal or taking the whole art collection of a multi-millionaire. He goes blithely on his way, sometimes gloriously in funds, sometimes quite penniless, never really repentant, though occasionally resolving to be honest, and we leave him married to a model who is also a thief and about to fill his depleted treasury in the old way.

LITTLE THANK YOU. By Eliz. Paschal O'Connor, (Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.) 269p. front. 12mo. *Put.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

MASTERPIECES OF MYSTERY. By Anna Katherine Green. 428p. front. 12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1.30.

Short mystery stories. *Contents:* Midnight in Beauchamp Row; Room No. 3; The ruby and the caldron; The little steel coils; The staircase at Heart's Delight; The amethyst box; The grey lady; The thief; The house in the mist.

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND; a story of the great Northwest. By Vingie E. Roe. Illus. by Geo. Gibbs. 395p. 12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1.30n.

Into the Oregon forest, south of the Siletz Reservation, comes a young Easterner, owner of the Dillingworth Lumber Co. The men resent his coming, and a rival lumber company, headed by one Hampden, almost works his ruin. Two women, one a sophisticated New Yorker, the other a girl of Indian training, but white blood, are greatly concerned in his destiny, the part each plays only being clear to him in the end. There is an exciting forest fire as a climax.

SYLVIA; a novel. By Upton Sinclair. 413p. 12mo. *Wins.* \$1.20n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE BEAR'S CLAWS. By Grace Sartwell Mason & J. N. Hillard. Illus. by W. D. Goldbeck. 351p. 12mo. *McClg.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN. By Frank L. Packard. Illus. by W. L. Jacobs. 293p. 12mo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE AIR PILOT; a modern love story. By Randall Parrish. Illus. by Clarence F. Underwood. 318p. 8vo. *McClg.* \$1.25n.

Recent international aviation meet in Chicago is the starting point, the hero, Lieut. Philip Dessaud of the French army, who is the inventor of an aeroplane. Why his machine was withdrawn at the last moment and lost to sight, and why its inventor mysteriously disappeared, are the questions answered in an exciting tale of international intrigue and loyalty to Dessaud of a young American newspaper woman, who balks a plot to steal the secret of his invention.

ONE WONDERFUL NIGHT; a romance of New York. By Louis Tracy. 373p. 12mo. *Clode.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.



INSIDE THE ROPES. By Chas. Emmet Van Loan. Illus. by Arth. Hutchins. 411p. 12mo. *Small, M.* \$1.25n.

Tales of the prize ring. *Contents:* Out for the stuff; "Battling Pete's" last engagement; Art and the dollar; The Leadville blacksmith; The legs of Freckles; The supreme bumper degree; The sparring partner, Garrity's partner; The heart of the gallery; Mr. Joseph Egan, amateur; Tony.

THE LUCKY SEVENTH; tales of the Big League. By Chas. Emmet Van Loan. Illus. by Hibberd V. B. Kline. 337p. 12mo. *Small M.* \$1.25n.

*Contents:* The Mexican marvel; The good old wagon; For revenge only; The bachelor Benedict; "Butterfly" Bogg; pitcher; Will a duck swim?; Crossed "signs"; Won off the diamond; The pitch-out.

THE WHEELS OF CHANCE; a bicycling idyl. By H. G. Wells. Illus. by J. Ayton Symington. 829p. 12mo. *Macm.* 50c.n.

(Macmillan Modern Fiction Lib.)

THE TURNING OF GRIGGSBY; being a story of keeping up with Dan'l Webster. By Irving Addison Bacheller. Illus. by Reginald Birch. 150p. 12mo. *Harp.* \$1n.

Twenty years after Daniel Webster's death the little New England town of Griggsby was still in the throes of Websterian oratory, all the "first citizens" holding forth with or without provocation. They also drank to excess and overworked their wives and daughters until young Havelock and Florence Dunbar, ably assisted by D. W. Snead, started a reform campaign, whose aims, activities and results make the story.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE. By Oliver Onions. 284p. 12mo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

TWO SHALL BE BORN. By Thdr. Goodridge Roberts. 319p. 12mo. *Cass.* \$1.25n.

Tale of Canadian woods. David Westley, rich and idle, hears a report that the girl he is engaged to intends to marry another man. Sore and angry, he goes off into the woods, buys a huge tract of land and proceeds to develop it. He makes many friends and some enemies in his enterprise, and in spite of hard work and his intense interest in it he cannot forget his supposedly faithless love. The girl has the courage to follow Westley into the wilderness and clear up all misunderstanding.

BARBARA GWYNNE. By W. B. Trites. 285p. 12mo. *Duff.* \$1.25n.

History of a beautiful girl who, left alone in a small town, struggles to earn her living. In spite of her innocence, the hateful gossips smirch her name and she leaves the place, goes to New York, where she makes a success on the stage. In her home town is a man who loves her, whose business honor is of the slightest, but who, where she is concerned is actuated by noble motives only. Book is really a study of these two characters and a picture of the strange mixture of sordidness and nobility which makes much of life and human nature.

JOHN CAVE. By W. B. Trites. 297p. 12mo. *Duff.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

HENRY KEMPTON. By Evelyn Brentwood. 328p. 12mo. *Lane.* \$1.25n.

Cool and calculating, ambitious and heartless, Henry determines to climb the social ladder. Articled to a solicitor, he is only waiting for an opportunity to follow his inclinations and enter the army, when an accidental meeting with a duke's daughter precipitates matters, and he immediately gives up law. He falls under the spell of one of his senior officers; wins the V. C. for the mere purpose of bringing his name into prominence; is invalidated

home; again meets Lady Violet, and finally is taught through experience with a worthless woman to value the love that stands by him in his hour of humiliation.

THE MYSTERY OF 31, NEW INN. By Richard Austin Freeman. Illus. by E. Prittie. 332p. 12mo. *Wins.* \$1.20n.

The fact that Jeffrey Blackmore made two wills, seemingly alike yet cunningly different, caused John Thorndyke, master-mind, to suspect a tragedy. With the logic and cool analysis of a lawyer and scientist



"FAVERSHAM, DON'T BE A FOOL. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU A DEAL MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS DAMNED NONSENSE"

FROM "THE MATING OF LYDIA"

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Doubleday, Page & Co.

he works out and proves his theory in the most startling manner, bringing the work to an amazing but thoroughly logical conclusion.

THE OPENING DOOR; a story of the woman's movement. By Justin Miles Forman. 328p. 12mo. *Harp.* \$1.30n.

Hope Standish after leaving school goes to visit her godmother in New York. Miss King is an ardent suffragist and converts Hope to the cause. The girl works hard, but when it comes to addressing a crowded meeting she flees incontinently. There is a very nice man conveniently near to flee to, and though he disapproves of her votes for women activities, Hope decides that life with him and without the cause is preferable to spinsterhood and the franchise. After two years of marriage, however, she converts him to a mild support of the suffrage movement, and together they work for it quietly.

DESERT GOLD; a romance of the border. By Zane Grey. Illus. by Douglas Duer. 325p. 12mo. *Harp.* \$1.30n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE HIPPODROME. By Rachael Hayward. 299p. 12mo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

Story of Fatalité, a present-day Carmen—a girl half Irish, half Austrian, who comes to Barcelona to ride in the Hippodrome. The leader of the Spanish Terrorists uses her as a go-between. The adventure fascinates Fatalité, and she enters upon a life and association where the amenities of life and the differences of sex are ignored. Then she finds that she is a woman who loves and makes the supreme sacrifice of her life for the man.

PATCHWORK COMEDY. By Jordan Humfrey. 389p. 12mo. *Put.* \$1.30n.

Story in which the stakes are the winning of a woman's love and the safeguarding of an honored



name, threatened by the exposure of an unpublished scandal. There is plenty of swift action, sharp character drawing, and life-like depiction of scenes and character. By author of "The joyous wayfarer."

**THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT.** By Rachel Swete Macnamara. 433p.12mo. *Put.* \$1.35n.

Hildred Ivors had been brought up by two elderly cousins in a quiet English village. When she was twenty she received a letter from her mother telling her she was to spend six months with her, then six months with her father in Egypt, and when she was twenty-one she could choose to live with either one of them or map out a career for herself. Book tells of the year thus spent and then what happens when her father marries again without telling the woman that his first wife lives. It is a story of conflicting temperaments that nothing could reconcile.

**THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE;** a story of modern American life. By Edw. Marshall. Adapt. fr. play of Edg. James. 363p.illus. 12mo. *Dill.* \$1.25n.

To quiet Belleville comes as companion and helper to Mrs. Hoffman Bettina Curtis, a girl who has been an artist's model. Her employer's husband has been mentally rebelling against age, in spite of having a grown-up son and daughter, and when he sees Bettina he falls in love with her and she leads him on. His wife divorces him, he marries Bettina and reaps the harvest of misery he richly deserves.

**REFLECTIONS OF A BEGINNING HUSBAND.** By E. S. Martin. 163p.12mo. *Harp.* \$1.20n.

The "beginning husband," whose reflections are here set forth, found a desirable young woman who, brought up to wealth, was still willing to marry him on \$60 a week. He tells how they managed to live with great contentment and what they thought on matters in general when viewed from their married estate.

**THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT.** By Thomas Nelson Page. 264p.12mo. *Scrib.* \$1.20n.

Short stories. *Contents:* The stranger's pew; The old planters; The stable of the inn; The shepherd who watched by night; The bigot; The trick-doctor; The outcast.

**BARBARA.** By Alice & Claud Askew. 319p. 12mo. *Moff., Y.* \$1.25n.

By authors of "The Shulamite." Barbara Carvel marries on short acquaintance Pierce Maloney, a charming Irishman, who takes her to his shabby castle to live. Here she learns that her husband had been married before, that he has two children and is poor instead of rich. Really loving her husband she adjusts herself to all this and is happy, when she is made a widow and loses her baby son by the same accident. Her life in Ireland afterwards and the part two men play in it finish the story.

**THE STRANGE CASES OF DR. STANCHON.** By Josephine Daskam Bacon. 362p.front.12mo. *Apltn.* \$1.30n.

Describes a series of inexplicable phenomena in the life history of a famous physician, which puzzle scientists and only medicine can explain. *Contents:* The key; The children; The crystal; The gospel; The gypsy; The warning; The legacy; The miracle; The unburied; The oracles.

**THE UPHILL CLIMB.** By B. M. Bower. Illus. by C. M. Russell. 283p.12mo. *Little, B.* \$1.25n.

By author of "Good Indian." Ford Campbell, cowboy with a capacity for drink, marries a girl one evening, and next morning can't remember why, what she looked like, nor where she went. None of his friends can help him. Then he meets a girl who exerts a refining influence over him, sympathizing with him, even while condemning his faults. He starts his uphill climb toward amounting to something, becomes foreman of the Double Cross Ranch, makes good after a hard fight, and then discovers the connection between his wild marriage and the present.

## Philosophy, Ethics, Psychology

**THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE.** By H. G. Wells. 61p.12mo. *Huebsch.* 60c.n.

Author shows that by utilizing the intellectual forces which have enabled us to write the history of the past, we may with reasonable certainty forecast the future.

**THE AMERICAN CHILD.** By Elizabeth McCracken. Illus. fr. photos. by Alice Austin. 203p.12mo. *H. Miff.* \$1.25n.

Instructive book saying a good word for the much criticised American child. Author considers the various phases of child life as they are seen at home, at play—among actual children—in the schoolroom, the library and the church. Book is composed, not of general statements about collective children, but of the narrative of actual observations of real, human, individual children. Chapters appeared in the *Outlook*.

**ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE;** talks with young men. By O. G. Cocks. 50p.16mo. *Assn. Press.* 25c.

*Contents:* Economic basis of marriage; Age of marriage; Common interests, standards, ideals, thoughts and beliefs; Why should the home be established away from relatives if possible?; Why is it wise to establish religious forms like grace, common prayer, church connections and generous giving? Topics were discussed by members of the Young Men's Bible Class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City. Author is secretary Laity League for Social Service, New York City.

**THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HENRI BERGSON.** By E. L. E. J. LeRoy. Trans. fr. the French by Vincent Benson. 245p.12mo. *Holt.* \$1.25n.

Authoritative and simple outline of the general trend of Professor Bergson's philosophy which should make it easier to read and understand his works.

**A FIRST COURSE IN PHILOSOPHY.** By J. E. Russell. 303p.12mo. *Holt.* \$1.50.

**THE NEW MORALITY.** By Edw. Isaacson. 219p. 12mo. *Moff., Y.* \$1.25n.

English edition of book published under the title "The Malthusian limit." Author in preface says: "We must after all come back to the logical consequence of the two propositions of Malthus; the human race can increase in geometrical ratio; and the food supply can increase only in arithmetical ratio. The whole race must face the problem of how to limit its members to the figures which can make the best use of the world's natural resources." Book will be interesting to those who are occupied with the study of eugenics and sociological problems.

**THE PATHOS OF DISTANCE;** a book of a thousand and one moments. By James G. Huneker. 402p.12mo. *Scrib.* \$2n.

Title is a phrase of Nietzsche's, which suggests the material of the book—papers written at various periods of the author's career. "The play-boy of western philosophy" is Bergson; "A philosophy of Philistines" is pragmatism. "The artist and his wife" is an amusing essay on the effect of matrimony on genius. Other titles are, The Celtic awakening; In praise of fireworks; Browsing among my books, etc.

**ZONES OF THE SPIRIT;** a book of thoughts. By August Strindberg. Trans. by Claud Field. Introd. by Arth. Babillotte. 314p.12mo. *Put.* \$1.25n.

When nearly sixty Strindberg, who in his life of intellectual activity had amassed an enormous amount of miscellaneous knowledge, began to collect and arrange all his experiences and investigations from the point of view he had then attained. Thus was composed his last important work, "Das blaue buch," her translated under title of "Zones of the spirit." It records his return to a belief in God, brought about

largely through his study of Swedenborg, also his views regarding the great poets, artists and thinkers, past and present.

### Religion, Theology

SERMON NOTES OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN, 1849-1878. Ed. by Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory. 367p.port.12mo. Longm. \$1.75n.

Cardinal Newman, after joining the Roman Catholic church, never read his sermons, as had been his custom while in Anglican communion. The notes here published were for the most part written out not before, but after, the sermon was preached.

THE HIGH CALLING. By Chas. Monroe Sheldon. 12mo. Doran. 50c.n.

(Home Reading Lib.)

WINDS OF DOCTRINE; studies in contemporary opinion. 220p. 12mo. Scrib. \$1.75n.

Contents: The intellectual temper of the age; Modernism and Christianity; The philosophy of M. Henri Bergson; The philosophy of Mr. Bertrand Russell; Shelley, or the poetic value of revolutionary principles; The general tradition in American philosophy.

THE MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES OF CALIFORNIA. By Zephyrin Englehard. v. 3, Upper California; pt. 2, General history. 671p. illus.fold.tabs.8vo. Barry. \$2.75n.

Takes up the mission history of California at the time (1812) when a comisario-prefecto was added to the ecclesiastical government. This officer was to represent the Fr. Commissary-General of the Indies and to transact the business affairs of the missionaries with the territorial government, whilst the Fr. Presidente attended to interior or disciplinary matters of the fathers. Gives history of Fr. Vincente Francisco de Sarriá (1812-18, 1824-30); Fr. Mariano Payeras (1819-23), both comisarios-prefectos, and the presidentes, Fr. José Sanan (1812-15, 1820-23); Fr. Mariano Payerás (1815-20); Fr. Narciso Duran (1824-27); Fr. José Bernardo Sanchez (1827-30).

THE POPYRI AT ELEPHANTINE. By Eduard Meyer. 12mo. Doran. \$1.50n.

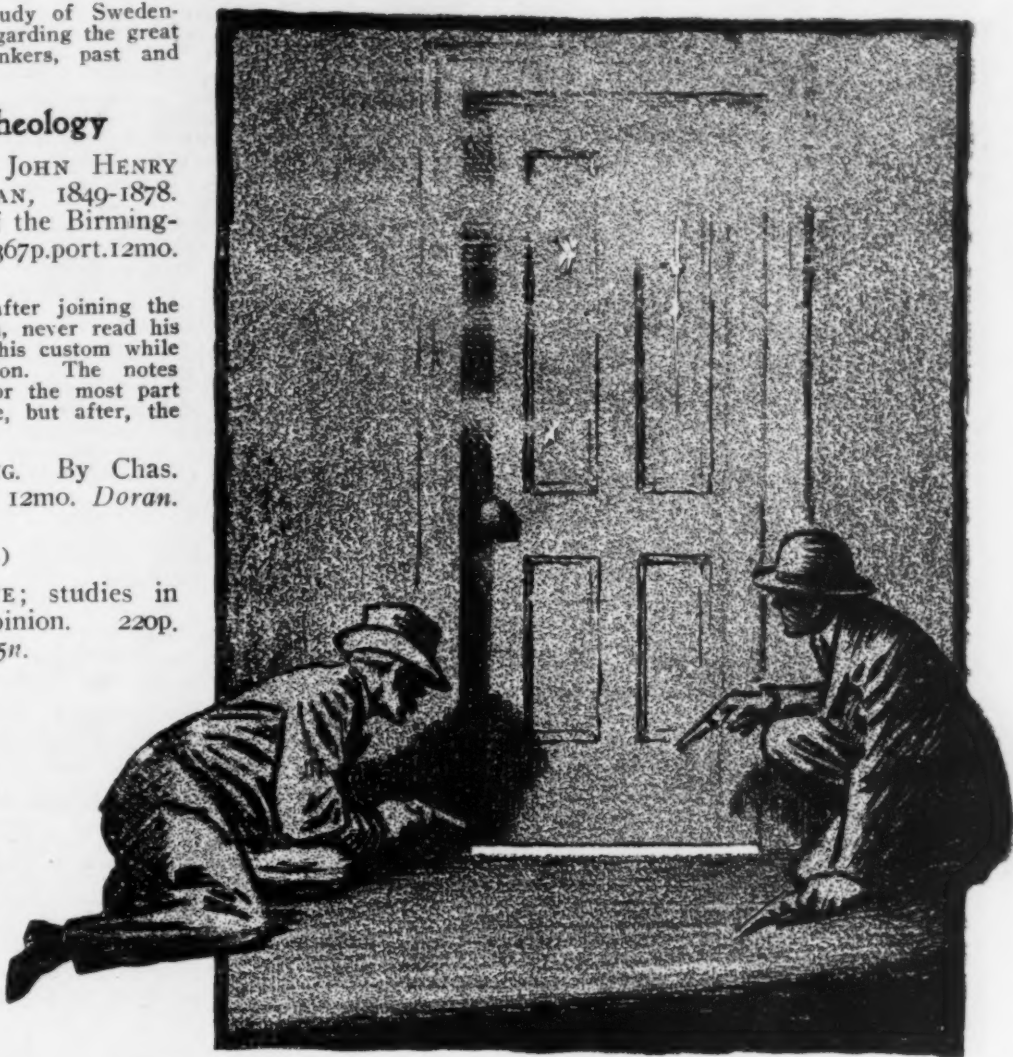
"The records of a Jewish community in the Persian period."

THE KORAN; OR, ALCORAN OF MOHAMMED. 538p.illus.8vo. Warne. \$2n.

"With explanatory notes and preliminary discourse by G. Sale; also readings from Savary's version with plans and illustrations. New ed. of an old work reprint, with the addition of 8 full-page il. of the celebrated mosques of the world."

THE COUNTRY CHURCH AND COMMUNITY CO-OPERATION. Ed. by H. Israel. 170p.12mo. Assn. Press. \$1.

Contents: Community co-operation; The country school and the country church, T. S. Settle; Religious education as a factor in training for country life, G. Wa. Fiske; A co-ordinating factor, H. Israel; Educational readjustment of country life, Mason S.



TWO MORE SHOTS TORE THROUGH AND SPRAYED US WITH SPLINTERS

FROM "LANAGAN, AMATEUR DETECTIVE"

BY EDWARD H. HURLBUT

Sturgis & Walton Company

Stone; How a whole community is being helped, Wickliffe Rose; Value of a social survey to a community, Hermann N. Morse; New rural South, Ja. H. Dillard; Play a socializing factor in rural communities, E. K. Jordan; Moral and educational value of athletics, H. D. Maydole, etc.

A HANDBOOK OF NORSE MYTHOLOGY. By Karl Mortensen. Trans. fr. the Danish by A. Clinton Crowell. 215p.16mo. Crow. 75c.n.

By professor of the University of Copenhagen. After a general introduction to the whole field, chapters occur on the myths relating to the creation of the world, on the gods and their life, on Ragnarok, the gods' crisis, on the ancient forms of worship and religious life, and on the common popular belief. The summary of the *Hero Stories* forms the last quarter of the book. Index.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By Joseph Estlin Carpenter. 256p.16mo. Holt. 50c.n.

Contents: Introductory; The panorama of religions; Religion in the lower culture; Spirits and gods; Sacred acts; Sacred products; Religion and morality; Problems of life and destiny. Index. (Home University Lib.)

SMITH AND THE CHURCH. By Harry H. Beattys. Introd. by Meredith Nicholson. 120p.8vo. Stokes. 60c.n.

Some months ago Meredith Nicholson published in



the *Atlantic Monthly* an article entitled "Should Smith go to church?" It stated the question of church-going from the point of view of the average business man, and put several searching questions. Mr. Beattys has taken these for his text, and here publishes a common-sense reply from the minister's standpoint. Among the chapter headings are: Who is Smith?; Why Smith does not go to church; Why shouldn't Smith play golf instead of going to church?; Is Smith wrong, or the church?; What shall the church do about Smith?

**LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS.** By Lyman Abbott, D.D. 176p. 12mo. *Dou.*, P. 60c.n.

Most of the letters have already appeared in the *Outlook*. Among them are: My confession of faith; A personal God; Nature and the Gospel; Are there three Gods?; The game of life; Can I love God?; Resting in God; Prayer; The second coming; Creative evolution; The Bible and the child, etc.

**THE GREEN BOUGH; a tale of the resurrection.** By Mrs. Mary H. Austin. Decorations by Fk. Bittner. front. 16mo. *Dou.*, P. 50c.n.

Author of "A woman of genius," etc., has studied the Bible closely for years, and here gives her account of the "Resurrection." Book is got up as an Easter gift.

**CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT.** By Father Robert Hugh Benson. 173p. 12mo. *Longm.* \$1.20n.

Record of the author's religious life and development, with accounts of the various stages of belief through which he passed, and of the influences which bore upon him. The book includes sketches of his home education, his school life, his ministry as a parochial clergyman in town and country, his membership in an Anglican religious community, and finally the stages by which he came to submit to Rome and his experiences in the city itself. The book is not definitely controversial; it is rather narrative and descriptive.

### Sociology, Economics

**HANDBOOK OF MUNICIPAL ACCOUNTING.** Bureau of Municipal Research. 348p. 12mo. *Appln.* \$2n.

"Prepared by the Metz fund from descriptive and critical data collected and constructive recommendations made." Citizen and official demand for exact information about city matters is daily becoming more and more insistent. Book is a simple exposition of a scientific system of accounting and reporting for municipal utilities which will produce complete, accurate and prompt information at the least possible cost.

**STARVING AMERICA.** By Alfred W. McCann. 270p. illus. 8vo. *Doran.* \$1.50n.

Contains appalling revelations as to the state of food-products and food-supplies generally in United States. Author proves that many prevalent diseases are due to improper nutrition and that the history of life on the earth is practically the history of foods. Purpose of the book is two-fold—to expose abuses which are sapping the strength of the race, and to point out their remedies. Various legislatures of the United States are already preparing to give some of his suggestions the authority of law.

**THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REVOLUTION.** By Gustave Le Bon. Trans. by Bernard Miall. 337p. 8vo. *Put.* \$2.50n.

Author of "The crowd: a study of the popular mind" here makes specific application of his theory of crowds to activities in which the influence of the masses is most far-reaching. He discusses the psychology of revolutions in general, whether religious or political, and the mental and emotional make-up of the leaders of such movements, with special attention to the French Revolution. Though French history is most largely drawn upon, still he also uses examples from universal history, even such recent events as the political crises in Turkey, Portugal and China. Index.

**AN ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.** By C. A. Beard. 337p. 8vo. *Macm.* \$2.25n.

By associate professor of politics, Columbia University. *Contents:* Historical interpretation in the United States; Survey of economic interests in 1787; The movement for the Constitution; Property safeguards in the election of delegates; Economic interests of the members of the convention; Constitution as an economic document; Political doctrines of the members of the convention; Process of ratification; Popular vote on the Constitution; Economic conflict over ratification as viewed by contemporaries; Index.

**THE FRAMING OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.** By Max Farrand. 290p. 8vo. *Yale Univ.* \$2n.

Professor of history in Yale University here gives clear, concise account of making of the Constitution. He tells what, after ten years of study, he believes the members of the convention had in mind in forming the new system of government, what they tried to do and what they actually accomplished.

**ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT; the story of the king's highway.** By Sidney & Beatrice Webb. 289p. 8vo. *Longm.* \$2.50n.

Account of how, in England and Wales, the roads have actually been made and managed, from earliest times down to the present day. Index.

**AMERICAN PATRIOTISM AND OTHER SOCIAL STUDIES.** By Hugo Münsterberg. 262p. 8vo. *Moff., Y.* \$1.50n.

Deals not only with American life, but also contemporary German life. *Contents:* American patriotism; The educational unrest; The case of the reporter; The new Germany; The German woman; Co-education; Household sciences; The Germans at school; Psychology and the navy.

**THE EDUCATION OF TO-MORROW.** By Arland Deyett Weeks. Intro. by M. V. O. Shea. 242p. 12mo. *St. & W.* \$1.25n.

Discusses question of educational aims and ideals and what should in our economic democracy be taught in our schools. Contends for closer relation between education and the life interests and work of the community. Begins with general considerations as to kinds of knowledge; passes thence to consider means of diffusing them; and proceeds finally to the formulation and justification of a curriculum, with due balance of subjects, from which in the author's judgment will spring a more general and vital culture than the nation can now boast. Index.

**EUROPEAN CITIES AT WORK.** By Frederic C. Howe. 384p. front. 12mo. *Scrib.* \$1.75n.

Presents a constructive view of the city of to-morrow. Municipal administration in Europe and especially in Germany, has become very largely social and industrial and in this book emphasis is laid on social side of city life, the new art of community living as well as on the business-like administration of European cities. Like author's "The city, the hope of democracy," etc., this is an appreciation of the possibilities of the city as an agency for relieving the costs which its coming has created. Index.

**KNOWING ONE'S OWN COMMUNITY.** By Carol Aronovici. 80p. 12mo. *Am. Unit. Assn. pap., gratis.*

(*Am. Unit. Assn., Dept. of Social and Public Service, Social Service Ser.*)

**SAN FRANCISCO RELIEF SURVEY.** By C. J. O'Connor, and others. 508p. illus. fold. maps. 8vo. *Russell Sage F.* \$3.50.

"The organization and methods of relief used after the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906." Little groups of devoted men and gently nurtured women sheltered in shacks, cooking their army rations over splintered shingles on a curbstone, gathered about a single candle and conspiring successfully together to



raise San Francisco from her ashes—that is the story of the rehabilitation of a stricken community told by a group of social workers in this book. Index.

**THE LARGER ASPECTS OF SOCIALISM.** By English Walling. 427p. 12mo. Macm. \$1.50n.

"By author of 'Socialism as it is.' Deals with the intellectual and spiritual side of Socialism. Taking as the point of departure the philosophy of modern science, which he shows to be wholly socialistic in its bearings, and wholly dependent upon Socialism for its practical applications, author first shows what results are reached by approaching each of the subjects discussed from this new standpoint, and then points out how the Socialist movement is moving along the same line. Index.

**GOLD, PRICES AND WAGES.** By J. A. Hobson. 194p. diagr. 12mo. Doran. \$1.25n.

"With an examination of the quantity theory." Popular scientific inquiry into the causes of the rise in prices. Is the increased cost of living caused by growing extravagance upon the part of all nations, and has the great increase in the production of gold lowered the purchasing power of a dollar. These are the questions asked and answered. Index.

**A PREFACE TO POLITICS.** By Wa. Lippmann. 318p. 12mo. Kenn. \$1.50n.

Attempt to sift and enrich the reform enthusiasms of our time, to give them the background of a critical philosophy and to illumine them with the modern spirit. Contents: Routineer and inventor; The taboo; The changing focus; The golden rule and after; Well meaning but unmeaning; the Chicago vice report; Some necessary iconoclasm; Making of creeds; The red herring; Revolution and culture.

**THE PRICE OF INEFFICIENCY.** By Fk. Koester. 463p. 8vo. St. & W. \$2n.

"Purpose of this book is to show where the frightful wastes are being incurred, in governmental and industrial, social and educational affairs, to point out remedies for reducing them to a minimum or eliminating them entirely, and to indicate new principles which may often operate not only to reduce and eliminate inefficient methods but to leave the field clear for efficiency."—Preface. Index.

**PRISON LABOR.** 240p. 8vo. Am. Acad. Pol. Sci. \$1.

**A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.** By B. G. Brawley. 263p. 12mo. Macm. \$1.25n.

Author is dean and professor of English in Atlanta Baptist College. Study of the history of the negro in America, beginning with their first introduction into the country, outlining their legal, political, economic and social status in the various states, down to the present. Their achievements in literature, art and invention are also discussed. Index.

**SABOTAGE.** By Emile Pouget. Trans. and introd. by Arturo M. Giovannitti. 108p. 16mo. Kerr. 50c.; pap., 25c.

Explains sabotage and its use as a weapon by the workmen of Europe, and advocates this method of dealing with employers as the most effective and logical solution of industrial problems.

**MONARCHICAL SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.** By Elmer Roberts. 200p. 8vo. Scrib. \$1.25n.

Author, who for many years represented the Associated Press in Germany, expounds clearly and briefly in this volume Germany's solution of those questions of social and industrial justice which are now to the fore in this country. Among them are: Unemployment insurance, Railroad regulation and rebates, Goodwill toward trusts, Labor exchanges, Elimination of the unskilled, and a clear exposition of the difference between state Socialism and the so-called "red Socialism." There is also a chapter showing the relation of the German Emperor to all of these reforms. Index.

**THE IMMIGRANT INVASION.** By Julian Frank Warne. 336p. illus. maps. 8vo. Dodd, M. \$2.50n.

Book tells where our great foreign population of more than 13,000,000 came from, the conditions under which it has moved to the United States, its racial composition, and how it has distributed itself in this country. It points out some of the innumerable national problems which its presence here has given rise to. Immigration of the present, which continues to make large additions to our foreign-born population, is contrasted with that of the past, and the differences in economic conditions pointed out. The newer immigration and its characteristics are also distinguished as to races from the older immigration. Conclusions of the author have been reached after fourteen years of study and investigation and are supported by an array of convincing facts. Index.

**WILL THE PRESENT UPWARD TREND OF WORLD PRICES CONTINUE?** By Irving Fisher. 28p. illus. 8vo. The auth. gratis.

**THE SOCIAL CENTER.** Ed. by Edward J. Ward. 360p. Apltn. \$1.50n.

The making the school-house the social center of the neighborhood is the basis of work. Author believes that the schoolhouse, being community property, should be utilized for community purposes. It should be a polling place, and before that the place for the discussion of political ideas. It should be a social center for the adults as well as the children. Index. Mr. Ward is supervisor Social Center Development, Rochester, N. Y. (National Municipal League Ser.)

**PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC.** By Frank Fox. 294p. 8vo. Small, M. \$2n.

The Pacific is the ocean of the future. There will be decided, in peace or in war, the next great struggle of civilization which will give as its prize the supremacy of the world. Shall it go to the white race or the yellow race? If to the white race, will it be under the British flag or the flag of the United States, or of some other nation? This is the problem discussed. Index.

**SYNDICALISM AND THE GENERAL STRIKE; an explanation.** By Arth. D. Lewis. 319p. 8vo. Small, M. \$2.50n.

Study of syndicalism throughout the world. Arguments for and against the general strike are summarized, this point being the principal contention between Syndicalists and Socialists. Book contains material not previously accessible, and provides data for forming an estimate of the importance of the movement and of those of its consequences most likely to be permanent. Index.

**AMERICAN SYNDICALISM: the I. W. W.** By John Graham Brooks. 264p. 12mo. Macm. \$1.50n.

Behind Syndicalism, it is claimed, is a revolutionary force sure to supersede the ways of ordinary labor organization on the one side and entangled political Socialism on the other. What is Syndicalism, what likelihood is there that its principles will be applied to American democracy with revolutionary power, are the questions asked and answered. Index.

**SYNDICALISM, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM AND SOCIALISM.** By John Spargo. 243p. 12mo. Huebsch. \$1.25n.

Presents a non-partisan statement of the situation, and shows what the author, as a believer in scientific Socialism, regards as the points of contact, and the differences between Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism and Socialism.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT SOCIALISM.** By Allen L. Benson. 188p. 12mo. Huebsch. \$1n.

Contents: To the disinherited; What socialism is and why it is; The virtuous grafters and their grave objections to socialism; Why socialists preach discontent; How the people may acquire the trusts; The

"private property" bogeyman; Socialism the lone foe of war; Why socialists oppose "radical politicians"; The truth about the coal question; Deathbeds and dividends; If not socialism—what?

## Women

**WOMAN'S SHARE IN SOCIAL CULTURE.** By Anna Garlin Spencer. 341p. 12mo. Kenn. \$2n.

*Contents:* The primitive woman; The ancient woman and the modern lady; The drama of the woman of genius; The day of the spinster; Pathology of woman's work; The vocational divide; The school and the feminine ideal; The social use of post-graduate mothers; The problems of marriage and divorce; Woman and the state. Chapters appeared serially in *The Forum*.

**WOMAN AND TO-MORROW.** By W. L. George. 187p. 12mo. Apltn. \$1.25n.

Author is a partisan of the emancipation of women, a believer in feminism which he defines as a furthering of the interests of women. These interests include the social and political emancipation of woman, the levelling of the sexes, so that there is no longer any question of inequality and woman is free to develop along any line she may choose and cause no stir or comment thereby.

**WAY STATIONS.** By Eliz. Robins. 371p. 12mo. Dodd, M. \$1.50n.

Made up of speeches and magazine articles linked together, with a brief narrative giving a succinct account of the main course of the new Woman's Movement in England. Explains the position and arguments of the Woman Suffragists covering the years 1906-13.

**WOMEN IN THE BOOK-BINDING TRADE.** By Mary Van Kleeck. Introd. by Henry R. Seager. 270p. pls. 8vo. Charities Pub. Com. \$1.50n.

Studies the bookbinding trade, one of the most important trades for women in New York City. It is also in many ways typical, employing every grade of worker, from the skilled craftsmen, doing artistic binding by hand, to the machine operator, hand folder, the wrapper, and the errand girl. Competition in it, between outgoing hand processes and incoming machine processes, is incessant. In some branches the work is regular, in others very irregular. There is a union in the trade to which some of the women belong, but most of them are unorganized. There are to be other studies of women's trades in New York City following this. Index. (Russell Sage Foundation Pubs.)

## Education

**HOW NEW YORK CITY ADMINISTERS ITS SCHOOLS;** a constructive study. By Ernest Carroll Moore. 331p. 12mo. World Bk. Co. \$1.50n.

Prof. Hanus was, during the school year 1911-12, placed in charge of the school inquiry undertaken by the Committee on School Inquiry of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of New York. He secured Dr. Moore's services to investigate the organization and work of the Board of Education and the local school boards. The committee rejected Dr. Moore's report, but afterwards published it in the *City Record* without the final chapter. It is here given in full, and should prove helpful to all interested in school administration. (School Efficiency Ser.; ed. by Paul H. Hanus.)

**A GUIDE TO THE MONTESSORI METHOD.** By Ellen Yale Stevens. Illus. fr. photos. 252p. illus. 12mo. Stokes. \$1n.

Book is an interpretation of the Montessori method for American mothers and teachers, with practical directions as to how to apply it, and a coherent explanation of its psychological basis. It includes a

logical presentation of the successive steps of the method, a description of the proper use of the material, suggestions as to adaptation of the method to American conditions; and it focuses the attention on the deeper, spiritual side of Dr. Montessori's message to our time, a side of the highest importance too much overlooked.

**COLLEGE LIFE.** By Le Baron Russell Briggs. 124p. 12mo. H. Mif. 35c.

"Essays reprinted from School, college, and character, and Routine and ideals." *Contents:* Transition from school to college; Mistakes of college life; College honor; Routine and ideals. By dean of Faculty of Arts and Sciences, Harvard University. (Riverside Literature Ser.)

**SCHOOL HYGIENE.** By F. B. Dresslar. 380p. illus. 8vo. Macm. \$1.25n.

(Brief Course Ser. in Education.)

## Law

**THE OLD LAW AND THE NEW ORDER.** By Geo. Wm. Alger. 295p. 12mo. H. Mif. \$1.25n.

Contribution to one of the most discussed topics of the day, i.e., the possibility of the adjustment of the old statute law to the changing conditions of modern life. In successive chapters author deals with Executive aggression; The courts and legislative freedom; Treadmill justice; The state as employer; American discontent with criminal law; Criticising the courts, the police judge and the public; Punishing corporations; The law on industrial equality; The ethics of production.

**THE CASE OF OSCAR SLATER.** By Sir Arth. Conan Doyle. 103p. 12mo. Doran. 50c. n.

Author makes use of the gifts with which he has endowed Sherlock Holmes to plead the cause of the victims of miscarriage of justice. He takes issue with the findings of an Edinburgh jury which three years ago convicted Oscar Slater of the murder of a young woman, Marion Gilchrist, who was found dead in her flat in Glasgow. Sir Arthur maintains that Slater is the victim of circumstantial evidence, and of his own evil reputation, precisely the same factors which led to a conviction in the famous case of Mrs. Maybrick.

**JUSTICE AND THE MODERN LAW.** By Everett V. Abbot. 313p. 12mo. H. Mif. \$1.60n.

Author, a member of the New York Bar, considers some of the fundamental problems of the administration of justice in the light of the complex and changing conditions of the present day. With insight and wide legal and practical information, he discusses both general principles of equity and the practical problems of justice as related to such far-reaching and vital matters as the enforcement of the Sherman Act, the independence of the judiciary, etc.

## Medicine, Hygiene

**COMMON DISEASES.** By Woods Hutchinson, M.D. 458p. 12mo. H. Mif. \$1.50n.

Deals popularly with such widespread discomforts as dyspepsia, catarrh, baldness, worry, sea-sickness, deafness, old age, etc. Index.

**MIND AND HEALTH.** By Edward E. Weaver. Introd. by G. Stanley Hall. 515p. 12mo. Macm. \$2n.

Study of the influence of mental states upon health has now entered upon the stage of exact investigation by both psychology and medicine. Book embodies some of the latest results of the psychological principles, as the author sees them, which govern health and promote healing. After a discussion of the influence of mind upon health, religious ground is entered upon and an examination of the various systems of healing of a religious character from the standpoint of present day scientific mental healing is made. Both the strong points and the weaknesses of these are pointed out. Index of subjects. Index of names.



**Engineering, Technology**

HOW TO DRIVE A MOTORCYCLE. By Chas. S. Lake. 44illus.12mo. *Sp. & C.* 25c.

MINES AND THEIR STORY. By J. Bernard Mannix. illus.8vo. *Lipp.* \$3.75n.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Melvin Thos. Copeland. 427p.8vo. *Harvard Univ.* \$2n.

"Awarded the David A. Wells prize for the year 1911-12 and published from the income of the David A. Wells fund." American cotton manufacturing industry, including the spinning, weaving, finishing, and knitting branches, is described in detail. In tracing history of growth of industry particular emphasis is laid on the period since the Civil War. Advantages of the northern and southern mills are compared. Progress in technique and the adaptation to American conditions are followed, and labor conditions are discussed. In connection with the import trade conclusions are drawn concerning the tariff. Second section of the book is devoted to a comparison of the natural advantages, equipment, labor cost, and industrial and commercial organization of the cotton industry in Europe and America at the present time. Index. (*Harvard Economic Studies.*)

EVOLUTION OF THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE. By E. Butler. 238p.illus.8vo. *Lipp.* \$3n.

MACHINE DESIGN. By C. H. Benjamin & J. D. Hoffman. 352p.8vo. *Holt.* \$3.

First author is dean of the Schools of Engineering, Purdue University, second is professor of mechanical engineering and practical mechanics, University of Nebraska.

MOTOR-CAR PRINCIPLES; THE GASOLINE AUTOMOBILE. By Roger Bradbury Whitman. New ed. 354p.12mo. *Apln.* \$1.50n.

MOTOR BOATING FOR BOYS. By Chas. Gerard Davis. 85p.illus.maps.12mo. *Harp.* 50c.n.

Contents: Simple types of boats for motors; The gasoline-engine; How the engine works; Installing the engine; Gasoline-tanks and carbureters; Ignition and oiling; Running the engine; The hydroplane; Sign-boards and lamp-posts of the water; Rules of the road.

HORSE, TRUCK AND TRACTOR; the Coming of Cheaper Power for City and Farm. By Herbert N. Casson and others. 212p.illus. 8vo. *Browne.* \$1.50n.

Discusses the practical solution of the problem of cheaper power for city and farm. Herbert N. Casson takes up the Horse-cost of living; Rollin W. Hutchinson, jr., discusses motor trucks and their various uses, while Lynn W. Ellis has the portion of the book devoted to tractor engines.

THE LAWS OF AVANZINI; laws of planes moving at an angle in air and water. By Lt.-Col. de Villamil. 23p.3illus.2pls.8vo. *Sp. & C.* 80c.

GUARDIANS OF THE COAST; the lighthouses and lights of the world. By Fred'k A. Talbot. illus.8vo. *Lipp.* \$1.50n.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LAMP. By Basil Barham. 206p. 25illus.2pls.10tabs.8vo. *Van N.* \$2n.

"WATER SUPPLY" AND "DRAINAGE" SYSTEMATIZED. By C. E. Housden. 28p.illus.12mo. *Longm.* 60c.n.

Supplement to author's "Precise calculation of pipe drain and sewer dimensions"; may be used separately to get approximate dimensions of pipes needed.

**Business**

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS. By Wm. Ganson Rose. 348p.12mo. *Duff.* \$1.25n.

"To attain success in business, the first step is the selection of a goal," author says in his introduction. First part of book consists of a brief view of the field of business and the general goals it has to offer. Parts 2, 3 and 4 suggest practical ways for strengthening character, knowledge and power, so that one may more easily achieve success. (*Success Ser.*)

THE WHAT-SHALL-I-DO GIRL. By Isabel Woodman Waitt. Illus. by Jessie Gillespie. 332p.12mo. *Page.* \$1.25n.

When Joy Kent, fresh from the public schools, finds herself alone in the world and thrown on her own resources, she looks about to see how she can support herself. She writes to a number of girls asking each how she equipped herself for a salary-earning career. She gets replies from girls in all sorts of work from millinery to nursing, and also advice from a young man. In the end she takes his.

THE EFFICIENT AGE. By Herbert Kaufman. 142p.12mo. *Doran.* 75c.n.

Epigrammatic essays of business common sense. Hortatory and imperative without arousing antagonism.

ADDISON BROADHURST, MASTER MERCHANT; the intimate history of a man who came up from failure. By E. Mott Wooley. 278p. 12mo. *Dou., P.* \$1.25n.

Narrative of adventure in business. From a country boy to the head of a successful department store, Broadhurst goes through a series of experiences that keep the reader interested. Story of the growth of a great department store from the beginning is told. This is not a story of business success so much as a revelation of the man who won by keen analysis and sheer determination in spite of many failures and several false starts.

THE VALUE OF ORGANIZED SPECULATION. By Harrison H. Brace. 302p.tabs.8vo. *H. Miff.* \$1.50n.

Study of speculation upon the exchanges, presenting both advantages and disadvantages in order that the net value of organized speculation as an economic and social factor may be truly estimated. It is held that the ever-varying factors act and react upon one another in great complexity, causing the numerous changes in price. Besides the direct effect upon prices, indirect effects are considered, such, for instance, as the facilities for hedging afforded by the speculative markets. In a chapter on Moral and social value, the fact that speculation ministers to the passion for gambling is given due weight. Index. (*Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays.*)

EXPORT MANUAL. By R. S. Ardrey. 96p.8vo. *Auth.* \$1.

"Suggestions for the manufacturer or sales manager in handling export trade."

THE PROGRESSIVE BUSINESS MAN. By Orison Swett Marden. 174p.12mo. *Crow.* \$1n.

Chapters are full of the new theory in business of making the utmost of every bit of capital invested, whether in plant, store, employees, or the employer himself. Special emphasis is given to the necessity for thoroughgoing system, for co-operation between employer and employees, for eternal vigilance, for applying the knife where there is dry rot or deadwood, and above all for protecting one's good reputation. (*Marden Efficiency Books.*)

THE EXCEPTIONAL EMPLOYEE. By Orison Swett Marden. 218p.12mo. *Crow.* \$1n.

Contents: The exceptional employee; Self-discovery; Conquering an uncongenial environment; The power of enthusiasm; The man who knows how; Self-confidence gets the job; Why a good appearance wins; Getting the position that calls out your best; Health as business capital; Things that keep you back; Push



yourself ahead. Put your best into everything; In cheating your employer you cheat yourself; The salary not in your pay envelope; Keep your working standards up; Gray hairs seeking a job; All work and no play a bad policy; Keep sweet; Be dead in earnest; Make your work your masterpiece. (Marden Efficiency Books.)

**COLLECTING BY LETTER.** By W. A. Shryer and others. 2 v. 12mo. *Mich. Business Service Corporation.* \$3.

Considers problem of getting money when it is due, of preventing overdue accounts from becoming difficult or hopeless to collect, of cutting down business losses due to bad debts. There are 250 forms and letters which have been chosen from the contributions of some 3500 different men who are making a daily work of collections. These are not theoretical, but are tested and proved money pullers. They can be used in any business with little or no modification.

**PETE CROWTHER: SALESMAN.** By Elmer E. Ferris. Illus. by G. C. Widney. 205p. 12mo. *Dou., P.* \$1.10n.

Principles of salesmanship, and incidentally some of life, in humorous narrative form.

**ADVERTISING AS A BUSINESS FORCE;** a compilation of experience records. By Paul Terry Cherington. 584p. 12mo. *Dou., P.* \$2n.

Plan embraces the selection of records of experiences showing how advertising activities have been related to the selling results they were designed to produce. Records are compiled under headings corresponding to chapter divisions and these general headings are arranged in two main groups. First discusses organization of the distribution system for handling goods sold ultimately at retail, and discusses advertising aspects of the successive steps; second is devoted to a discussion of present-day advertising problems and methods. Index.

### Science

**THE ATMOSPHERE.** By A. J. Berry. 150p. illus. ports. 16mo. *Put.* 40c.n.

(*Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature.*)

**SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR.** Second Series. By Sir Edn. Ray Lankester. 425p. illus. 12mo. *Holt.* \$2n.

Popular papers on scientific subjects. *Contents:* Day in the Oberland; Switzerland in early summer; Glaciers; Problem of the galloping horse; Jewel in the toad's head; Fern-seed; Laughter; Fatherless frogs; Pygmy races of men; Eastertide, shamrocks and spermaceti; Carriers of disease; Misconceptions about science, etc. Index.

**THE STARS AND THEIR STORIES;** a book for young people. By Alice M. M. Griffith. Illus. by Marg. Borroughs. 285p. 12mo. *Holt.* \$1.25n.

Designed to interest young people in the stars, to stimulate their imagination, to furnish them with the most interesting of the stories, myths and poems which have grown up around the stars and to give simple directions for the hunting out of constellations and stars. Index.

**THE ELECTRICAL PROPERTIES OF FLAMES AND OF INCANDESCENT SOLIDS.** By H. A. Wilson. 126p. illus. 8vo. *Doran.* \$2.25n.

**SEEING NATURE FIRST.** By Moores Clarence Weed. Illus. by W. J. Beecroft and fr. photos. 308p. 8vo. *Lipp.* \$2n.

The things seen in our woods and fields are the

subjects of these sketches of nature. Author is an ardent nature lover and his object to lead to a fuller appreciation of the interest and significance of the teeming life around us as well as its great beauty. There are many illustrations and the book is attractively bound.

**OUR OWN WEATHER.** By E. C. Martin. 280p. illus. maps. 12mo. *Harp.* \$1.25n.

Simple account of how weather comes about, of its changes of aspect from season to season; of the signs which announce its activity, with scientific explanations of winds, storms, floods, cyclones, droughts, blizzards, hot-waves, etc. Index.

**THE LIVING PLANT;** a description and interpretation of its functions and structure. By W. F. Ganong. 490p. illus. 8vo. *Holt.* \$3.50n.

Facts about the life of plants, including a description and explanation of their physiological processes, together with a discussion of the causes, determining their structures, forms, colors, and sizes, and of the principles underlying their evolution and their improvement by man. Index. (*American Nature Ser.*)

**THE FITNESS OF ENVIRONMENT.** By Lawrence J. Henderson. 342p. 12mo. *Macm.* \$1.50n.

"An inquiry into the biological significance of the properties of matter; in part delivered as lectures in the Lowell Institute, February, 1913." Discussions of the physical and chemical characteristics of life and cosmogony, and of the properties of matter in their biological relations. Index. By assistant professor of biological chemistry, Harvard University.

**MAN AND HIS FUTURE;** a glimpse from the fields of science. By Wm. Sedgwick. 216p. 8vo. *Lipp.* \$2n.

**THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR;** biological and psychological foundations. By Maurice Parmelee. 450p. illus. 8vo. *Macm.* \$2n.

Author has brought together the results of recent work in biology in general and in zoology and neurology in particular, in genetic and comparative psychology, and in anthropology, and has shown the significance of this work for the analysis of human behavior. Index.

**OUR VANISHING WILD LIFE;** its extermination and preservation. By Wm. Temple Hornaday. 426p. illus. ports. maps. 8vo. *Scrib.* \$1.50.

**THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF LIFE.** By Benjamin Moore. 256p. 16mo. *Holt.* 50c.n.

*Contents:* Physical and psychical evolution; Genesis of electrons and atoms; Chemical evolution in the suns; Chemical compounds on earth; Building materials for living matter; Evolution of colloids; The origin of life; How life came to earth; The living organism at work; Cyclic activities of life: waking and sleeping; fatigue and recuperation. Author is University of Liverpool professor of bio-chemistry. Index. (*Home University Lib.*)

**TREES AND HOW THEY GROW.** By A. Clarke Nuttall. Autochromes by H. Essenhigh Corke and illus. fr. photos. by the auth. 195p. 8vo. *Cass.* \$2n.

*Contents.* Hazel; Elms; Yew; Larch; Willows; Alder; Hornbeam; Poplars; Ash; Silver birch; Hawthorn; Walnut; Oak; Rowan; Beech; Plane; Holly; Sycamore; Horse chestnut; Scots pine; Wayfaring tree and guelder rose; Elder; Lime or linden; Sweet chestnut. Trees are in approximate order of their flowering during spring and summer months in England.

**THE BEAVER WORLD.** By Enos Abijah Mills. Illus. fr. photos. by the auth. 240p.8vo. H. Mifflin. \$1.75n.

Author has studied beaver and their works at close range for many years. He regards them as the most intelligent of wild animals, and gives many instances of resourcefulness and ingenuity that point to the possession of a reasoning faculty. Not only do they dam streams, build houses, and gather supplies for the winter; they often excavate long canals for transportation purposes and conduct elaborate engineering operations to meet difficulties encountered in their work. Mr. Mills tells the stories of some of the beaver colonies and individual beaver he has known and watched year after year. Index.

**BABY BIRDS AT HOME.** By Richard Kearton. Illus. fr. photos. by Cherry & Grace Kearton. 143p.12mo. Cass. \$1.25n.

Accounts of bird babies and the interesting habits of their parents written for children.

**SUMMER IN A BOG.** By Mrs. Katharine Dooris Sharp. 149p.12mo. Stew. & K. \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

**SPRING FLOWERS.** By Chester Arthur Darling. 114p.12mo. Auth. 75c.

This is an abridged edition of the "Handbook of the wild and cultivated flowering plants" published this year.—*Preface.* Contains a key to the wild plants and cultivated trees and shrubs which flower during March, April and May, and a key to the cultivated herbs in gardens. Glossary. Index.

### Building, House-Furnishing

**THE NEW BUILDING ESTIMATOR.** 11th ed., rev. and enl. By Wm. Arthur. 733p.illus.tabs. diagrs.12mo. D. Williams Co. \$3.

"A practical guide to estimating the cost of labor and material in building construction, from excavation to finish; with various practical examples of work presented in detail, and with labor figured chiefly in hours and quantities; a handbook for architects, builders, contractors, appraisers, engineers, superintendents and draftsmen."

**"PLAN-KRAFT."** 56p.illus.plans.12mo. De Luxe Bldg. Co. 25c.

"More homes by the De Luxe Building Company for progressive people who wish to build homes that are different; introducing our latest and newest modified Swiss chalet and Japanese architecture, together with a newer creation of the bungalow; two story homes. 1913 ed."

**CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW CO., 1913.** Ed. de Luxe; a collection of the latest designs dedicated to the lover of a convenient home. 95p.illus.plans.12mo. J. Yoho. \$1.

**RADFORD'S BRICK HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.** 227p.4to. Radford Arch. Co. \$1.

"A standard collection of new, original, and artistic designs for brick houses, apartments, stores and flats, garages, etc.; together with complete instruction in the manufacture of brick and its practical uses as a building material; every plan designed and executed by a corps of licensed architects of the highest professional standing, assisted by a staff of expert draftsmen; over 300 designs and details."

**DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE, FURNITURE AND ORNAMENT OF ENGLAND FROM THE FOURTEENTH TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.** By Geo. Henry Polley. 77p.illus.fol. G. H. Polley & Co. \$40.

"Comprising photographic and measured drawings of exteriors, interiors and details."

### Agriculture, Gardening

**THE COUNTRY-LIFE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.** By L. H. Bailey. 231p.12mo. Macm. 50c.n.

(Rural Outlook Ser.)

**A FIRST BOOK OF RURAL SCIENCE.** By J. J. Green. 154p.illus.12mo. Macm. 50c.n.

**THE NEW GARDENING.** By Walter Page Wright. Illus. in col. and fr. photos. 400p. 8vo. Dow, P. \$2.

Includes chapters on borders, rock gardens, roses, sweet peas, carnations, tulips, daffodils, Japanese gardens, sun-dials, pergolas, water gardens, trees, shrubs, apples and pears, berries and vegetables. Index.

**SHEEP-FARMING IN NORTH AMERICA.** By John Alexander Craig. 320p.maps.12mo. Macm. \$1.50n.

*Contents:* Position of sheep in profitable sheep farms and their equipment; Breeds of sheep; British breeds of sheep; Formation of a flock; The improvement of the flock; Autumn, winter, spring and summer management of the flock; Wool; Early lamb raising; Fattening sheep; Preparation of sheep for show; Diseases. Author is professor of animal husbandry at the University of Wisconsin and in the Iowa State College, director of the agricultural experiment stations in Texas and Oklahoma. Index.

**DAIRY TECHNOLOGY.** By C. Larsen & W. White. 311p.figs.8vo. Wiley. \$1.50n.

"A treatise on the city milk supply; milk as a food, ice-cream making, by-products of the creamery, fermented milks, condensed and evaporated milks, milk powder, renovated butter, and oleomargarine."

**COÖPERATION IN NEW ENGLAND, URBAN AND RURAL.** By Jas. Ford. Introd. by Francis G. Peabody. 258p.fold.tab.12mo. Charities Pub. Co. \$1.50.

Scores of co-operative stores in America have succeeded, but hundreds have failed. The general public has been indifferent until the rapidly rising cost of living has driven housewives to their wits' end and led to the formation of housewives' leagues, neighborhood buying clubs, municipal markets, etc. Book discusses the causes of failure and of success. Author shows that in all the failures of co-operative stores in New England, the causes of failure were the same; in all the successes, those causes were absent. And he shows that the stores which have succeeded have paid profits—and paid them to the purchasers. Index. (Russell Sage Foundation Pubs.)

**CONSTRUCTIVE RURAL SOCIOLOGY.** By John Morris Gillette. Introd. by Geo. E. Vincent. 314p.8vo. St. & W. \$2n.

Purpose is to organize information with a view to improving the actual present situation. Pt. I. treats of the scope, meaning and importance of rural sociology; pt. II. studies the various types of rural communities in relation to their environment, physical and non-physical; pt. III. considers the question of population—the drift to the cities, and the social, economic, and other explanations of the phenomenon; pt. IV. is given to rural problems and solutions offered or suggested. It considers the lack of social attractions, advantages and disadvantages of farm life, improvement in the business side of farming, etc. Index.

**THE CALL OF THE LAND;** popular chapters on topics of interest to farmers. By E. B. Andrews. 400p.illus.ports.12mo. Judd. \$1.50n.

Essays on farming in the West. Taking up cattle raising, sheep farming, irrigation, questions of farm life and economy, promoters, sketches of pioneers, etc.

**A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL FARMING.** By John McLennan. 306p.12mo. Macm. 50c.

(Macmillan's Standard Lib.)



**COÖPERATION IN AGRICULTURE.** By G. H. Powell. 342p.illus.12mo. *Macm.* \$1.50n.

Book deals with the general principles of co-operation. How to organize co-operative societies, how to finance them, simple organizations and constitutional documents, by-laws and general advice as to the administration of the associations or societies are all considered. The author describes at some length the most famous organizations, such as those which are handling citrus fruits in California, the farmers' grain elevators systems and the present co-operation in the creamery and butter business. Index. By general manager of California Fruit Growers' Exchange. (*Rural Science Ser.*)

**A SELF-SUPPORTING HOME.** By Kate V. Saint Maur. 355p.illus.fr.photos.12mo. *Macm.* 50c.n. (*Macmillan Standard Lib.*)

**FARM MANAGEMENT.** By G. F. Warren. 608p.illus.tabs.12mo. *Macm.* \$1.75n.

Professor of farm management, New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, discusses at length the various phases of farm efficiency. Among topics treated are: Selection and purchase of a farm; Selection of the type of farming adapted to the conditions; Most efficient size of farm for different kinds of farming; Horses and equipment; Capital and its proper distribution in the farm business; Ways of starting farming with small capital; Methods of renting farms with their advantages from the standpoints of the owner and farmer; Management of machinery, horses and men; Field and building management; Cropping and feeding systems; Marketing of farm products; Methods of keeping farm records and accounts. (*Rural Text-book Ser.*)

**THE COMPLETE GARDENER.** By H. H. Thomas, and others. 595p.illus.fr.photos.front in col. tabs.8vo. *Cass.* \$3.50n.

**MAKING THE FARM PAY.** By C. C. Bowsfield. 300p.12mo. *Forbes.* \$1n.

Practical book telling how to increase the earnings of the land and make farm life more attractive. Farm opportunities, methods of intensive soil production, the marketing of produce, and all phases of agriculture are considered by a farming expert.

**HOW TO KEEP BEES FOR PROFIT.** By D. Everett Lyon. 339p.front.12mo. *Macm.* 50c.n. (*Macmillan Standard Lib.*)

**THE COUNTRY LIFE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.** By Liberty Hyde Bailey. 212p.12mo. *Macm.* 50c. (*Macmillan Standard Lib.*)

**HOW TO GROW VEGETABLES AND GARDEN HERBS.** By Allen French. 337p.illus.12mo. *Macm.* 50c.

"A practical handbook and planting table for the vegetable gardener." (*Macmillan's Standard Lib.*)

**THE FARMER OF TOMORROW.** By F. J. Anderson. 315p.12mo. *Macm.* \$1.50n.

Brings together for popular consideration the two fundamental factors affecting the business of farming. "First, the floor space of the American farmer in terms of land, and, second, the resources of the land itself, in terms of soil fertility." The "where" and "how" of farming and their inter-relation. Chapters: Farmer of yesterday; Line of least resistance; The gleaners; Dry lands and the forests; Division of soils and the specialization of crops; Bookkeeping theory of soil fertility; Soil as an immutable asset; Evidence of history and research; Soil, sanitation.

**INSECTICIDES, FUNGICIDES AND WEEDKILLERS.** By E. Bourcart. 466p.illus.8vo. *Van N.* \$4.50.

"A practical manual on diseases of plants and their

remedies, for the use of manufacturing chemists, agriculturists, arboriculturists and horticulturists; tr. from the French; rev. and adapt. to British standards and practice by Donald Grant."

**WHAT ENGLAND CAN TEACH US ABOUT GARDENING.** By Wilhelm Miller. 377p.illus. fr. photos and plates in col.8vo. *Dou., P.* \$4n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

**THE GASOLINE ENGINE ON THE FARM.** By Xenophon Whiting Putnam. Fully illus. by 179 carefully selected engravings. 527p.12mo. *Henley.* \$2.50.

"A practical, comprehensive treatise on the construction, repair, management and use of this great farm power as applied to all farm machinery and farmer's work indoors and out."

**MODERN STRAWBERRY GROWING.** By Albert E. Wilkinson. 216p.12mo. *Dou., P.* \$1.10n.

Practical manual of strawberry-growing, giving full details as to varieties, planting, cultivation, soils, etc. Index.

**THE HOME POULTRY BOOK.** By E. I. Farrington. 165p.illus. *McB., N.* \$1n.

**THE FOX TERRIER.** By Williams Haynes. 121p. front.16mo. *Out.* 70c.n.

(*Outing Hdbks.*)

## Household Science

**HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD HANDBOOK;** a guide to easy ways of doing woman's work. 205p.16mo. *Harp.* \$1n.

This book tells in detail how to take care of a house: how to polish floors, whitewash, paper the walls; how to keep it clean and free from insects and vermin; how to wash everything from blankets to fine laces; how to mend china, furniture, and clothes; how to choose dress goods, how to make and remake them; how to buy food and how to keep it; how to take out spots and stains; how to make plants grow indoors, and how to take care of pets; how to nurse the sick at home, and what to do if a child is burned or poisoned.

**A TABLE FOR TWO;** good things to eat. By Eldene Davis. 217p.12mo. *Forbes.* \$1n.

Good things to eat, with recipes given in quantities for two persons.

**FOOD AND FLAVOR;** a gastronomic guide to health and good living. By Henry T. Finch. Illus. by C. S. Chapman. 612p.8vo. *Cent.* \$2n.

Without flavor food is not appetizing and does more harm than good. To ascertain best ways of raising and preparing foods, author has traveled repeatedly in Europe, noting the secrets of garden and cuisine in France, England, Germany, Austria and Italy, the specialties of each country being described. There is a scathing chapter on Ungastronomic America, in which the adulteraters and denaturers of our foods are mercilessly lashed, followed by one on Gastronomic America, in which present blessings and future prospects are considered. It is a discussion of science of good cooking and wholesome eating. Index.

**CANDIES AND BON-BONS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.** By Marion Harris Neil. 294p.illus.12mo. *McKay.* \$1n.

By cookery editor, *The Ladies Home Journal*, and principal Philadelphia Practical School of Cookery.

**PRINCIPLES OF JELLY MAKING.** By Nellie Esther Goldthwaite. 19p.8vo.pap. *Univ. of Ill.* gratis.

(*Dept. of Household Science Bull.*)



SOME POINTS IN CHOOSING TEXTILES. By Charlotte Mitchell Gibbs. 20p.illus.8vo. Univ. of Ill. gratis.

(Dept. of Household Science Bull.)

THE PRISCILLA IRISH CROCHET BOOK, No. 2. Ed. by Eliza A. Taylor. 48p.illus.4to. Pris. Pub. 25c.

"A collection of patterns from the *Modern Priscilla*, with beautiful new designs never before published."

THE CHILD; its care, diet and common ills. By E. Mather Sill. 215p.illus.16mo. Holt. \$1n.

Contains information about feeding, clothing, airing and exercise of infants and young children. Teaches how to distinguish the different diseases of children and gives a list of antidotes for poisons. By lecturer in diseases of children at New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. Index.

### Fine Arts

ART FOR LIFE'S SAKE. By C. H. Caffin. 287p. 12mo. Prang. \$1.25.

In his preface author says: "I have tried to show that the idea of beauty, not metaphorically but actually, involves whatever makes for the healthful and happy growth of the individual and collective life. Inspired by this ideal of beauty and working through the methods of the artist, men and women may become artists of their own lives and operate as artists in the whole life of the community." This supreme art of living should be the controlling aim of education. Index.

THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART. 254p.illus. in col.4to. Lane. \$3n.; pap., \$2.50n.

Review of the latest developments in the artistic construction, decoration, and furnishing of the house.

INEXPENSIVE BASKETRY. By W. S. Martin. 45p.8vo. Man. Ars. Pr. pap., 25c. (Manual Training Reprints, Ser. A.)

METALWORK AND ENAMELING. By Herbert Maryon. Illus. by Cyril Pearce. 140p. 8vo. Scrib. \$3n.

Practical treatise on gold and silversmith's work and their allied crafts.

THE ENGRAVINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE; a critical study; together with a catalogue raisonné. By A. G. B. Russell. illus.4to. H. Mif. \$6n.

CHURCH BELLS OF ENGLAND. By Henry Beauchamp Walters. 420p.illus fr. photos. and drawings. Oxf. U. P. \$3n. (Church Art in England Ser.)

THE SWISS CHALET BOOK. By W. S. B. Dana. 151p.illus.4to. Comstock. \$2.50n.

"A minute analysis and reproduction of the chalets of Switzerland, obtained by a special visit to that country, its architects, and its chalet homes; profusely ill. from architects' plans and photographs, special photographs, and classic works." Gives history, evolution and construction of the chalet in Switzerland. The Swiss chalet in America and its use in California is also discussed and illustrated.

SOME ASPECTS OF GIPSY MUSIC. By D. C. Parker. 61p.16mo. Scrib. 75c.n.

Treats briefly of the characteristics of the Romany music, then of the gipsy and the musician. Appendix gives translation of some gipsy songs and music with one of them.

COMPOSITION. 7th ed., rev. and enl. By Arth. Wesley Dow. 128p.illus. (part. in col.) fol. Dou., P. \$4n.

"A series of exercises in art structure for the use of students and teachers."

HISTORY OF OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE. By Fredk. Bradbury. 552p.4to. Macm. \$12n.

"Being an account of the origin, growth, and decay of the industry, and of the antique silver and white or britannia metal trade; with chronological lists of makers' marks and numerous illustrations of specimens."

HARRISON FISHER'S AMERICAN GIRLS IN MINIATURE. 35p.pls.port.8vo. Scrib. 75c.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY, VENICE, PADUA, VICENZA, VERONA, FERARA, MILAN, FRIULI, BRESCIA, FROM THE FOURTEENTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. In 3 v. By J. A. Crowe & G. Cavalcaselle. Ed. by T. Borenius. illus.8vo. Scrib. \$18n.

Text and notes of original edition (1871) are reprinted verbatim, the only alterations being: correction of misprints and obvious slips, changes in catalogue number of pictures and the official names of galleries, and such corrections and additions as the authors had already made in manuscript notes to first edition. Editor has added some notes of his own, containing new facts brought to light in the last forty years. Index.

THE VAN EYCKS AND THEIR ART. By Wm. Henry Jas. Weale & Maurice W. Brockwell. 363p.illus.8vo. Lane. \$4n.

Writers have brought together and printed in chronological order all documents yet discovered on the subject of the Van Eycks. All bibliographical references have been verified, and every effort made to secure accuracy. There is besides a biographical sketch of Hubert and John Van Eyck, a catalogue raisonné of their works, a list of lost paintings, list of pictures (and some drawings) sold at public auction under the name of Van Eyck, 1662-1912, etc. Index.

### Sports, Games, Amusements

DANCES OF THE PEOPLE. Comp. by Eliz. Burchenal. 83p.illus.F. Schirmer. \$2.50n.; pap., \$1.50n.

"A second volume of folk-dances and singing games; containing 27 folk-dances of England, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Switzerland; with the music, full directions for performance."

THE ART OF GOLF. By Joshua Taylor. Chap. on Evolution of the Bunker, by J. H. Taylor. 161p.illus.12mo. Out. \$1.2n.

Written from the point of view of the average player, not the expert or champion. Author is an English professional, brother of a former golf champion.

### Literature—Poetry and Drama

ENJOYMENT OF POETRY. By Max Eastman. 233p.12mo. Scrib. \$1.25n.

Poetic impulse, perception, in conversation, and in literature, author reasons, is one and the same. It is the impulse to realize. He distinguishes this from the practical impulse, which is to achieve, or adapt one's self to an environment. Traces these two impulses and illustrates them in the very beginnings of experience, in the play of children, in the origin and growth of language, in slang and profanity, in everyday conversation, and finally in books of poetry and science. Explains relation of rhythm to the mood of realization, and analyzes the various branches of poetry from a psychological as opposed to a rhetorical standpoint.

THE YALE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. Ed. by F. R. Lounsbury. 628p.12mo. Oxf. U. P. \$2.25n.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF VICTORIAN VERSE. Comp. by Sir Arth. T. Quiller-Couch. 1040p. 12mo. *Oxf. U. P.* \$1.90n.; *In pap. ed.*, 16mo., \$2.60n.

POEMS. By Herb. Kaufman. 96p. 12mo. *Doran*. \$1.25n.

CHILD OF THE AMAZONS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Max Eastman. *Kenn*. \$1n.

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. The Tragedie of Ivlivs Cæsar. Ed. by Horace Howard Furness, jr. 493p. 8vo. *Lipp*. \$4.

Work of finishing this remarkable edition will be carried on by Dr. Furness's son, who had worked with his father, and edited two volumes already published. This volume is uniform with the others, and maintains the high level of excellence established by Dr. Furness.

EDUCATIONAL DRAMATICS; a handbook on the educational player method. By Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry. 69p. 12mo. *Moff., Y.* 50c.

Work is intended to meet the immediate need of those actually doing dramatic work; teachers, club leaders or amateur players who wish to measure their results to an improved educational and dramatic standard. Practical methods are therefore set forth, rather than philosophy. Underlying principles are simplified to the immediate purpose of accomplishing satisfactory entertainment results. At the same time, the teacher is guarded from the use of injurious methods that at once destroy or lessen the dramatic values of the entertainment and obstruct the player. (*Educational Player Books.*)

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN. By Alfred Noyes. 234p. ports. 12mo. *Stokes*. \$1.35n.

The Mermaid Tavern was the gathering place of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont, Raleigh and other great Elizabethan figures. Good fellowship, wit, adventure, inspiration and sometimes tragedy centered there. These poems, interspersed with lyrics, are stories imagined to have been told in the old Mermaid, over the pipes and wine.

### Literature—Essays, and Miscellany

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. By Oscar Solomon Straus. 387p. port. 8vo. *Cent.* \$2n.

Essays discussing various phases of American history, American diplomatic relations, the protection of American citizens, the growth and advancement of American commerce, etc.

THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS. Trans. by Wm. Adlington. Introd. by T. Seccombe. *Kenn*. \$4n.

LOEB CLASSICAL LIB. 16mo. *Macm.* \$1.50n. per v.

APPIAN'S ROMAN HISTORY. With Eng. trans. by Horace White. In 4 v. v. 1.

THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS. With Eng. trans. by J. M. Edmonds.

PFUGENWAU (Welsh assumed names). By Henry Blackwell, ("Ffynnondu," pseud.) 250p. 8vo. *Auth.* \$2.

The Welsh people are a nation of bards, and they delight in bardic and assumed names, and in nine cases out of ten they are known only by their assumed names. This work gives particulars of nearly four thousand of these Pfugenwau or assumed names. List is alphabetically arranged, the correct names given where possible, together with any known particulars, the dates and places given locate them at that time, and if it is known that they were given the bardic name at some Eisteddfod it is so stated.

THE BEND IN THE ROAD AND HOW THE MAN IN THE CITY FOUND IT. By Truman A. De Weese. 218p. illus. 8vo. *Harp.* \$1n.

"This book was written to show the man of the city the way to health and contentment through a return to those pleasant pastoral pursuits that have to do with seed-time and harvest. Its purpose is to show the city toiler of moderate means how easy it is to acquire a small "country place" not far from the scene of his daily employment."—Foreword.

THE EVERYMAN ENCYCLOPEDIA. Ed. by Andrew Boyle. In 12 v. vs. 1-2. 16mo. *Dut.* 35c.n.; *leath.*, 70c.n.

Encyclopædia which with the atlases and other reference books in *Everyman's Library* are designed for those who desire rapid information on a given subject. Articles are brief and clear, a bibliography, in many cases, being included. Abbreviations used are listed at beginning of each volume, there are many illustrations and technicalities are avoided. Other volumes will appear at intervals of a month or six weeks until completion.

HOME UNIVERSITY LIB. 16mo. *Holt*. 50c.n.

WRITING ENGLISH PROSE. By W. Kinney Brewster.

FROM JEFFERSON TO LINCOLN. By W. MacDonald

THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Rev. George Foote Moore.

### Description and Travel

PORTER'S PROGRESS OF NATIONS. illus. maps. 12mo. *Rand, McN.* \$1n.

ALBERTA. By Leo. Thwaite.

CHILE. By J. P. Canto. Introd. by R. P. Porter.

THE TEN REPUBLICS. By R. P. Porter.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TITANIC. By Archibald Gracie. 330p. illus. 12mo. *Kenn*. \$1.25n.

Colonel Gracie went down with the "Titanic," and after coming to the surface managed to get onto an overturned boat. He gives a careful account of all his own experiences, what he saw others do, and what he himself did in helping fill and launch boats. In addition there is a detailed account of each boat, with list of passengers and crew, and the names of those who said good-bye to their wives and children and bravely faced their fate. Author only survived his terrible experience eight months.

THE SOUTHLAND OF NORTH AMERICA. By George Palmer Putnam. 439p. 8vo. *Put.* \$2.50n.

Graphic and informing account of the Central American states, based on a trip made along the coast and through the interior last year. Author points out that this rich almost untouched treasureland lies at our very doors, but will soon attract wide attention, and our opportunities should be grasped at once. Through important connections in the lands described, author had unusual chances for gaining an insight into many phases of the countries' life and industry, not usually seen; the result is an interesting and well illustrated book.

ALASKA; an empire in the making. By J. J. Underwood. 466p. illus. map. 8vo. *Dodd.* M. \$2n.

What Alaska is, what it is going to be in the future, together with a brief account of the sturdy pioneers who have been developing it, forms the subject of this book. Having lived for years in the country he describes, the author has the facts at his finger tips.

ZONE POLICEMAN 88; a close range study of the Panama Canal and its workers. By Harry A. Franck. 314p. illus. 8vo. *Cent.* \$2n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

PANAMA AND WHAT IT MEANS. By John Foster Fraser. 306p. illus. fr. photos. 12mo. *Cass.* \$1.75n.

Author made a special journey to Panama to gather material for book. Deals with the commercial



aspects of the enterprise, and also with the sociological and economic phases of the construction of the greatest engineering feat of the age. Chapter on The future in the Pacific and another, What is the use of it all?, sum up the subject interestingly. Index.

**PREHISTORIC FAITH AND WORSHIP.** By Canon J. F. Metge Trench. 224p.illus.12mo. Scrib. \$1.50n.

Study of Irish antiquities. Contents: Inscribed stones and cup markings; Pillar stones and holed stones; Holed stones; The symbolism of the cross before Christ; The use of sun and fire symbols in prehistoric times; Prehistoric architecture; Clonmacnoise: its valley and its battle; A visit to Clonmacnoise; On a manner of lighting houses in old times, illustrated by rush-light candlesticks; Historic and prehistoric Irish tribal badges; Sketch of the history of Ferns Cathedral.

**PARIS AND HER TREASURES.** By Ethel E. Bicknell. 376p.illus.map.16mo. Scrib. \$1.75n.

Concise and comprehensive guide to the city, containing information concerning restaurants, theaters, racing, shows and a suggested programme for a week's visit, besides a section on history and architecture and one on the environs of Paris. A useful section is that in which the places of interest are alphabetically arranged, with descriptions. Index.

**WHEN I WAS A BOY IN GREECE.** By George Demetrios. Illus. by John Alfr. Hughes and fr. photos. 168p.port.map.12mo. Loth., L. & S. 60c.n.

Author came recently from Macedonia and is a protégé of the illustrator of his book. Account of the country and its customs, with the home and school life, tasks and pleasures of a real boy. Says much of Greece's relations with the Turks. (*Children of Other Lands Ser.*)

**CHANGING RUSSIA.** By Stephen Graham. 318p. illus.map.8vo. Lane. \$2.50n.

Describes a journey from Rostof-on-the-Don to Batum and a summer spent on the Ural Mountains. Author has traversed all the region which is to be developed by the new railway from Novo-rossisk to Poti. It is a tramping diary with notes and reflections. Book deals more with the commercial life of Russia than with that of the peasantry, and there are chapters on the Russia of the hour, the Russian town, life among the gold miners of the Urals, the bourgeois, Russian journalism, the intelligentsia, the election of the fourth Duma. Account is given of Russia at the seaside, and each of the watering places of the Black Sea shore is described in detail. Index.

**THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.** By Otto Nevin Winter. 503p.illus. ports.fold.map.8vo. Page. \$3n.

Author traveled extensively in Russia gathering material for this book, which treats understandingly of the land and the people, their customs, characteristics, government, education, literature, religion, etc. Russia's treatment of the Jews is also carefully discussed. Index.

**A MODERN PILGRIM IN MECCA AND A SIEGE IN SANAA.** By A. J. B. Wavell. 352p.illus. fold.map.8vo. Small, M. \$2.80n.

Author is the only Englishman who has witnessed the fighting in the Yemen, the Turks preferring that world should not know what is happening there. For the last twenty years, while the Turks and Arabs have been struggling for the mastery, the history of the Yemen has been one of fire and sword, for the Turks in Arabia are as much foreign conquerors as are the British in India. It is a record of battles and sieges, places taken by storm and garrisons starved into surrender; of savage massacres and fierce reprisals. The campaign of 1911, with which this book deals, probably cost nearly as many lives as did the Boer War. Nor is the conflict over; it will be renewed and fought out to the end, for both sides mean to win. Index.

**OUR NEIGHBORS: THE JAPANESE.** By Joseph King Goodrich. 253p.illus.fr.photos.12mo. Browne. \$1.25n.

First of a new series by Professor Goodrich. Gives a simple outline of the history, customs, and life of the Japanese. Index. (*Our Neighbors Ser.*)

**HAWAII, PAST AND PRESENT.** By William R. Thomas, jr. 254p.illus.map.12mo. Dodd, M. \$1.25n.

Author was born and brought up in Hawaii, his grandfather having settled there in 1836. Besides giving a concise history of the islands, he has written a book which contains everything the traveler needs to know when touring the country.

## Biography

**LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY;** a personal narrative of political experiences. 819p.pls. ports.8vo. Robt. M. La Follette Co. \$1.50n.

Senator La Follette is one of the pioneers of the Progressive movement and has played an active part in politics for thirty years. His autobiography shows the struggle for a more representative government, which is going on in this country. The 1912 campaign, when he seemed the logical Progressive candidate for president, is carefully recorded and the ultimate change in favor of Roosevelt dealt with in particular. Book is illuminating account of our political history since 1884, when author was elected to Congress, told by a man, who it must be acknowledged, however the reader may differ politically from him, has endeavored to serve his country's best interests.

**MY PAST;** reminiscences of the courts of Austria and Bavaria. By Countess Marie Larisch. 397p.8vo. Put. \$3.50n.

Author was the favorite niece of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria until their misunderstanding connected with the death of the Crown Prince separated them. She reveals much of the selfishness and immorality of the court of Vienna, the Empress herself appearing self-centered and rather heartless. The insanity taint which is in the blood of the Austrian and Bavarian houses accounts for much.

**SILAS DEANE;** a Connecticut leader in the American Revolution. By George L. Clark. 300p.ports.12mo. Put. \$1.50n.

Book is the result of an endeavor to describe clearly, fairly and vividly the career of this powerful man, in his associations with Washington, Franklin, Beaumarchais, Vergennes and Lee; to trace the steps of his ascent, decline and ruin. General Lee, jealous of his success as American representative in France, started accusations against Deane, to the effect that he had misused funds. This, though unproved, caused his downfall. Index.

**THINGS LEARNED BY LIVING.** By J. Bascom. 243p.port.12mo. Put. \$1.25n.

During his long life (1827-1911) devoted to the educational field, as president of University of Wisconsin, professor at Williams College, etc., the author observed deeply and keenly, and this book, while autobiographical, is not a mere record of events, but tells the influence of these events upon his mind and the philosophy he constructed from them.

**LIKE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.** 61p.12mo. Doran. 50c.n.

By author of "Where's master?" This charming little book is addressed to Peter Scott, the little son of the hero of the Antarctic expedition, Capt. Robert Falcon Scott. It tells tenderly the story of the wonderful example the child's father and his companions gave of what it means to be a gallant gentleman.

**THE YOUTH OF HENRY VII.;** a narrative in contemporary letters. By Frank A. Mumby. 376p.8vo. H. Mif. \$3n.

Companion volume to author's "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," and like it, told as far as possible from contemporary documents, often in the subject's own words. It is a vivid record of those years of Henry VIII when he showed he had in his character the elements of greatness. Book ends with the birth of Mary. Index.



**QUEENS OF ARAGON.** By E. P. Miron. illus. 8vo. Brent. \$3.75n.

Deals with the lives of twenty-six ladies who were consorts to the kings of Aragon, from the time of its erection into a separate kingdom in the eleventh century until its absorption into Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella in the fifteenth.

**TYRONE POWERS.** By William Winter. 192p. ports.12mo. Moff., Y. \$1.25n.

First of a series of books in which Mr. Winter will give intimate personal sketches of various actors of America, combined with criticism and comment relative to their work. This one deals with Frederick Tyrone Powers. (*Lives of the Players.*)

**EMINENT ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN IN PARIS.** Crowned by the French Academy in 1912. By Roger Boutet de Monvel. Trans. by G. Herring. 528p.illus.8vo. Scrib. \$3.50n.

Graphic account of affairs in Paris during the Napoleonic period and later, with chapters on Napoleon's prisoners, the English invasion of Paris after Waterloo, Lady Morgan and Lady Blessington, the English colony, and the Anglomaniacs, and Thackeray in Paris. Index.

**MARK TWAIN AND THE HAPPY ISLAND.** By Eliz. Wallace. 139p.illus.12mo. McClg. \$1n.

Records happy days with Mark Twain in Bermuda, where he spent so much time, and where he gathered about him a group of little girls he called his angel-fishes. Miss Wallace knew him well and regarded him with the deep affection all his friends seemed to have had for him.

**WALTER PATER; a critical study.** By Edw. Thomas. Kenn. \$2.50n.

**ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE; a critical study.** By Edw. Thomas. Kenn. \$2.50n.

**GEORGE GISSING; a critical study.** By Fk. Swinnerton. Kenn. \$2.50n.

**THE LIFE OF CESARE BORGIA OF FRANCE.** By Rafael Sabatini. 465p.col.front.16 illus.8vo. Brent. \$4n.

"Duke of Valentinois and Romagna, Prince of Andria and Venafrì, Count of Dyos, Lord of Piombino, Camerino and Urbino, Genfalonier and Captain-General of Holy Church, a history and some criticisms.

**THE WORLD'S LEADING CONQUERORS.** By W. L. Bevan. 483p.8vo. Holt. \$1.75n.

"Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Charles the Great, the Ottoman sultans, the Spanish conquistadores, Napoleon. (*World's Leaders; ed. by W. P. Trent.*)

**A SUNNY LIFE; the Biography of Samuel June Barrows.** By Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows. 323p.illus.ports. Lit., B. \$1.50n.

A wage-earner at eight, largely self-educated, Samuel Barrows became one of the leading penologists of this country. From a reporter on the New York papers, and private secretary to William H. Seward, then Secretary of State, he became editor of the *Christian Register*, the official organ of Unitarianism in America. Fifteen years later he exchanged the editorial chair for a seat in Congress, and at the expiration of his term he entered into his last great work as corresponding secretary of the Prison Association of New York. This account of his life is written by his wife.

**THOMAS HARDY; a critical study.** By Lascelles Abercrombie. 226p.8vo. Kenn. \$2.50n.

**THE STORY OF DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.** By Rev. Luis de Coloma. Trans. by Lady Moreton. 447p.illus.8vo. Lane. \$4.50n.

Meteoritic career of Don John is traced through the chapters of this book; first as the attractive youth;

the cynosure of all eyes at the Court of Philip II.; then as conqueror of the Moors, culminating as the "man from God" who saved Europe from the terrible peril of a Turkish dominion; triumphs in Tunis; glimpses of life in the luxury-loving Italy of the day; then the sad story of the war in the Netherlands, when our hero is left to die of a broken heart. Many of the illustrations are from private Spanish sources, including an interesting autograph of Don John's.

**THE WINDHAM PAPERS.** By Wm. Windham. 2 v. ports.8vo. Small, M. \$10n.

"The life and correspondence of the Rt. Hon. William Windham, 1750-1810; a member of Pitt's first cabinet and the ministry of 'all the talents,' including hitherto unpublished letters from George III., the Dukes of York and Gloucester, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Canning, Lords Grenville, Minto, Castlereagh, and Nelson, Malone, Cobbett, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Burney."

## History

**A NAVAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.** By Gardiner Weld Allen. 2 v. illus.ports.maps.12mo. H. Mif. \$3n.

Follows closely the course of naval events in our Revolutionary War, giving full details in regard to all the most notable and important fights, both in our own and in European waters, and careful accounts of such expeditions as the one to New Providence early in the war, and the one to the Penobscot River in 1779. An interesting chapter is devoted to the subject of naval prisoners and another to the battles on Lake Champlain. Index.

**GETTYSBURG; stories of the red harvest and the aftermath.** By Elsie Singmaster. 190p. pls.12mo. H. Mif. \$1n.

Author has lived in Gettysburg for many years, and gathered her accurate historical information of the campaign from townspeople and veterans. These stories are written around the battlefield. *Contents:* July the first; The home-coming; Victory; The battle-ground; Gunner Criswell; The substitute; The retreat; The great day; Mary Bowman.

**THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM.** By F. C. Chamberlain. 254p.illus.12mo. Lit., B. \$1.50n.

First chapter comprehends just so much of the history and geography of the islands as is necessary for the understanding of the problem, together with a succinct account of the task as it first presented itself to the American people. Author considers the problem of 1898, when the American occupation began; he tells of our work of education, the problem of dealing with the Friar Lands, the various improvements that have been wrought, the American personnel in the islands, the great growth of business. Beginning with the second chapter the volume becomes an account of what we have tried to accomplish and have actually attained. The author points out the cost of maintaining the Philippines and he takes up the problem of the future, carefully considering the proposition of independence and continued occupation.

**ITALY'S WAR FOR A DESERT.** By Fs. McCullagh. 446p.illus.8vo. Browne. \$2.75n.

"Being some experiences of a war-correspondent with the Italians in Tripoli." Author tells what he saw while in Tripoli. Much of it is not favorable to the Italians, and owing to the strict censorship of the press in Italy its reporting has not been allowed. In his preface he tells of some melodramatic attempts to stop his writing his book even after his return to England. As far as possible he makes his account impartial. Index.

**A MODERN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLES.** By R. H. Gretton. 448p.8vo. Small, M. \$2.50n.

The changes which took place in English life during the years 1880-1910 concerned political ideas, social habits and commercial methods, religious outlook and material equipment, education and the housekeeper's supplies, keeping of holidays and furnishing of houses, philosophical speculation, and the people's amusements.

## On The Century Co.'s Spring List

### THE SCARLET RIDER

By **BERTHA RUNKLE**. Author of "The Helmet of Navarre." A gallant tale of mystery and young blood and strange adventure, stirringly told. *Frontispiece in color. Price \$1.35 net, postage 12 cents.*

### DADDY-LONG-LEGS

**JEAN WEBSTER'S** "When Patty Went to College" sold more than 100,000 copies; but she has surpassed herself in this later success. A unique and exquisite little love story - with a smile on every page. *Whimsical pictures. 16mo, 304 pages. Price \$1.00 net, postage 8 cents.*

### THE SHADOW

By **ARTHUR STRINGER**. A detective story of unusual quality. Strange adventure of the underworld, powerfully told, with a finely dramatic ending. *12mo, 302 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 11 cents.*

### PIPPIN

By **EVELYN VAN BUREN**. A tale of the London streets. A fresh and piquant love story, and full of humor. Charming illustrations by **REGINALD BIRCH**. *12mo, 316 pages. Price \$1.30 net, postage 10 cents.*

### THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By **E. C. BENTLEY**. The most absorbing and baffling mystery story in years. Not one reader in a thousand will solve the mystery before the breathless end. *12mo, 300 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 11 cents.*

### FINERTY OF THE SAND-HOUSE

By **CHARLES D. STEWART**. Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith." More Finerty adventures. A succession of laughs from the first page to the last. *16mo, 156 pages. Price 75 cents net, postage 6 cents.*

### "MR. HOBBY"

By **HAROLD KELLOCK**. For anybody who enjoys an altogether delightful love story, with plenty of wholesome merry comedy running through its pages. *12mo, 334 pages. Price \$1.30 net, postage 10 cents.*

### THE NIGHT-BORN

By **JACK LONDON**. A fine book of adventure, here, there, and everywhere, by the author who ranks among the mightiest of present-day writers. *Frontispiece in color. 12mo, 290 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 11 cents.*

### THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

By **JACK LONDON**. One of this great author's best tales—a story of the prize-ring; a real man's story, big, vigorous, thrilling. *16mo, 169 pages. Price \$1.00 net, postage 7 cents.*

### THE NEST

By **ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK**. The first book of short stories by the author of "Tante," easily one of the most talked about books of 1912. *12mo, 302 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents.*

### FOOD AND FLAVOR

By **HENRY T. FINCK**. A gastronomic guide to health and good living—for everybody. Rich in unusual and valuable information. Intensely interesting reading. Many unusual and delightful illustrations by **CHARLES S. CHAPMAN**. *8vo, 581 pages. Price \$2.00 net, postage 18 cents.*

*Fascinating for its tropical color, its intense reality, its racy humor*



## Zone Policeman 88

By **Harry A. Franck**

*Author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World"*

The book of books for all who want an absorbing travel book, and the best description yet written of the Canal Zone.

*Many illustrations from snap-shots*

*Price \$2.00 net  
Postage 12 cents*

**THE CENTURY CO. - - NEW YORK**



## An Interesting List of Important Books

### MINIMUM WAGE AND SYNDICALISM

By Hon. JAMES BOYLE

Two great subjects which have suddenly precipitated themselves upon public opinion. There is a marked lack of popular information regarding them. The keynote of this book is an impartial exposition rather than an argument.

12mo. Silk Cloth. Net \$1.00

### THE REPUBLIC. A Little Book of Homespun Verse

By MADISON CAWEIN

Mr. Cawein's last volume was written with a purpose. In it he makes a strong plea for plain living and high thinking. William Dean Howells says of Mr. Cawein, "He has the gift of touching some smallest or commonest thing in nature, and making it live."

Dignified binding. Net \$1.00

### SUMMER IN A BOG

By KATHARINE DOORIS SHARP

The out-of-doors by one who loves it is here transcribed most realistically. The majesty and mystery of nature mingled with the humor of everyday life.

Chicago Inter-ocean: "Bright, readable sketches of the outdoors."

12mo. Net \$1.25

AUTHORIZED LIBRARY EDITION

### AUGUST STRINDBERG'S Greatest Plays and Stories

Translated by VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD

#### EASTER

A Play in 3 Acts and Stories

New York World: "The very spirit of fellowship, generosity and appreciation is in this volume. The author's style verges often upon the poetic."

Each with photogravure frontispiece of Strindberg etched by Zorn. Handsomely bound. Net \$1.50

#### LUCKY PEHR

A Drama in 5 Acts

"Lucky Pehr" might well be classed with Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," Barrie's "Peter Pan" and Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

New York Times: "Lucky Pehr clothes cynicism in real entertainment instead of in gloom."

### Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene.

By PHILIP ZENNER, M.D.

FIFTH EDITION NEW AND ENLARGED

The most important book on sexual hygiene. The only book recommended by the American Library Association as fit for general circulation.

Handsomely bound. Net \$1.00

### George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works

A Critical Biography

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, M.A., Ph.D.

Boston Transcript: "There is no exaggeration in saying that it is one of the most peculiarly entertaining biographies of these opening years of the Twentieth Century." Handsomely illustrated in color, photogravure and halftone.

Net \$5.00

### Civil War Literature of Ohio

By DANIEL J. RYAN, former Secretary of the State of Ohio

A Bibliography with explanatory and historical notes.

The Nation: "A distinct contribution to the Literature of Western History and Bibliography."

Large Quarto. Net \$6.00

### 100 Bushels Corn Per Acre Grown On Worn Soil

By a Practical Farmer

in a practical way. You can do it and he tells you how, and proves his methods in a book he has written in a plain easy-to-understand way. The book is endorsed by prominent farmers, state experiment stations and U. S. Agricultural Dept. It sells for \$1.25 and shows you how to double your land value. Send for descriptive circular and read what practical men say of it.

### The Book of the Black Bass:

And More About the Black Bass

By JAMES A. HENSHALL, M.D.

A new and cheaper edition of the great angling and fly-fishing book. 12mo. Cloth. 140 illustrations. Net \$1.50

### BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON

Printed on rice paper, photogravure frontispiece, handsomely bound in crushed morocco. A real book-lover's edition of this wonderful old classic and also the smallest complete edition on the market.

16mo. Rice paper. Net \$1.25

**STEWART & KIDD CO.**

**PUBLISHERS  
CINCINNATI**



**HENRY HOLT**

34 W. 33d Street, New York City

**AND COMPANY**

Add 8 per cent. to net prices for carriage.

**NEW FICTION****JEAN CHRISTOPHE: JOURNEY'S END****Romain Rolland**

Completes this trilogy about a great German Composer. \$1.50 net

"Jean Christophe is a vital compelling work, forged in the fire of terrible sincerity. We who love it feel that it will live."—*Independent*."The greatest literary work that has come out of France since Zola ceased writing and its style and tone are infinitely above Zola's."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.**PITY THE POOR BLIND****H. H. Bashford**

By the author of "The Corner of Harley Street."

A striking novel by an author who has already won the approval of the judicious. The title is purely metaphorical, referring to blindness regarding God and his laws. The story of a young English couple and an Anglican priest. \$1.35 net

**THE YOKE OF PITY (L'Ordination)****Julien Benda**

Translated by Gilbert Cannan.

All the interest is psychological, but it never flags. The author grips and never lets go of the single theme—the eternal rivalry of masculine mind and feminine heart. "The novel of the winter in Paris. Certainly the novel of the year—the book which everyone reads and discusses."—*The London Times*. Probably \$1.20 net**THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HENRI BERGSON** **Edouard Le Roy**A simple and reliable explanation of the general trend of Professor Bergson's philosophy, which will make it easier to read and understand his works. Professor Bergson in a letter to the author says: "Underneath and beyond the method, you have caught the *intention* and the *spirit*. . . . Your study could not be more conscientious or true to the original. 232 pages. 12mo. \$1.25 net**THE LIVING PLANT****William F. Ganong**

By the Professor of Botany, Smith College. (American Nature Series: Functions of Nature.) Uniform with C. W. Beebe's "The Bird: Its Form and Function." Profusely illustrated. 8vo. \$3.50 net

An exposition, as direct and clear as possible, of the facts about the life of plants.

**SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR (2d Series)** **E. Ray Lankester***Nature* (London): "The high-water mark of popular papers on scientific subjects." \$2.00 net**MARXISM versus SOCIALISM****V. G. Simkhovitch**

The Professor of Political Science, Columbia University, furnishes a thorough and intimate study of all the intricate theories, problems, and difficulties of modern Socialism. Probable price, \$1.75 net

**THE WORLD'S LEADING CONQUERORS****W. L. Bevan**

(World's Leaders Series, edited by W. P. Trent) Uniform with Boynton's "The World's Leading Poets," etc. Biographies of Alexander, Caesar, Charles the Great, the Ottoman Conquerors of Europe, Cortez and Pizarro, Napoleon.

With portraits. 1 vol. \$1.75 net.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT****Ralph Stock**

Being the true and unvarnished account of his world wanderings. With some fifty illustrations reproduced from photographs by the author. \$2.75 net.

**THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY****New Volumes. Specially Written by American Authors**

Each 256 pages. Cloth bound. Per vol. net 50 cents. By mail, 56 cents.

**WRITING ENGLISH PROSE****Professor W. T. Brewster****THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT****Professor G. F. Moore****FROM JEFFERSON TO LINCOLN (1815-'65)****Professor William MacDonald**

*The only book on the Montessori method yet written by a mother for mothers.*

**A Montessori Mother****By Dorothy Canfield Fisher**

Author of "The Squirrel-Cage."

Third Printing. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

*Dr. Montessori is having this book translated for Italian mothers and teachers.*

"To those persons who found some difficulty in comprehending fully Dr. Montessori's own description of her system of child education, this new book will particularly appeal."

—*Boston Transcript*.

**A Book of Unusual Interest and Value Destined To Have  
BIG Popularity This Summer**

## CONVERSATION

"People who are perplexed over this necessary but difficult aspect of social life, will find sensible and valuable suggestions in this book." — *The Standard, Chicago, Ill.*

### What To Say and How To Say It

*A new and widely commended book*

By **MARY GREER CONKLIN**

"Books like this perfectly delightful one, simply thrill one with the imaginary joys of conversation, real conversation, not breathless chatter or the martyrdom of enduring having somebody talk when you want to, but a fair and even deal, heart and mind alert, and a companion for whose opinions you really care. This eminently intelligent book has so much that is good sense, and so much valuable advice to give that it warms the heart and stirs the imagination." — *Elizabeth Daingerfield, in the Herald, Lexington, Ky.*

12mo, cloth, 75c. net

"'Conversation' shows that its author has thought deeply concerning her theme, and followed many lines in her endeavor to ascertain why talk is so seldom worth while." — *Detroit Free Press.*

### OTHER NEW BOOKS

#### The Walled City:

A Story of the Criminal Insane

By **EDWARD HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS, M.D.** Few persons, aside from those directly concerned with the care of the Insane, have more than the vaguest conception of what these unfortunates are like, or how they are cared for. This book will be a revelation to most intelligent readers. 12mo, Cloth. 250 pages, 8 full-page illustrations. \$1.00 net.

#### The First Signs of Insanity:

A Timely Work on a Most Important Subject.

By **BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D., M.R.C.S.** This is perhaps the best work ever written on the subject, especially so in its exposition of the prevention of mental deficiency and the treatment of acute or chronic stages of the disease. Cloth. 347 pages and index. \$3.25 net.

#### The Heart:

Its Care and Cure, and the General Management of the Body

By **I. H. HIRSCHFELD, M.D.** While he deals largely with the heart and circulatory system, Dr. Hirschfeld gives much attention to the general care of the body, with a view to avoiding not only disease, but weakness and premature decline. 12mo, Cloth. \$1.25 net.

#### The Psychological Origin of Mental Disorders

By **PAUL DUBOIS, M.D.**, Professor of Neuropathology in the University of Berne, Switzerland. He deals with the causes of mental disorders with the same careful and discriminating intelligence that has been notable in his earlier volumes. It is the result of wide experience with disordered minds. 12mo, Cloth. 50 cents net.

#### The Apostles' Creed and the New Testament

By **JOHANNES KUNZE.** One of his conclusions is that the Creed, instead of being derived from the New Testament, is, in essence, and partly in form, earlier than any piece of writing in the New Testament. 12mo, Cloth. 75 cents net.

#### A Hundred Years of Missions

By **REVEREND D. L. LEONARD, D.D.** Third edition. A revised edition was published several years ago, but so rapidly has new material accumulated that a still further revision has now been called for. With the additions Dr. Leonard has made, the work remains adequate and complete. 12mo, Cloth. \$1.20 net.

#### The Mysteries of Life Series

By **ISABELLE THOMPSON SMART, M.D.** Four volumes, "What a Mother Should Tell Her Little Girl"—"What a Mother Should Tell Her Daughter"—"What a Father Should Tell His Little Boy"—"What a Father Should Tell His Son." 16mo, 4 volumes. Cloth, 75 cents Each; the Set, in a Box, \$2.50.

#### The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer:

Fifth Revised Edition.

By **FRANK H. VIZETELLY, Litt.D., LL.D.** This somewhat enlarged edition contains a synopsis of the new Copyright Law of the United States, and an abstract of the Copyright Act of Great Britain that became effective July 1st, 1912. 12mo, Cloth. 75 cents net.

#### The Vital and Victorious Faith of Christ

By **GEORGE S. PAYSON, D.D.** His thinking is independent and virile. 12mo, Cloth. \$1.00 net.

**The New Standard Dictionary Will Soon Be Ready**

**FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

# Nelson's India Paper Standard Authors

**ARE THE FINEST BOOKS PUBLISHED  
for Summer Reading**

Fits the Pocket,  
easily carried in  
the Satchel



These volumes are printed on thin light weight Nelson India Paper from large clear type and bound in soft smooth limp leather covers. They are a delight to the eye and convenient in size,  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$  inches, and no thicker than a monthly magazine. They fit the pocket and are just the thing to put in a satchel.

The latest addition is a six volume set of

## Stevenson's Works

with an Introduction by Dr. Marion Mills Miller.

Nelson's New Century Library now contains the complete works of

<b>Dickens</b>	in 17 volumes	<b>Scott's Novels</b>	in 25 volumes
<b>Thackeray</b>	in 14 "	<b>Shakespeare</b>	in 6 "
<b>Eliot</b>	in 12 "	<b>Hugo's Novels</b>	in 8 "
<b>Poe</b>	in 3 "	<b>Dumas' Romances</b>	in 18 "
<b>Austen</b>	in 2 "	<b>Bronte Sisters</b>	in 5 "

### Also Selected Works of Best Authors

Send for Complete Catalogue of Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, Hymnals, Devotional and Miscellaneous Books.

**THOMAS NELSON & SONS,** *Publishers for over a Century,* **381 Fourth Ave.,** Corner 27th St. **New York**



## IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS

By E. Y. MULLINS, D.D., Author of "Axioms of Religion," etc.

### Freedom and Authority in Religion Net, \$1.50, postpaid

This book is in Doctor Mullins' best vein—strong in reasoning, attractive in style, and, of course, evangelical in tone.

By GEORGE H. FERRIS, D.D., Author of "The Formation of the New Testament," etc.

### Elements of Spirituality Net, 50 cents

"These sermons are characterized by Dr. Ferris' well-known literary suggestiveness and beauty of style, and trend from beginning to end toward that completeness of life that finds itself only in the Man of Nazareth. No one can follow this pathway and not be helped."

By J. SHERMAN WALLACE, Author of "What of the Church?"

### True Wealth Net, 50 cents

This book is from the pen of the author of "What of the Church?" and is a strong protest against the materialism of the day, which is so inclined to estimate a man's standing by the property he is able to accumulate.

By CRAIG S. THOMAS, Ph.D.

### The Bible Message for Modern Manhood

Net, 75 cents; postage 8 cents

"A thoroughly modern book prepared in a scholarly and interesting way, and pervaded by a reverent and devout spirit from beginning to end."

THE GRIFFITH AND ROWLAND PRESS, 1701-1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

A NEW AND EXCEPTIONALLY  
FINE NOVEL

### The Wrath of Man

By SILAS K. HOCKING

With Illustrations by P. B. HICKLING

12mo, cloth, net \$1.25. By mail \$1.35

Excellent in plot, character, dialogue and description, this romance by one of the leading English writers will be pronounced sane, wholesome and optimistic.

A Handy Pocket Volume on English Churches for  
Tourists and Architectural Students

### Our Homeland Churches

And How to Study Them

By SIDNEY HEATH

With Many Illustrations from Drawings by J. R. LEATHART, and from Photographs.

Size 5½ x 4¼ inches. Cloth. Net One Dollar.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT

### Diet, In Relation to Age and Activity

With hints concerning habits conducive to longevity.

By Sir HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S. (Lond.)  
12mo. Cloth. \$1.00 postpaid

In this invaluable little manual Sir Henry gives his readers the benefit of his own experiences and results with various foods and drinks showing their effects on one well advanced in years. No more important subject can be imagined, nor explained more clearly than in this little brochure.

"Memory is the scribe to the Soul."

### How to Remember

Without Memory Systems or With Them.

By EUSTACE H. MILES, M.A.

12mo. Net One Dollar. Postpaid \$1.10

### The Koran, Or Alcoran of Mohammed

With Explanatory Notes and Preliminary Discourse by GEORGE SALE

Also Readings from Savary's Version, with a series of illustrations of celebrated Mosques, plans, and with exhaustive notes.

Demy 8vo, cloth, net, \$2.00. Postpaid \$2.25

\* \* Of all booksellers, or from the publishers

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., 12 E. 33d St., New York City

# THE MASK

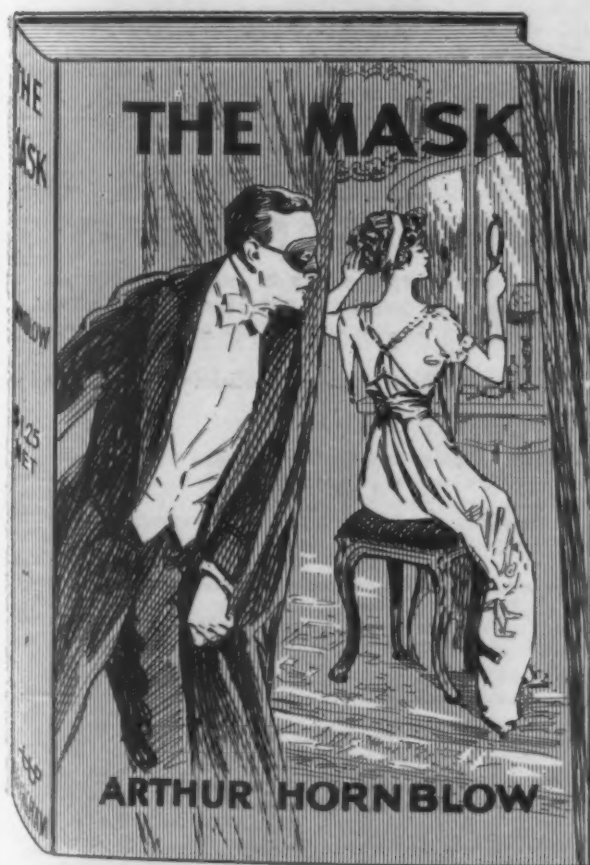
By ARTHUR HORNBLow

Author of the Successful Novels "Bought and Paid For," "By Right of Conquest," "The Easiest Way," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The End of the Game," "The Gamblers," "The Profligate," etc.

IN "THE MASK," an unusually powerful and original novel, Mr. Hornblow will score another triumph to add to his long list of notable successes, of which more than a half a million copies have already been sold. Wonderfully versatile in his style and achievements, this writer has been in turn an editor, translator, novelist and gifted "novelizer" of famous plays. Mr. Hornblow's original novels have met with an even greater success, if possible, than his novelizations from well-known plays.

Kenneth Traynor, one of the directors of the Americo-African Mining Company of New York, is sent upon an important and secret commission to the diamond mines of Africa. There he encounters "Handsome Jack," as he was called, a hitherto unknown twin-brother, from whom he had been separated in early childhood. Handsome had recently been engaged in mining, but his love for drink and kindred dissipations left him hopelessly stranded, poverty-stricken and alone, on this wild and deserted African coast. Kenneth, upon becoming aware of the identity of his twin-brother, resolves to take him back to his home in New York and help him get on his feet again. While in mid-ocean, a fire breaks out on their vessel and a panic ensues, during which Handsome strikes Kenneth and leaves him presumably dead, stealing all his papers and an enormous diamond which Kenneth was bringing home. Handsome then manages to save himself and continues his journey to New York, little dreaming that Kenneth was not killed. Because of the remarkable similarity in their appearance "Handsome" impersonates his brother and presents himself to Kenneth's wife as her husband. After many weeks the real husband returns and the twin-brother's villainy is exposed.

The situation discloses a most baffling case of dual personality and mistaken identity. Strongly dramatic, the story is written in the author's most forceful manner and is carried through with a sincerity and dignity of purpose that is characteristic of all the work of this gifted novelist.



12mo. Cloth. Illustrations by Paul Stahr  
With Jacket in three Colors. \$1.25 Net

G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY, Publishers, NEW YORK

"Can you imagine a more delightfully romantic situation than for two lovers to be wrecked on a desert island?"

## OUT OF THE BLUE

By R. GORELL BARNES. Crown 8vo. \$1.35 net. (Postage 10 cents.)

This is the story of a man and a girl cast together on a desert island, and left in its freedom and its solitude to face for a year the problem of a love which they were already on the brink of recognizing. "Described with fine imagination. Mr. Barnes shows adroit and firm construction in his manner of keeping the reader in suspense during the warfare between love and honor."—*London Times*.

"A meritorious piece of work which sounds again and again the true poetic note of love. Mr. Barnes' treatment makes it worth while to those who care less for plot and situation than for a convincingly natural study of the course of character and the emotions in exceptional circumstances."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

### CHILD OF STORM

By SIR RIDER HAGGARD. With colored Frontispiece and two other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. \$1.35 net; by mail, \$1.45.

"As a literary creation, Allan Quatermain is worthy to rank with any of modern times as a hero and a gentleman. We can hardly hear too much of him."—*The Argonaut*.

"The series of romances about Allan Quatermain . . . will some day be read even as the great series by Dumas is read."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### DEW AND MILDEW

Semi-Detached Stories from Karabad, India

By PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN. Crown 8vo. \$1.35 net. (Postage 12 cents.)

"Few stories dealing with the hybrid Anglo-Indian civilization, as virile, as compelling, as instinct with life, as these have appeared since 'Plain Tales from the Hills.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

"... These striking stories are . . . fashioned for those who have hairs to stand and flesh to creep."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

### NASH AND SOME OTHERS

By C. S. EVANS. Crown 8vo. \$1.50 net. (Postage 10 cents.)

Nash and his boon companions belong to a class hitherto somewhat neglected in fiction—the class of boy that lives in mean streets, and whose only field of recreation is the street, in which, however, by methods all his own, he manages to enjoy himself immensely. The adventures of a group of such boys, with their peculiar outlook on life, their queer code of honor and quaint conventions, have provided the author with material for a series of entertaining stories.

Authorized Edition

### ROGET'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES

Classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition

By PETER MARK ROGET, M.D., F.R.S.

New Edition, Revised by Samuel Romilly Roget (1911)

Crown 8vo. \$1.25 net.

ROGET'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES has had a great reputation since it was first published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., in 1852. In 1879 it was enlarged and improved, and the index was extended to more than double its original length by the author's son, John Lewis Roget. The current edition contains some hundreds more words than the 1879 edition, including corrections and additions. No other edition of the book contains anything like the amount of matter given in the edition published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., the Index alone occupying 337 pages, nor can it contain the editor's latest additions.

TO BE PUBLISHED THIS SUMMER

## American Citizen Series

Edited by ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, LL.D.

NEW VOLUMES:

**ORGANIZED DEMOCRACY.** An Introduction to the Study of American Politics. By FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND, PH.D., LL.D. With Bibliographies and Index. Crown 8vo. Nearly 600 pp.

GENERAL CONTENTS: PART I. The Foundations of the American Republic (Chaps. I-VI). PART II. Provisions for Making Citizenship Efficient (Chaps. VII-IX). PART III. The Electorate as an Agency for Expressing Citizen Opinion (Chaps. X-XIX). PART IV. Utilization of the Electorate (Chaps. XX-XXV). PART V. Provisions for Making Public Officers Responsive and Responsible (Chaps. XXVI-XXXIII). PART VI. Conclusion.

### PUBLIC OPINION AND POPULAR GOVERNMENT

By A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, President of Harvard University. About 400 pages.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.



443-9 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



# Refreshing Summer Reading

## April Panhasard

By MURIEL HINE

Author of "Earth," etc.

\$1.35 net. Postage 12 cents

Lady Essendine's love affair with an attractive young American before she has obtained the decree absolute after divorcing her unfaithful husband lands her in a curious tangle. How she extricates herself is very cleverly told. The book is alive with incident and the characters are drawn with rare artistic skill.

## The Distant Drum

By DUDLEY STURROCK

\$1.25 net. Postage 12 cents

A story of the gay life of New York of the present day. The hero is a professional aviator, and the scene is Long Island as well as the smart restaurants and fashionable haunts of New York City. The story is founded upon an actual Society event of recent days.

## St. Quin

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

Author of "Perpetua"

\$1.30 net. Postage 12 cents

"A remarkable story. The philosophy of helpfulness, sympathy, kindness of spirit, and love that is impersonal like sunshine flows through the pages. The characters are gems. Indeed 'St. Quin' is out of the ordinary—original, entertaining and more than amusing."—*Boston Times*.

## Lancaster of Brazenose

By DONALD MACDONALD

\$1.30 net. Postage 12 cents

"A novel splendid in purpose and admirable in treatment, well plotted and well worked out. Mr. MacDonald has written a very entertaining story, much above the average in merit."—*Boston Times*.

MR. LOCKE'S GREATEST SUCCESS

## Stella Maris

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

\$1.35 net. Postage 12 cents

"Mr. Locke has never written a book that holds the attention more closely than this. No contemporary writer gives a more convincing picture of the world as we know it. *Stella Maris* is absolutely real."—*New York Times*

"'Stella Maris' is a great novel, through which runs a powerful thought expressed by a consummate artist in the most striking literary form."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

## The Gods Are Athirst

By ANATOLE FRANCE

Net, \$1.75. Postage 15 cents

Popular Edition \$1.30 net. Postage 12 cents

"No other age presents such strange contrasts and contradictions; and it is precisely because he has penetrated them so deeply that M. France has presented the truest picture and the profoundest study of the French Revolution that has yet appeared in fiction."—*New York Times*.

## The Governor

By KARIN MICHAELIS

STANGELAND

Author of "The Dangerous Age," etc.

\$1.20 net. Postage 12 cents

"Here is a thrilling tale of primitive love which grips the reader and presents a vivid background."—*Boston Globe*.

## Hands Up

By FREDERICK NIVEN

\$1.25 net. Postage 12 cents

"A story which is vigorous and full of action. 'Hands Up' will satisfy all who are fond of a lively, stirring tale of the days when the West was young."—*Boston Times*.

## John Lane Company NEW YORK

### The International Studio

"The most beautiful magazine published"

## Welcome to Our City

By JULIAN STREET

\$1.00 net. Postage 10 cents

In gay and satiric vein Mr. Street plays host to the stranger in New York. This is comedy in the best of good humor and yet with its lesson. The mirror is held up by the jester and New York sees itself.

## POPULAR NEW FICTION



### V. V.'s Eyes

By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

Author of "Queed"

How the Girl, fascinating and clever, a social favorite, yet, above all, worldly, is brought to the realization of life and her truer self by the appealing influence of one of the quaintest of characters, V. Vivian, "slum doctor." *Illustrated. \$1.35 net.*

### "O Pioneers!"

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

A brilliant and intensely dramatic story of the Scandinavian and Bohemian pioneers of the Middle West. With frontispiece in color. *\$1.25 net.*

#### The Candid Adventurer

By ANNA COLEMAN LADD. "A happy, wholesome story. . . . The scene shifts pleasantly from Cambridge to Rome and Paris, and it is set with charming people."—*Chicago Tribune.*

With frontispiece in color. *\$1.20 net.*

#### The Invaders

By FRANCES N. S. ALLEN. "A delicious, whimsical, entertaining and thoroughly delightful story."—*Boston Times.* With frontispiece. *\$1.30 net.*

#### Brass Faces

By CHARLES MCEVOY. "A story rich in excitement and humor, with action from start to finish."—*Wilmington Every Evening.* *\$1.25 net.*

#### Stephen March's Way

By HARRY H. KNIBBS. "A stirring, virile tale of adventure in the Northwest."—*Boston Herald.* *Illustrated. \$1.25 net.*

#### Gettysburg

By ELSIE SINGMASTER. "A group of short stories which are remarkable for their pathos, their quiet humor, and their irresistible appeal to the best that is in human nature."—*Wilmington Every Evening.* *Illustrated. \$1.00 net.*

#### Polly of Lady Gay Cottage

By EMMA C. DOWD. "The story of a charming little girl, very natural and lovable."—*Boston Herald.* *Illustrated in color. \$1.00 net.*

### Four New Novels by Richard Pryce

Author of "Christopher"

"Mr. Pryce is a very charming writer, with an easy, pleasant style, a delicate humor, a perception of the lights and shades of human character. He takes a sane and temperate attitude towards life, and his people stand firmly on their feet."—*Providence Journal.*

**Time and  
the Woman**

**Jezebel  
Elementary Jane**

**The Burden of  
a Woman**

Each, \$1.35 net

**HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY**